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R 822 PRATT
Pratt, Samuel Jackson,
Plays
1764-1781.

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No 2

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(1)

Mr

John Leonard

John Blake.

I*Wilfon.

Iuly:the, 16.

1781

This contains of letters viz

John Jay
George Washington
James Madison
Alexander Hamilton
Thomas Jefferson
Benjamin Franklin
John Adams
Abigail Adams
Elizabeth Cady Stanton
Mary Wollstonecraft
Anne Bradstreet
Phyllis Wheatley
Hannah Arendt
Simone de Beauvoir
Audre Lorde
Gloria Steinem
Betty Friedan
Sandra Bem
Judith Butler
Barbara Ehrenreich
Naomi Klein
Michelle Obama
Hillary Clinton
Bernie Sanders
Elizabeth Warren
Kamala Harris
Joe Biden
Donald Trump
Mitt Romney
Rick Warren
Pat Robertson
Timothy Leary
Ken Kesey
Charles Manson
John F. Kennedy
Robert Kennedy
Martin Luther King Jr.
Malcolm X
Nelson Mandela
Mahatma Gandhi
Winston Churchill
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Dwight D. Eisenhower
John F. Kennedy
Lyndon B. Johnson
Richard Nixon
Jimmy Carter
Ronald Reagan
George H. W. Bush
Bill Clinton
George W. Bush
Barack Obama
Michelle Obama
Joe Biden
Kamala Harris

1776

T H E
FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

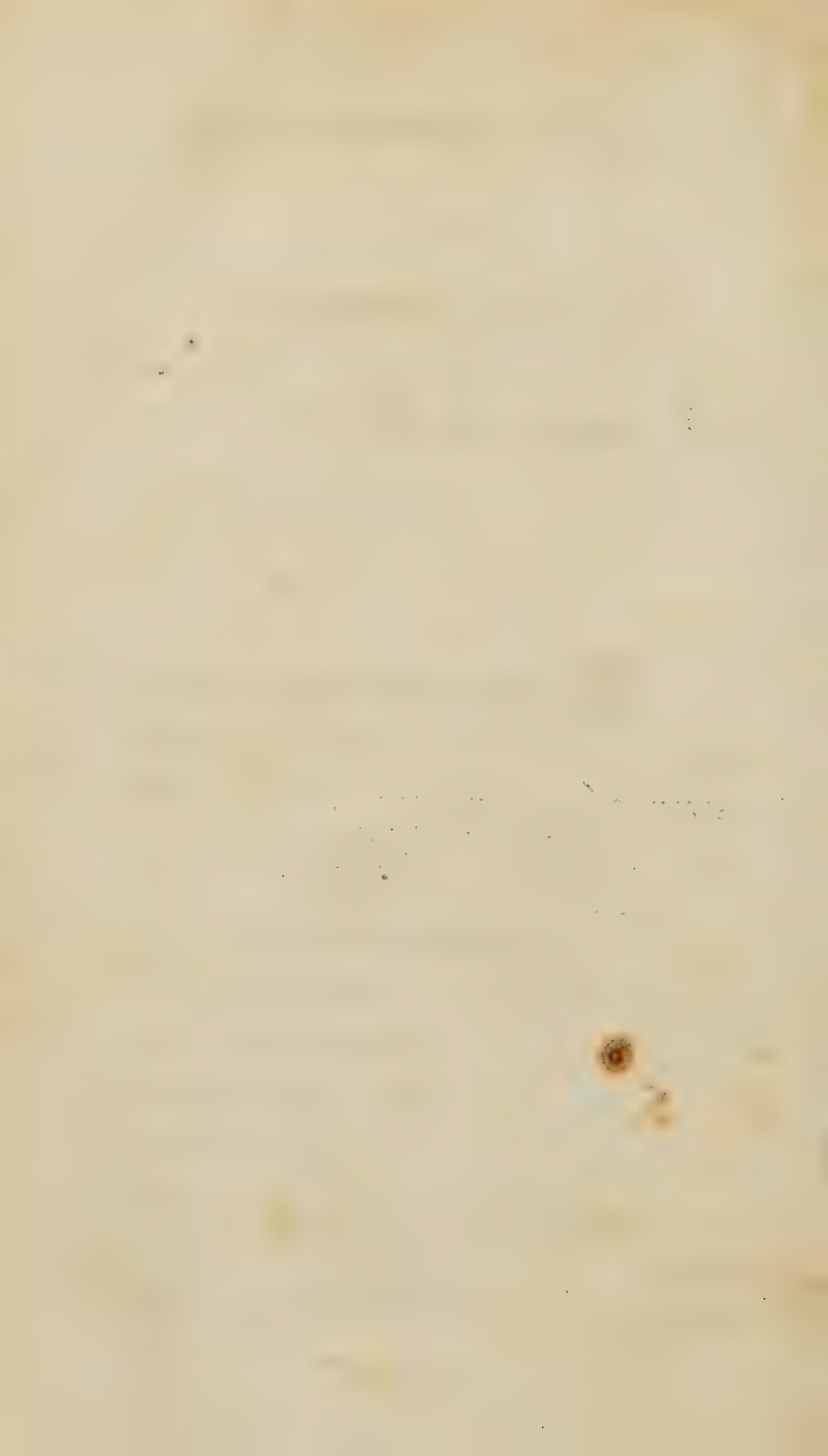
A T R A G E D Y.

AS PERFORMED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

BY MR. PRATT,
AUTHOR OF *SYMPATHY*, A POEM.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, NO. 47, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
M D C C L X X X I.



T O

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

S I R,

YOU are of an age when the heart opens to the most warm and generous impressions; an age, when all that gives worth and dignity to elevated rank, takes full possession of the bosom. At this bright and unprejudiced crisis of your life, the precepts of Omar and the practice of Hamet, as drawn by Hawkesworth, and dramatised by the author of this tragedy, will win upon your attention; not indeed by the attraction of poetry, but by the natural reverence which unspotted youth ever renders, and with delight, to faithful

DEDICATION.

representations of wisdom and of virtue; the wisdom of the patriot, the virtue of the prince.

That your Royal Highness may very long reflect blessings on the people of England, and prove a distinguished honour to the illustrious family who have that generous people in charge, is the zealous prayer, as it is the most impassioned expectation, of

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most devoted,

And most dutiful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THIS tragedy borrows its general story, and some of its incidents, with as much of its sentiment as could be preserved, from the very beautiful "*Almorán and Hamet*" of Hawkesworth. Did not truth and justice require such acknowledgement, it would have been unnecessary; for what can be added to the fame of a work as known as universally celebrated? The original *machinery* has been rejected, because it would have been too daring an attempt to interweave it with the fable of a modern composition, and perhaps too mighty a task to manage without violating the first great law of dramatick probability. Nevertheless it has been the authour's endeavour, to "convert the sententious display of eastern wisdom, as far as character would permit, into the language of passion, varied by every motive which might affect the human mind in the most warm and interesting situations." These are the words of a critick, who seems fully to have penetrated the design. The lines with inverted commas were omitted in the representation, to favour the rapidity of the action. They are re-

P R E F A C E.

tained in the printed copy, not more at the instance of particular friends, than on general experience that those passages which retard the force of the passion on the theatre, are frequently read with satisfaction in the closet.

The Play still continuing to be received on the stage with the most brilliant success, the author would but half discharge the debt of equity were he to confess obligations only to Hawkesworth. The liberal, perhaps the unparalleled support which the managers have afforded by the dresses and scenery, the interesting manner in which Mr. Linley has set the Epithalamium, the taste of Mr. De Louthenberg, and the splendour which the performers have thrown over the characters by their EXCELLENT representation, demand and receive the most warm and pointed expressions of gratitude. There remains but one tribute of justice, more, and *that* is due to Mr. Sheridan, whose attention has been friendship, and whose assistance must always be fame.

P R O L O G U E

P R O L O G U E

BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

WITH trembling steps, as if *suspicious* grown,
Why doth the tragic muse approach her throne?
Her *golden throne*, where once with grace divine,
The goddess sat, "*supreme of all the nine.*"
Turns her fair palace to the festive bower,
Where jest and sport usurp her nobler power?
Lost is each lovelier feeling that imparts
To *her* the sovereign rule o'er British hearts?
Sunk the pure taste which once secur'd her sway,
Or wanes that virtue which admir'd her lay?
Vain fears! A generous race assembled here,
Still pay to grief compassion's softest tear;
Still pay the heart-felt sigh which Britons owe
To nature's feelings, and to nature's woe.
When jealous fiends *Othello's* heart-strings tear,
When guilty *Richard* groans with dire despair;
When injur'd *Lear*, with tort'ring anguish wild,
Pours the deep curse on each ungrateful child;
When plaintiff notes speak poor *Ophelia's* woes,
Or love in *Juliet's* tender bosom glows;
The glistening eye, the trembling lip proclaim
Nature and virtue here are still the same.
In scepter'd state affliction's soothing strain
Still in your bosoms fix their steadfast reign—
Blest seat of empire! Where th' affections wait,
To shield the mourner from the shocks of fate—
Where the best passions with allegiance fair,
For suffering worth the healing balms prepare;
Nor ever shall your hearts such rights forego;
What *social sorrow asks*, these hearts shall still bestow!
No longer then oppress'd with anxious fear,
The muse shall REASUME her station *here*—
Shall court each virtue that's a nation's pride,
And gain the nobler passions to her side.—

P R O L O G U E

If, in the tenour of her pensive lay,
In nature's path, TO NIGHT she holds her way;
If she excites the sympathising mind,
To generous acts, the glory of our kind!
'This dread * tribunal; shall suspend its zeal,
Spurn its proud office, and grow proud to feel:
'This radiant † circle too her hopes approve,
And grace the triumph of the *muse* they love!

The following prologue, from an honour-giving muse, of which it is truly worthy, did not arrive till after Mr. Bannister was put in possession of the excellent poetry which precedes it; and which another ingenuous friend had been solicited to supply. The author of the tragedy, however, thinks Miss Seward's composition too valuable to circulate only in manuscript. Indeed, to keep such verses out of print, would not only be a private injury to the piece (which they will adorn) but an unpardonable injustice to the public.

P R O L O G U E

BY MISS SEWARD.

SLOW from an ebon throne's majestic height,
A lovely form descends upon my sight!
The floating purple, and the lofty mien
Proclaim *the empress of the tragic scene*,
Divine Melpomene!—Aggriev'd she stands,
Her tears fast falling on her folded hands.
The show'ry cloud thus dims the azure skies,
Thus round the moon the misty halos rise.
Why, beauteous mourner, ere the hour of woe,
Throb those quick sighs, those crystal sorrows flow?
Thy Fair Circassian yet no griefs molest,
Nor love, nor fear assail her virgin breast!
But soft!—the muse of anguish sadly speaks!
Faint on my ear the murmur'ing accent breaks;

Low

* To the Pit. † To the Boxes.

P R O L O G U E.

Low hollow gales its mournful sounds convey,
And thus the goddess says—or seems to say:

- “ Can then the tender female bosom prove
“ A keener pang than disappointed love?
“ Ah me!—For light *Thalia* *more* than shares
“ My darling Sheridan’s too partial cares:
“ On her vain brows his lavish wreaths are thrown,
“ His thousand radiant gems emblaze her zone!
“ What tho’ she gave to his supreme command
“ Each laughing grace that waits her potent wand,
“ Yet with sublimer force *my* chemic-fire
“ ‘ With proud distinction deck’d his sacred lyre;’ *
“ To purest gold its warbling wires I turn’d,
“ When their sweet lays o’er lifeless Garrick mourn’d.
“ And once he sung in † elevated strain
“ My charms superior, and my right to reign;
“ Then, with the majesty my impulse throws
“ In chasten’d splendor round the poet’s brows,
“ He bade the tears that stream’d o’er Asia’s queen,
“ Flow soft in *real* sorrow’s lonely scene:—
“ But soon he *smil’d* those graceful tears away,
“ And faithless own’d my frolic *rival*’s sway.
“ Perchance, howe’er, the jocund pride of youth
“ * Alone has warp’d from me his love and truth;
“ Ere long the rover may again be mine,
“ And with his blooming laurels deck my shrine!
“ This night no vulgar hand the meed bestows,
“ That now for me in pristine beauty glows.—
“ Oh! may the soft’ring breath of public praise
“ Preserve from cruel blight the votive bays!”

I hear no more—For, with a pensive smile,
Slow glides the muse down yonder winding isle!

May you, ye brave and wise, ye good and fair,
Fulfil with suffrage kind her fervent pray’r!
And since no force of wit and comic art
Can shut to pity’s plaint the British heart,
We hope your just applause may bless our bard,
His first ambition, and his bright reward.

* Parody on a beautiful line in Mr. Sheridan’s monody.

† See Epilogue to *Semiramis*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALMORAN	- - -	MR. PALMER.
HAMET	- - -	MR. SMITH.
OMAR	- - -	MR. BENSLEY.
ALI	- - -	MR. PACKER.
CALED	- - -	MR. FARREN.
OSMYN	- - -	MR. R. PALMER.
PRINCIPAL IMAN	-	MR. WRIGHTEN.
ALMEIDA	- -	MISS FARREN.
CRISANTHE	- -	MISS SIMPSON.

ASIATIC AMBASSADORS, GUARDS, EUNUCHS, MUTES,
&c.

SCENE *PERSIA.*

T H E
FAIR CIRCASSIAN.
A T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN IN THE ORIENTAL TASTE, WITH SEVERAL RICH PAVILIONS, AND A SIDE VIEW OF A MAGNIFICENT PALACE ADJOINING. THE ROYAL APARTMENTS OPEN INTO THE GARDEN THROUGH A SPLENDID PORTICO.

S C E N E I.

ALI, CALED.

A L I.

CALED, behold once more our Persian court
From twice six moons of mourning for the king,
Great Solyman emerge, bright as yon sun,
From the surrounding shades of sable night—
That gorgeous palace re-assumes its lustre,
And these pavilions once more breathe around
The soul of eastern fragrance.

B

CALED.

C A L E D.

Ali, yes;
 Hither advance from Asia's vassal shores,
 Ambassadors, high fraught with luscious burthens,
 Till Persia blooms in flattery : Late they came
 With solemn homage to condole; and now,
 Heaping their lavish incense on our shrines,
 Congratulation wreathes the ready smile.
 The scene is fair, my friend ; but soon again
 Shall each proud blossom of the realm be wither'd.

A L I.

Thou think'st that Solyman hath ill bequeath'd
 The crown between his sons.

C A L E D.

Hath ill bequeath'd !
 To bind the warring elements, to fix
 In closest league th' extremes of frost and fire,
 And every opposite in nature force
 Into reluctant union.—Such, my friend,
 Such is the will of Solyman.

A L I.

The king
 Was scarce entomb'd, ere brooding jealousies
 Broke forth.—Remember'st thou the hour
 When Omar, with the lords of state around,
 The will first gave to Almorán ? Ye heavens !
 How proud the triumph, while with subject zeal,
 Unconscious of his fortune Hamet bow'd.
 And, oh, what deep abasement follow'd swift
 Upon the elder king as Omar drew
 From the concealing robe another scroll,
 That nam'd young Hamet partner of the throne !

C A L E D.

Preposterous distribution ! thus to leave
 A splendid source of endless discontent.

A L I

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN. 3

ALI.

And this in spite of Omar's bearded wisdom.

CALLED.

Omar the sage, to whom the seal of Solyman,
In royal confidence was still reveal'd.
Omar, who trims the lonely lamp of wisdom,
When half the lazy globe is wrapt in slumber.
Omar, the prince's guardian, master, oracle;
The proud philosopher, the seer profound;
That *he* should thus dispose the dotard's sceptre,
And get the start of men like thee, my Ali.

ALI.

Ali's holy function still protects him
From ev'ry rebel murmur of ambition.

CALLED.

Ali, 'tis false—I know thy temper better.
Like some repining spirit here thou walk'st,
And yon thrice blessed orb hath witness'd oft,
Thy soul's deep sigh at Omar's better fortune.
Here dost thou dwindle in the train of courtiers,
At once deem'd inoffensive, unimportant,
A mitr'd slave of Hamet's royal household,
While Omar——

ALI.

Rules half the Persian empire;
Directs, proscribes, and governs uncontroll'd.

CALLED.

Ali, meantime, with tame dominion, sways
A band of humble Imans, poor and prostrate;
Or bids the peasant tremble at the altar,
As superstition points the labour'd omen.
O vain pre-eminence of pageant priesthood,
Compar'd with seats sublime, that Ali's soul
Is yet, I trust the fates, decreed to fill.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

A L I.

Forbear, my friend—O Caled, tempt no more ;
 Wake not the fatal flame I long have smother'd :
 Already have thy strong suggestions led
 My feet astray—Ev'n now, against command
 Of him I serve, of Hamet, and——

C A L E D.

Of Omar,

A L I.

Well then, of Omar—since it must be so,
 Have I contriv'd that Almorán should view
 That hidden treasure of the love-sick king,
 That fair Circassian——

C A L E D.

Thou hast, I own it——

There, there, my friend, springs up another cause
 Of rivalry and vengeance.

A L I.

Vengeance !

C A L E D.

Away with counterfeittings, forc'd disguises—
 I've read thy heart. converse we then like men
 That know each other's bias. Ali, my friend,
 My reverend friend, we both are wrong'd and outrag'd :
 Me, Hamet, by his minister, hath thrust
 From that rich sun-shine where so long I bask'd
 In the broad ray of Hamet's royal favour.
 Thy state is tottering too—insulted priest !
 Head of thy tribe no longer then the glance
 Of Omar shall dismiss thee deep degraded—
 Now, if no false concealments, wayward scruples——

A L I.

'Twere best confer apart——'tis near the hour
 When the Circassian lady——

C A L E D.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

5

CALED.

See she comes.

With speed retire—

ALI.

Should Hamet or should Omar—

CALED (*going.*)

Short be their fway.—

ALI (*going.*)

Much hast thou mov'd me, Caled.

CALED.

Much are we wrong'd,

ALI.

This way are we secure, [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

ALMEIDA, CRISANTHE.

ALMEIDA.

Yes, my Crisante, I confess it all,
Confess that I am happy : Still remembrance
Steals o'er my conscious heart her sweet ideas,
And in soft vision charms Almeida's bosom.

CRISANTHE.

And Hamet well deserves—

ALMEIDA.

Deserves, Crisante !

Not all the lavish luxury of praise
By Imans offer'd at the holy altars ;
Not the rich tides of eloquence that roll
Upon the poet's tongue, by every muse,
And every god inspir'd, to grace the song,
Can pay just tribute to the soul of Hamet :

'Tis

'Tis not my friend the busy breath of rumour
 That pours the doubtful hint into the ear,
 The dazzling sceptre, the effulgent robe,
 Nor yet the vollied burst of public fame
 Which stamps true splendor on the hearts of kings.
 Array'd in ALL these trappings they may beat
 Less fair, less friendly to the rights of man,
 And fill a smaller space in nature's circle
 Than the poor peasant toiling at the car,
 Monarch of many a private, *useful* virtue,
 Without the power, the dangerous power, to prove
 A tyrant—o'er the rest of human-kind.

CRISANTHE.

But ev'n th' untutor'd clown delighted talks
 Of Hamet's princely virtues.

ALMEIDA.

Oh, he does !

Each hind may see the royal soul expand
 Like some ethereal light supplying fire,
 That feeds unnumber'd stars with constant rays :
 But, oh Crisante, never can *he* see
 The soft enchantments of the tender heart,
 Friendship's divine effusion, love's pure flame,
 Each grace of life retired.—These shine alone
 Like silent dews that shed their balms unheard ;
 Like planets deep in heaven, that bless unseen
 The favour'd few that share the *sacred* hour.

CRISANTHE.

The sacred hour reserv'd for fair Almeida :
 But say, my gentle friend—for still delay'd
 The tale of wonder—heard but yet in part—
 Did he not act like some superiour power
 When he with vent'rous arm rush'd through the flames
 To save thee from destruction ?

ALMEIDA,

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

7

ALMEIDA.

Like a god,
My guardian god! Hear then, in full, the story.
Midnight had hung the silent air in black,
Not one bright star display'd it's beamy brow,
The wat'ry-bosom'd clouds were bent to earth,
When swift the desolating light'ning's flash
Spread the far-blazing ruin thro' the palace.
Sudden it struck my venerable fire:
In vain I press'd him in these filial arms—
He fell—In that tremendous moment
Came my deliverer, my king, my Hamet,
And rescu'd child and parent from the flames.

CRISANTHE.

Gracious Heaven!

ALMEIDA.

Soon as fled sense return'd,

I saw the gentle, generous, kneeling king
Bent in soft sorrows o'er his wretched charge;
And as the deep confusion ting'd my cheek
With tender force he strain'd me to his heart;
While good Abdallah, by his care protected,
From all the hurry of the court reposes;
And still unable as the veteran is
To view the sun, or move from his pale couch
He cheery laughs, thou know'st, the hours away,
Still Hamet or Almeida by his side.

CRISANTHE.

Behold the king—The royal lover comes.

ALMEIDA.

Ah, faithful fondness—leave us, gentle friend—
Yet stay, Crisanthe—Stay, attest his kindness.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

H A M E T, A L M E I D A, C R I S A N T H E.

H A M E T.

Dear, heavenly maid—thou treasure of my soul,
 How poor is language to the feeling heart?
 Oh, let me thus supply the want of words,
 Thus speak the transports of my wondrous fondness.

A L M E I D A.

How shall Almeida mark her gratitude?

[Offering to kneel.]

H A M E T.

Almeida rise: Oh do not thus o'erpay
 The common duties of a common man:
 To help the wretched is the debt of nature;
 A debt, which every honest mind shou'd pay
 To all that wear the kindred forms of men.

A L M E I D A.

Oh Hamet—Oh my king—if rising blushes—
 If these reveal not—the obedient subject—

H A M E T.

Obedient subject! most unkind Almeida;
 Rob not the great prerogative of virtue,
 The generous bosom knows no vain superior;
 And pitied be the wretch, or king, or subject
 Who at proud distance holds the heart he loves.

A L M E I D A.

Thou hast subdu'd—I can conceal no more:
 My humble station bade me long restrain
 Affection for a prince, for Persia's king,
 But now—

H A M E T.

Yes now receive,
 Now deign to share my love, my life, my throne.

Oh,

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

9

Oh, witness heav'n the glowing exultation,
Witness the triumphs of this throbbing heart,
As thus it owns Almeida for a queen.
And yet my brother—

ALMEIDA.

What of him, my lord?

HAMET.

Oh, I have doubts—

ALMEIDA.

Ha! doubts—have doubts my lord?

HAMET.

How shall I speak, Almeida, to thy softness?
How hope thy pardon for a tender fraud?
By some dire chance my brother knows our story,
And, as in jest, he tax'd me with concealment,
Desir'd to view a sister in Almeida.

ALMEIDA.

Where was the fault in this, or where the danger?

HAMET.

At this, a sudden sickness seiz'd my heart;
'Twas plain I lov'd—he pierc'd the thin disguise,
Enjoy'd my pain, and triumph'd in discovery.

ALMEIDA.

And what of that? Your feelings are too nice,
Too delicately fine to bear the shaft;
Which laughter ever levels at the lover,
Spirits less lively meet the mirth with smiles,
And wit's pert jest falls pointless to the ground.

HAMET.

How little dost thou know the soul of Almorán,
That even blazes at the view of beauty;
How wou'd he catch soft fury from this hand,
And drink large draughts of passion from those eyes?
And then—

C

ALMEIDA.

ALMEIDA.

What then, my lord ?

Hast thou no credit in Almeida's faith ?

Ungenerous prince ! the heart that rules this bosom

Courts not the kingly crown, nor splendid sceptre.

Had'st thou been born the lowliest of the poor,

Still had I sought alliance with thy virtues,

Still had I scorn'd variety of lovers.

H A M E T.

I know it all, dear maid ; I know it all ;

Yet, Almorán—

ALMEIDA.

Can Almorán forget

The ties of nature, or the bonds of honour,

The dear domestic duties of the brother,

The awful virtues of the public station,

The law which binds the monarch to the man ?

Or if he could, and this ill-fated form

Should chance to touch him with a transient passion,

What would avail the momentary liking ?

Soon would his power o'erlook an humble maid,

And gladly leave her to the partial Hamet.

Or at the worst—should he pursue Almeida,

Firm in the pure resolves of virtuous love

Ev'n I, the subject daughter of Abdallah,

Bold in her virgin truth, would own her fondness,

Assert the native freedom of the heart,

Clasp her lov'd lord, and thus avow her passion.

H A M E T.

Oh, thou dear maid—once more receive my thanks ;
[embracing.]

Receive a willing heart that doats to death !

Forgive the delicate alarms of love :

I have no doubts—my sickly fears are past,

I tread in æther and I breathe in heaven !

I am—oh, all ye Powers—I am most blest.

ALMEIDA.

ALMEIDA.

My lord, behold—

[*Seeing Almorán and Caled at a distance.*

H A M E T.

'Tis Almorán with Caled—haste my love
And shield thy beauties from his dangerous gaze,
In this pavilion—Soon he will be gone,
Ah! quick retire, and e'er to-morrow's dawn
I will prepare—by heav'n they're here—away.

[*Hamet conducts Almeida into a pavilion.*

S C E N E IV.

ALMORÁN, CALED.

CALED.

Yonder, my lord, he steals.

ALMORÁN.

But where the lady?

CALED.

Dread fire, I see her not.

ALMORÁN.

Didst thou not leave him with her?

CALED.

Hypocrisy assist thy long tried favourite. [*aside.*
I left him lost in one soft dream of passion,
Invoking every power fantastical
To register his vows—then would he kneel,
Her lovely hand embathe with sigh-sick tears,
And earnest press it to his glowing bosom;
While she—

ALMORÁN.

Go on.

CALED.

Repuls'd his freedom

With a sweet resistance—and in soft coyness

Sported with refusal.

ALMORÁN.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

ALMORAN.

Spoke they of me,
Or ought suspects my brother I have seen her ?

CALED (*looking.*)

Methought, my lord, I saw in yon pavillion
A female robe that—yes, by heav'n 'tis she. [*going up.*
Oh powers of heaven! behold, my lord, behold,
See where she walks—what majesty of mein? [*looking out.*
What native beauties in her artless air?
Soft as the first fair breeze that fans the spring.
What glories beam even from her downcast eye!
While her disorder wales a new-born charm
As the bloom ripens on her rosy lips!

ALMORAN.

At every glance more lovely than before;
Ne'er did each feature flame so full to view,
Caled, by heav'n her eye shot suns, out-blaz'd
That symbol of the God to which we bow.

CALED.

Well may the happy Hamet wish to screen
The fair recluse from each obtrusive eye,
And hide her from an elder brother's gaze.
Ah! heav'n preserve the sultan of the world,
My sovereign labours with some secret sorrow;
Oh, that the slave could aught administer
To his imperial master!

ALMORAN.

Ha! imperial

Said'st thou Caled? that I were imperial; [*aside.*
My pulses fever at the glorious thought.
Caled.

CALED.

My lord.

ALMORAN.

ALMORAN.

I will no more disguise—Caled—hither—
 Yet nearer—lov'st thou thy sovereign master ?
 I know thou dost, I read it in thine eye,
 I'll trust thee—thou shalt share a secret, Caled,
 Denied to every vassal but thyself.

CALED.

Great ruler of the East whose boundless sway— [*prostrates.*

ALMORAN.

Rise and approach. Still closer and attend—
 Thrice has the year renew'd the robes of spring,
 Since from the circling crouds that guard the palace,
 An undistinguish'd multitude of slaves,
 Thee I mark'd out for favour, bade thee meet
 The eye of Almorán without prostration,
 And rank'd thee next to Osmyn.

CALED.

Next to Osmyn.

[*aside.*

ALMORAN.

In thy settled look
 Firm and unaw'd, I saw the aspiring soul
 That suited well the servant of a prince,
 Soon to be more—At length my father died,
 The throne I mounted—a divided throne.

CALED (*kneeling.*)

Essence of light and life, assist my prayer ;
 Angel of death, quick moulder in the dust
 The officious Omar's bold and busy hand,
 Which brought the will of Solyman to light,
 And thus curtail'd the rights of Almorán.

ALMORAN.

Since that most wretched, most disgraceful moment,
 Mark its return my soul—Since that curst hour
 No joy, no transport hath this bosom known ;
 Nor shall these watchful, waking eyes e'er close,

E'er taste again the balmy bliss of sleep,
Till—

CALED.

Every bar to empire, love, and glory,
And each dire obstacle be swept away.

ALMORAN.

Thy sovereign's soul is on thy lip—but how?
How *compass* these great ends?

CALED.

Great ends require

Means well proportion'd, and such means
Are ever ready to the mind resolv'd.
Honest Ambition, in expedients fruitful,
Still crouds a thousand images at once
Upon the forming brain—the dart—the bowl,
The smiling banquet, and the midnight sabre.

ALMORAN.

My boundless hopes are rushing to a point.
Declare thy purpose—Caled speak direct.

CALED.

Direct then thus—My sover'ign wou'd be king,
Supreme, sole, undivided, fill the throne
Without a weak associate—be the fate
Of subject earth—The thought is great—and great
Must be the enterprize—nought less than—

ALMORAN.

What!

CALED.

Death.

ALMORAN.

Said'st thou

CALED.

Murder.

ALMORAN.

Whose?

CALED.

C A L E D.

What need of names? but still to be direct,
The man that thwarts thee in the road to glory,
That stops thee midway in the bright career,
And intercepts thy radiance—

A L M O R A N.

Ha! my brother!

Murder! my very heart turns from it. No,
One mother gave us being. We were twins.
The bloomy days of youth were pass'd together;
He ever lov'd me, made this breast his pillow,
And wept upon it all his little sorrows;
Long, long ere love or mad ambition
The rosy bonds of Nature broke and made
Us rivals—And shall I murder Hamet?

C A L E D.

Empire and love shall consecrate the deed,
But I have err'd, and will offend no more,
Hamet loves rule, and therefore *shares the throne*,
If Omar aids, perhaps shall *more* than share it.
Perhaps the wily sage—

A L M O R A N.

Audacious traitor!

Think'st thou the feeble dotard e'er will *dare*—

C A L E D.

The snake, my lord, that twists around the feet,
With bold aspiring crest at length may tow'r
Ev'n to the seat of life.

A L M O R A N.

First will I seize

With arm indignant its impoison'd throat,
Dash the fell viper instant to the earth,
And see it writhe its life out in the dust.

C A L E D.

The happy younger king too, runs before

Ev'n

Ev'n in the race of love : auspicious still
 The fair Circassian melts before he sighs ;
 Soon shall the Persian throne confess a *queen* ;
 Again the mangled crown shall know division,
 And a fair third of empire yield to her,
 To Hamet's beauteous wife, divine Almeida.

A L M O R A N.

Hold, Caled, hold—shall Almoran then stoop
 To see his rich inheritance thus torn,
 Thus ravish'd, plunder'd by each bold usurper,
 And made the prey of vassals, boys, and women !
 Caled, dispatch—concert the great design—
 Quick let's be gone—I sicken at delay ;
 Love, empire, and ambition, drive me on ;
 Methinks already I redeem the sceptre,
 And o'er th' obedient world triumphant wave it.
 The awful name of Almoran alone
 Floats on the faithful gale—from shore to shore
 The undiminish'd homage spreads around,
 And my defrauded world's at length restor'd.

C A L E D.

Oh, glorious emulation—By yon heaven
 I light ambition at my master's blaze !
 The soul of Caled catches fire from his ;
 I rise, I tow'r to do some noble deed
 That the imperial Almoran shall fix,
 Secure, uncrouded on his rightful throne.

A L M O R A N.

Then take a rich reward—thy king's embrace.
 But oh, this languid pause ! I pine, I die,
 'Till from that boy's encircled brow I seize
 My sullied diadem, and place it here.
 Oh, how my soul exults in the idea ;
 'Then shall I revel in Almeida's beauties ;
 Then each high bliss by turns shall know and prove
 The fate and fortune of our Eastern world. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A VIEW OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF PERSIA, CUT OUT OF THE ROCKS, AND A PROSPECT OF A VENERABLE MOSQUE. THE WHOLE AWFULLY MAGNIFICENT.

H A M E T, O M A R.

H A M E T.

THOU good old man—Thou full of days and honour,

Guide of my youth, and glory of my crown,
My bosom labours with a friend's impatience
As now I lead thee to these sacred seats—
These awful sepulchres, where Persia's kings,
My ancestors, repose in solemn silence—
Oh, my heart throbs till I have told thee all.

O M A R.

My prince, my child! I praise thy tender zeal,
And though oppressive time upon this head
Hath heavy snow'd full many a winters whiteness,
Yet once this heart—the memory still is dear—
Felt a fond passion, pure and warm as thine.
To all that rateth high a virgin's worth,
Sense, beauty, soul, long since was Omar wed.

H A M E T.

If thou hast lov'd, with unfatigued ear,
Thou wilt allow the sweet prolixity,
Love's soft delay, and tender repetition.
“ But, oh! by what sad stroke of cruel fortune
“ Fell from thy reverend arms this dearest treasure?”

O M A R.

“ Full forty years Olmana to this bosom
“ Minister'd every balm of virtuous softness,

D

“ Passion

" Passion from reason caught the wish compos'd,
 " The hope obedient, and the steady purpose,
 " A life devote to nature and to Heaven.
 " At length it pleas'd the gods to take her from me,
 " And pluck this pillow from my aged head ;
 " Her death was sudden, but her life prepar'd.
 " In my first widow'd days I felt as man ;
 " At length her sacred spirit seem'd to chide,
 " And whisper'd that it only went before
 " To intercede the Merciful for mine.
 " I left her with the gods, and wept no more."
 But come, what says Almeida ?

H A M E T.

How her name
 Like sudden sun-beams darting thro' a cloud,
 Lights up an instant joy in Hamet's bosom.
 Oh, had'st thou seen her all dissolv'd in passion—
 Passion, tho' yielding, modestly chafis'd,
 " And shaded by a delicate reserve,
 " Only to look more lovely thro' the veil"—
 Had'st thou but seen her, eloquently dumb,
 Sink in her father's arms, confess her softness
 In all the sweet disorders of the heart,
 Then blush, and sigh, and even weep for words!—

O M A R.

When does Abdallah's daughter then consent.—

H A M E T.

Hear it, ye favouring heav'ns, and every breeze,
 Bear on your viewless wings the tender tidings,
 I shall to-morrow claim—

O M A R.

To-morrow !
 Knows royal Almorán this sudden purpose ?

H A M E T.

H A M E T.

Ah Omar thou hast sprinkled drops of ice
 Cold on my heart, to freeze the flame of love,
 Not all the jealous vigilance of fondness;
 Not the still waking eyes of faithful Ali
 Can foil the felon arts of wily Caled.
 Almorán again hath seen her, friend—and much,
 Still much I fear left—

O M A R.

Oh, forbear;
 Wear not a doubtful eye upon a brother,
 Nor let suspicion fear thy generous heart.

H A M E T.

Heaven knows my fondness; knows the generous love,
 “Respect sincere, and tenderness I bear him,
 “And the soft shade I cast o’er all his failings;”
 Dear is my brother to this faithful heart,
 As the warm tide that constant flows to feed it.

O M A R.

The fainted Solyman thou know’st decreed,
 That ye should wear his yet unblemish’d crown
 In amity together; wield his sceptre
 As brothers and as friends.—Unite to bless,
 By a well-order’d government, the land;
 The smiling arts of peace diffuse around,
 Or give—where patriot virtue points the cause
 To be the cause of heav’n—fresh nerves to war;
 O’er the wide wave to spread the advent’rous sail,
 Lift modest genius from the lowly vale,
 And bid it blossom in a warmer soil,
 More near its native skies.—

H A M E T.

Dear, parent sage,
 Deep are thy counsels ’grav’d upon this heart.

O M A R.

Yet spare a moment to the voice of truth,
 Even from the hour of panting *softness* spare it.
 Oh ne'er forget, thou noble youth, 'tis *thine*
 To taste with Almorán the bliss supreme
 That flows from all the *great*, the *glorious* virtues,
 Worthy of kings, on kings alone conferr'd ;
 Pity that softens justice ; merit, guarded
 From bolder arrogance, e'en by the shield,
 The temper'd shield of royalty itself.

“ Blessings *deriv'd* from blessings well *bestow'd*,
 “ Delights like these—oh, may they long be *thine*,
 “ Grow greater by division.” Yet remember
 If e'er thou'rt tempted—which the gods forbid—
 Should'st thou, as faction or as favour urges ;
 Should private passions, or domestick broils,
 Frauds of the state, or follies of the palace,
 A mistress or a minister, e'er lead
 Thine eye, thy hand, thy *heart* from what thou ow'st,
 From what the laws, the land, the people claim—
 Claim as a *duty* from the prince they serve,
 Not Persia's utmost pomp combin'd to soothe thee,
 “ Not all the graces of the lov'd Almeida,
 “ Nor yet the princely pledges of her faith
 “ Climbing thy knee and blooming round thy board,
 “ Not ev'n the husband's pride, the father's transport,”
 Can snatch thee from the *shame* reserv'd for *him*,
 Who, base and lawless, *wantons* with his power,
 “ Covers with blood his violated country,
 “ To an ensanguin'd *sabre* turns his sceptre,
 And more than traitor *desolates* the empire.

H A M E T.

Oh, never, never may this breast, which throbs
 With all a patriot's, all a *parent's* ardour,
 To serve the weal of Persia, feel a curse
 So charg'd with anguish, or so full of horror !

With

With my lov'd subjects teach me, gods, to share
 'The plenteous glories of this fertile land,
 While royal Almorán partakes the joy,
 And late posterity attests our virtue!
 Now, then, my friend, I must require thy aid.

O M A R.

What would my gracious prince?

H A M E T.

Engage

His second father in an instant office
 Of tender import—This letter—take it Omar.
 Why trembles thus my foolish hand to give it?
 'Tis to my brother, and contains—oh heav'ns!

O M A R.

“ The tidings of to-morrow. This perchance—
 “ 'Tis dangerous; [*aside*] soft—is there no other way?

H A M E T.

“ Why pauses Omar?
 “ Why deeply bent to earth his thoughtful eye?

O M A R.

“ Thy love hath spoke, I doubt not, *brotherly*.

H A M E T.

“ Omar, my heart was in it. Take it then,

“ O take it, friend! There, in that little space

Are all my future hopes and fears inscribed;

It is the history of a *brother's love*,

Writ to a *brother's* friendship—Yes, my Omar,

This is the hour which Almorán devotes

To private kindness, and unburthen'd freedom;

Upon his sacred moments *thou* hast claim;

And who so fit as *thee* to grace a message

Where Hamet's happiness so closes, centres?

O M A R.

Dear to this feeble bosom are ye both;

I honour, love, respect—do all but fear you,

The man we dread was never truly lov'd.

H A M E T.

H A M E T.

Delay no longer then—oh think a little,
 Something allow to ardent love's impatience;
 No rest shall Hamet know till thy return,
 But trembling, anxious, wait thy coming, Omar.—
 In the blest'd grove that shades Almeida's chamber,
 There will I kneel, there awful bend to heaven,
 That all our wishes may be crown'd in peace.

[Exit HAMET.]

O M A R *alone.*

I would not check his joys too far; and yet
 Too plain, alas, these aged eyes can see
 A train of mischiefs gathering round our heads.
 This letter notes the hour, when to the mosque
 Hamet conducts his Fair Circassian bride.
 Ye mighty Powers, who rule the royal soul,
 And touch the master chords that sway our nature,
 Let kindred kindness save my kings from discord,
 Preserve the *publick welfare, private quiet*;
 And these old eyes shall pour their thanks in tears.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A MAGNIFICENT APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

ALMORAN, OSMYN.

ALMORAN.

Osmyn, thy conduct hath been ever humble,
 Wary, and watchful. Now the time is ripe
 To note thy subject services more amply;
 Caled, thou know'st, is our obedient slave,
 Thy *present* post of honour shall be *his*,
 And thou to larger dignities arise;
 'Tis Almorán that lifts thee from the dust.

OSMYN,

OSMYN.

Dread king, and father of the eastern world,
Thy sacred purpose ever in my view
Bounds all the hopes of thy observant Osmyn:

ALMORAN. [*aside.*

This is another Caled at the core;
Long have I marked his hypocritical look,
Disguising falsehood in the fraudulent smile:
'Twere not amiss to make the slave secure.
Osmyn.—

OSMYN.

Yonder, my lord, with sober step
Old Omar, that sage pillar of the state,
Comes slowly onward—venerably sweet
His reverend aspect.—

ALMORAN (*pausing*).

Haply *that* were well.
Osmyn!

OSMYN.

Imperial sultan. [*bows.*

ALMORAN.

The important office of a minister
Might suit *thy* vigorous years and mind *mature*,
That feeble pillar soon must fall. Of this
Anon.—Ere night her sable wing shall spread
O'er day's fair bosom, see that thou attend,
Just where the clust'ring citrons form a shade
Near to our chief seraglio, there I'll meet thee.
Go. Thou wilt remember and obey. [*Exit OSMYN.*
I wou'd not rashly lose a sabre, when
Haply, I may want to try its temper. [*aside.*
My curses on this dotard. Caled, now
Shall Almorán take heed t' observe thy counsel;
A *smile*—Yes, smiles are well till all be *sure*;
And yet my soul disdains the narrow art
Of seeming that *I am not*. But he comes;
Take me hypocrisy, awhile I'm thine.

Enter

Enter OMAR (offers to kneel.)

Thou shalt not bend. The venerable knee
Grown feeble in the service of the state
Should only bow to heaven. Thy silver locks,
Those sacred signals of the experienc'd mind,
Command the reverence of the kings they honour;
Ev'n *Almorán* respects them. O the falsehood, [*aside*.
Shame on my abject tongue for thus dissembling.

OMAR.

My fears were surely wrong. [*aside*] O gracious king,
This old fond bosom feels a *father's* joy
Thus to be welcom'd by the prince he loves.
Ev'n in the tenderest hours of earliest life,
Thy mother sent her little pride to *Omar*,
And ere thy tongue began to lisp its purpose,
The name of Omar first employ'd its efforts;
Then, as a preface of thy future friendship—
Oh! be it heav'n prophetic—thou didst throw
Thy infant arms around my neck—there clung'st
As if thou lov'dst the soft repose I gave thee;
My bosom throb'd as if thou wert mine own;
Upon this breast sweet sleep did visit thee;
It was thy *cradle*, and thou oft hast blest it.

ALMORAN.

Thou worthy sage! Nor in maturer manhood,
Lord as I am of half the subject world,
Am I less tender of the faithful Omar,
The sense, the *soul* of Persia's blooming empire.

OMAR.

The mighty Solyman, as sick he lay,
Upon his last, last bed, *bequeath'd* you to me,
Gave Almorán and Hamet to my care;
He press'd me as I promis'd, smil'd, and died:
And far, dear youth, beyond the glowing gold
Which grows beneath the wealthy breast of earth,
I prize the royal legacy—O fire

Forgive me—I am old, and age is tedious ;
But 'tis the heart offends, and thou wilt pardon.

ALMORAN (*aside*).

Again he teaches me to be sincere ;
Nature's all-conquering language from his lip
Flows on the heart with meek serenity ;
He cannot be ambitious—Caled wrongs him.
What welcome message of fraternal love [*advancing*.
Brings Omar from his Hamet—Ha ! a letter.
May its contents be happy !—

OMAR (*aside*.)

His motion is disturb'd—'Twere best withdraw
A moment—I wait, my lord, your sacred leisure.
[*Bows and retires, Almorán not marking him.*

ALMORAN.

Hell to my hopes, and horrors to my heart !
Wed her ! so soon ! to-morrow ! wed Almeida !
Oh, dire confusion—some protecting God
Descend, descend to ward the fatal blow ;
May rolling thunders, *light'nings* intercept it !
But curse on invocation, what avails it ?
Even while I supplicate the hour draws nigh,
The fatal hour that is to crush my hopes,
As I this murd'rous scroll—away with prayer ;
The tardy striking gods deny their succour.
What must be done ? Ye powers of darkness rise !
Spirits infernal leave your flaming beds—

[*Omar re-enters suddenly.*

OMAR.

My lord.

ALMORAN.

Ha ! dotard, traitor, trembling hoary traitor,
Dare not to think I wish it were conceal'd ;
My rage, my grief, my ruin—Dotard, no !
Tho' thou hast stol'n the secret from my lips,
The soul of Almorán by fear unaw'd

Smiles on thy powerless perfidy.—The world,
 The vassal universe, is mine—Away—
 Begone with life—I give it thee—I scorn
 To stain my arm, but leave thee thus despis'd.

[*Going, Omar catches his robe and kneels.*]

OMAR.

Bow'd as I am already to the earth
 By time's oppressive hand—with all the weight
 Of fourscore winters on my aged head,
 I fall still lower, with submission fall,
 To clasp these sacred knees and beg an audience.
 Ah, dear, unhappy prince, repress these starts;
 Subdue the unmanly rage that checks thy virtue;
 Conquer thy fury, and resume the king.
 There is no cause, my soul disdains to listen,
 Affection brought me back.—

ALMORAN.

And what art thou,

That Almorán should care, or clear, or guilty?

OMAR. (*rises.*)

And what am I? A long-try'd faithful subject;
 A man who honours and a friend who loves thee.
 If these white hairs, grown silver in thy service;
 If age, if truth, no kind attentions warrant,
 Still Omar's duty dictates to his tongue.

ALMORAN.

Hah!

OMAR.

The pride of health now blooms upon thy cheek,
 High bounds each fervid pulse with vigorous life;
 Unbounded power, unbounded wealth are thine;
 Beauty has thrown her manly graces round thee,
 And lavish nature bath done all she can:
 Yet misery and grief, and rage unseemly
 Blot every blessing, wither every joy,
 " Rob of its radiance thy imperial crown,

“ From the soft pillow rudely tear repose,”
And make thee, Almorán, supremely wretched.

ALMORAN.

“ And if I were; thou like a meddling fool,
“ Like the dark raven on the blasted branch,
“ Art come officiously to croak despair,
“ And spread more gloom upon the troubled mind :
“ I thank thee for’t.—

OMAR.

Heav’n knows thou dost me wrong.

“ That heav’n can tell, I pity, love, revere thee.
“ My very heart now bleeds to see the prince ;
“ To see the youth, who, from the prattling hour
“ Of unoffending infancy, these eyes
“ Have view’d with all the fondness of a father,
“ Thus sink to earth, *the victim of the passions*.
“ But oh ! th’ abode of bliss is still before thee ;
“ The flow’rs of peace, and joy, and soft content,
“ Smile beautiful around—plain lies the path,
“ Nor is it difficult to keep the track,
“ Mark’d by the cherub hand of truth to man,
“ Pursue it—oh, pursue it, and be happy.”

ALMORAN.

Dost thou presume with a bold pedant’s tongue
To school the son of Solyman—thy master ?
Bold monitor, I am my own adviser ;
Think, speak, act, dictate, only for myself,
Nor will I brook a vassal’s interruption.

OMAR.

Ev’n Solyman himself, thou cruel prince,
That scepter’d saint, who from the King of Kings
Now takes the crown of virtue—He disdain’d not
To catch instruction from the voice of Omar ;
Nor did he weigh in pride’s too partial balance
The station or *descent* of useful wisdom.

But this avails not : Tho' my lord thou scorn'st
 The honest cautions of my zeal to serve thee,
 I must not see thee—for thy fire is dead ;
 The oath I gave is with him in the skies,
 And all the parent sits upon this bosom—
 I will not see thee rush on *shame and ruin*.

ALMORAN.

Ha ! traitor, dar'st thou—

OMAR.

In a cause like this,
 Tho' death stood ready with the bloody bowstring,
 Omar dare shew the firmness of his virtue :
 Nay, if his duty urges, dare do more.

ALMORAN.

What more, insulting minister, what more ?

OMAR.

Unaw'd, undaunted, like a faithful subject—
 Dare, unappall'd, tell Almorán he's guilty—
 Tell him—whene'er he deviates into vice,
 Presumes that kings are left to range at large
 O'er the heaven-guarded property of others,
 And trespass on the sovereign rights of man ;
 Or yield to passions that debase his station,
 Kindle intestine flames, embroil the state—
 Then tell him that he merits well the scorn
 Of every loyal heart—A king no more—
 A king, the public father, born to bless,
 And court the smiles of all his subject children.

ALMORAN.

Loquacious babbler— cease thy rude upbraidings,
 Left I be tempted to destroy the web
 Wove with such waste of toil—Away thou fool :
 Go school thy Hamet—we disdain prescription.

OMAR.

My duty is discharg'd and I have done.
 Farewell—There is an hour on wing—Oh heavens !

I tremble

I tremble for thee—Prince, there is an hour
 That will, alas, when thou art all unfriended,
 When the proud monarch, like the slave he spurns,
 Shall drop the lofty eye, the sultan's crest,
 "And fell disease unsmoothe the chearless pillow,"
 Thunder conviction on thee—Oh, expect it—
 'Tis terrible—a pang without a name—
 To meet it unawares or unprepared. [Exit.

ALMORAN (*alone, greatly agitated.*)
 Thunder conviction!

—Curse upon the slave,
 He starts a thought that quite disarms my soul.
 —But wherefore pause I thus, the fool of fancy?
 Grey steals the dawn upon me, and to-morrow,
 That mountain to my hopes, is near at hand,
 Veil'd only by the transient shades of night.
 Hamet, Almeida, Omar, all oppose me:
 No more delays—the measures must be swift.

Enter CALED. (*Hastily*)
 Again! Audacious villain die.—Ha, Caled!

[*Almorán draws a sabre.*

CALED.

How! sovereign of the world, have I offended?

ALMORAN.

Rise, Caled, rise: I thought thee that vile Omar—
 Wherefore this haste?

CALED.

Passing the western gate
 That opens on the eye the gliding barks,
 I saw but now the lovers arm in arm
 Pursue the tender walk, and sighing say
 To-morrow—oh! to-morrow.—

ALMORAN.

I've heard it all,
 That Omar brought the tidings, fretted, *chid* me;
Prated

Prated cold maxims to my burning rage,
 And tho' he saw my very soul disorder'd
 Persisted still to *preach* me into patience :
 At length the pent-up tempest tore its way
 Thro' this indignant bosom, and all wild
 With anguish and despair, I spurn'd him from me. }

C A L E D.

Short is the time my lord—If instant acts]
 Prevent not the solemnity, all's foil'd.
 What may be done ?

A L M O R A N.

Be quick then, tardy thinker,
 Dispatch, determine, execute at once :
 And let a moment do the work of ages.

C A L E D.

Suspecting somewhat of love's forward zeal,
 And from the faithful Ali gathering more,
 I am not wholly unprepar'd, my lord ;
 Ali, 'tis true, is somewhat stubborn, thoughtful,
 Of temper oft resisting ; but a priest, my lord,
 Open to great aspirings, wary, plausible :
 We have conferr'd of late.

A L M O R A N.

Ha ! light breaks in upon me.
 I have it all—Haste, Caled, then to Ali,
 The night is far advanced—the time most precious.
 Lose not a moment to bring Ali with thee,
 Ev'n to my secret chamber thou conduct him :
 The blow we have to strike shall—but away—
 'Tis unexpected thunder stuns us most,
 And terror doubles when the flash is sudden—
 Let Osmyn too be summon'd ; all combine—
 Sure of immortal honour—to defend
 The throne, the heart of the insulted Almorán.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

AN APARTMENT IN HAMET'S PALACE.

OMAR.

A Change so sudden—every tumult hush'd—
So wild an hurricane blown o'er already?

'Tis most suspicious, and I yet have doubts.

Perhaps some plan of deep drawn policy—

Perhaps—but hither speeds the younger king:

He comes with all the lover in his step,

And the fond bridegroom beaming from his eye:

O blessed state of unsuspecting youth,
(*looking out*)

Gay, worthy, ardent, generous, and warm,

'Tis barbarous to destroy thy gilded dreams

And wake thee to the cunning turns of life.

S C E N E II.

HAMET, OMAR.

HAMET.

My reverend father, guardian ever dear,

My spirit could not rest till it had found thee.

I left thee late with gloom upon thy brow,

And all unevenly thy accents fell,

As if contention 'twixt thy heart and tongue

Wag'd war severe.

OMAR.

It was but fancy;

The eye of friendship magnifies each trifle.

HAMET.

If 'twas but fancy, wherefore droop'st thou now?

What may this mean, my friend?

OMAR.

O M A R.

Regard it not ;

Age is uncertain, weak, and full of starts ;
 Precarious life then hangs but by an hair,
 And a babe's breath will shake it—

H A M E T.

Haply, still
 Thou art with Almorán displeas'd—Forgive him !
 The letter brought by Osmyn might excuse
 His warmth. 'Twas to invite my Omar's pardon ;
 What could my brother more ? We all are men :
 Error confess'd, is, to a noble mind,
 Error's atonement. Heav'n requires no more !

O M A R.

If I am sad, thou hast not guess'd the cause.
 Power's vain parade, and Passion's rudest burst,
 Fall unregarded on this aged bosom ;
 And all their force is blunted e'er they reach me.
 The pangs which now I feel are all for thee.

H A M E T.

For me—and art thou sad for me—for Hamet.
 Have not the gods been more than lavish to him ?
 Will not the musick of th' harmonious choir
 Soon echo Hamet's joys throughout the palace ?
 Are not the priests already in the mosque ?
 Are not the virgins with their wreathes prepar'd
 To strew the roseate paths of love with flow'rs ?
 Nay, will not Almorán himself attend ?
 Come, let's be gone. Ali ere this expects us.

O M A R.

I have deceiv'd thee, Hamet—much deceiv'd thee.

H A M E T.

Deceiv'd me !—Thou !—Has Omar much deceiv'd me ?

O M A R.

Yes—thy brother—there it begins—thy brother—

Yet,

Yet, say his life upon thy kindness rested,
Wou'd not thy virtuous heart do much to save it?

H A M E T.

To save his life!—O much indeed, my Omar.
I'd rush undaunted thro' the perilous war,
Ev'n where the bleeding battle thickest rag'd,
And spread my body as a shield before him.
I'd rush into the wild and fearful waves,
When their chaf'd fury drench'd the sailing clouds,
I'd fight, I'd fall, I'd DIE to save his life.

O M A R.

There spoke at once the monarch and the man;
And oh! still dearer, there the brother spoke.
Should he then ask a treasure at thy hand,
Thy soft humanity would grant his suit,
Ev'n tho' it pointed to—the fair Almeida.

H A M E T.

To fair Almeida!—Hear me, Holy Powers; [kneels.
Hear me each power that in Fate's awful volume
Record'd the vows of men—the oaths of kings,
That ought to bear, like thine, the seals of truth;
Oh hear me swear—while kneeling thus before thee,
I pledge my soul's fix'd ardours to Almeida,
Nor shou'd the congregated globe united
E'er rend her from these clasping, constant arms,
'Till their last sinew sunk beneath the sabre:
This witness, gods—the guardians of our love. [rises.

O M A R (aside.)

'Tis as I thought—all gentle as he is,
At the fond heart he is a very lover:
'Twill be in vain to warn him.—O, my son,
Forgive the cautious scruples of my age;
No more I chill with doubts thy generous hopes.

F

H A M E T.

H A M E T.

Doubts!—there's no cause of doubt—I am most blest.

O M A R.

Go then, dear youth, indulge the sacred joy.
 Go—and with this eternal truth be happy,
 Tho' yonder orb shou'd from its sphere be hurl'd,
 And this firm-sealed earth—with all her tow'rs,
 The mighty labour of three thousand years—
 Shou'd instant mingle with the dust that form'd them,
 The equitable soul, by truth upborn,
 Far o'er the vapours of this mould'ring world,
 Shall bold resist each perishable power,
 And greatly triumph in the crush of nature.

H A M E T : (*looking out.*)

Omar, behold! my Almoran appears.
 In the fraternal look he comes array'd.
 You wrong'd him, friend—indeed you wrong'd him
 much.

S C E N E III.

ALMORAN, HAMET, OMAR.

H A M E T.

Welcome, thrice welcome, on this happy day,
 For ever, ever welcome to these arms. [*embrace.*]

A L M O R A N.

Yon Heav'n alone can tell how much I thank thee;
 And yet I feel the tinge of glowing shame
 Burn on my cheek as I embrace my brother.
 Indeed I've been to blame, forgive me, Omar;
 Brother, speak for me—I have us'd him harshly.

O M A R.

O think me what *I am*, I ask no more.

A L M O R A N.

Thou art a friend, and still wilt bear my failings.

H A M E T.

H A M E T,

Did I not tell thee, Omar, he would act,
 Ev'n as thou see'st, a brother's tenderest part,
 But love is full of fears. I fear'd myself—
 At first I fear'd thee, but when riper thought
 Recall'd to view the associate and the friend;
 The dear companion of my early cradle,
 Sharer in ev'ry sport, in every toy,
 Deposit lov'd of every little care,
 I chid my cruelty, and all was well,

A L M O R A N,

And yet, my Hamet, could'st thou guess the pangs,
 The trying agonies, this conquest cost me,
 Then thou indeed would pity.

H A M E T.

Generous friend,

O do not wound me thus, my other self.
 What shall I do, 'twixt two extremes I'm torn,
 And nature strains the chords of love and friendship
 With too severe a hand,

A L M O R A N.

Hamet, no!

Here, in the presence of the faithful Omar,
 My flame I sacrifice to purer fires,
 Dear as she is, my brother, take Almeida,
 Lead undisturb'd the virgin to the altar,
 And from this hand receive thy charming bride;

H A M E T.

Oh, Almorán, with unexampled greatness
 Thy virtue soars above me—Still my elder;

A L M O R A N.

But wherefore waste we thus the precious moments,
 Even now the jocund, joy announcing note,
 Harmonious calls thee to the scene of bliss;
 Love's vermeil blushes, height'ned by a charm,

Which kind disorder wakes in every feature,
Now bloom around Almeida ; while her eye
Shines ardent forth to chide the tardy Hamet.

H A M E T.

With a tumultuous heart I wait the summons.
Come then, oh come, my father and my friend,
Together let us seek the heavenly maid—
Together lead her to the sacred altar ;
There thou, before the gay assembled throng,
Kindly presiding o'er the nuptial rites,
Shall, with a brother's gentle privilege,
And like a parent, give her to my arms. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

O M A R (*alone*).

How this old bosom akes with tender joy ;
Such joy as only friends and fathers feel,
To see them thus agreeing, thus united !
Ah, bliss supreme of subjects and of kings :
Our richest joys still court the private scene,
And life's prime hope is to be bless'd at home.
He is indeed convinc'd, and I have wrong'd him.
O thou, who thus infusest kindred love
Into their social hearts, still ardent, fix,
Aid, and invigorate the generous cement ;
Then like two planets may they gild the land
With undiminish'd lustre. Thro' the realm
Of Persia's wide domain may they dispense
Th' effulgent rays of truth and virtue round,
Bless every object in their glad career,
Imparting mutual brightness to each other. [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

THE INSIDE OF THE CHIEF MOSQUE, MAGNIFICENTLY
ILLUMINATED—ALI, IMANS, OFFICERS, AND THE
ASSIATICK AMBASSADORS, PREPARED FOR THE CERE-
MONY—CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS, WHO
ENTER WITH THE PRIESTS TO SING THE EPITHA-
LAMIUM—AN ALTAR SUPERBLY DECORATED.

A L M O R A N.

Ali approach ; begin the sacred rites.

A L I.

Deep in yon consecrated grove's recess,
E'en now the holy men, their sanctities
Unseen prepare. We wait their high report:

[after a pause.]

And yet so blest a marriage may rely
Upon approving heav'n. On virtuous love
The gods will surely smile. Advance, ye pair,
On to the sacred altar—we delay not.

[Hamet and Almeida go a few paces and stop.]

O D E.

Angels of truth, in robes of living light,

From yonder radiant sphere,

Expand your starry pinions bright,

And lend a fav'ring ear.

And thou benign, refulgent Source of day,

Bestow a tutelary ray ;

Behold thy holy ministers prepare,

To join this heav'n-elected pair.

Behold, advancing to thy shrine,

They humbly beg the boon divine.

O then, from yonder regions pure above

Descend thy cherub choir on beams of love.

CHORUS

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

CHORUS of Youths and Virgins.

Angels of truth, in robes of living light,
 From yonder radiant sphere,
 Expand your starry pinions bright,
 And lend a fav'ring ear.

ALMORAN.

Thus then I take the fair Almeida's hand,
 And to our happy brother thus present it.

[Joining their hands.
 A L I.

Henceforward be these hands for ever—

Enter PRIEST (*in great consternation*).

PRIEST.

Cease, cease your rites, unhallow'd and unblest.
 As but e'en now we kneel'd before the shrine,
 Sadden tremendous darkness brooding sat,
 Full on the grove, and shadow'd all beneath;
 In adverse spires the angry flames arose,
 And from the sacred sepulchre of Solyman
 Deep sounds were heard, of inauspicious groans—
 As if the troubled spirit there entomb'd
 Oppos'd the nuptials—When lo! a voice,
 Like thunder vollied thro' tempestuous air,
 Said—take this scroll—commission'd from above.
 It is the will divine—to Ali bear it.
 Trembling we bow'd, and promis'd swift obedience,

A L I.

Ye powers, is this the heaven directed scroll?

ALMORAN (*eagerly*).

But what imports it?

A L I (*reads*).

Fate hath decreed to ALMORAN Almeida!

OMAR (*aside*).

'Tis as I fear'd—Ali has play'd us false.

HAMET.

HAMET.

Away with prodigies dissembling Ali,
Finish the rites this moment, or expect—

ALMEIDA to ALI.

The profanation then, false priest, is *thine* :
Art thou to learn—and from a woman's tongue—
The duties of thine office? “ Know'st thou not,
“ That the just gods, with whom thou dar'st to trifle,
“ Act by consistent and unerring laws
“ Of truth, of love, and everlasting virtue.”
And would'st thou charge—oh, force of impious fraud!—
The dext'rous artifice of wicked men
To the account of heaven! Of heav'n, which sheds
It's freshest dews of blessedness on all
Whom faith and fondness hold in bonds of honour.

HAMET.

Are these thy arts?—Oh, most unhallow'd Ali.

ALMEIDA.

“ Hence each iniquity, each dark design,
“ The lures of interest, and the gusts of passion,
“ The insidious project, and the sordid purpose,
“ With each complotting juggle of the state,
“ That venal ministers or holy minions,
“ Full often practice to advance themselves,
“ Or feed the lusts of some deluded master,
“ Receives a sanction from the powers above.”

HAMET.

Yes, priest, there's not a crime which meanness prompts,
Vain folly sighs for, mad ambition kindles ;
There's not a daring dreadful villainy,
“ Nor yet a fraud that the smooth courtier wishes
“ To pass on prince or people, as a virtue,
“ And trick it off in reverend robes, like thine,”
But still the instrument is wrong'd RELIGION,
And heav'n itself is made the guilty cause
Of heap'd enormities, which hell would start at.

ALMORAN.

ALMORAN.

Brother forbear—

ALI.

The gods must be obey'd.

ALMEIDA.

Yes, priest, I know it. Then obey them straight.

Dost thou still waver to expound their will—

Their will is obvious, simple, unperplex'd,

And never leads the enquiring mind astray,

But when entangled in thy mystick toils.

“O flow of soul as destitute of honour,

“Had’st thou e’er heard the heavenly voice of truth,

“Or could that bosom, dark and drear as death,

“Sacred to viler passion, e’er have felt

“The unblemish’d fervors of a generous love,

“Without disguise the oracle would tell thee

“—That pure plain oracle, an honest heart—

“The sacred duties at the bridal altar.”

ALI.

Still we repeat the gods, and fate—

HAME T.

Peace sacrilegious—much thou talk’st of gods,

And much of fate—thy guileful lips have utter’d?

But when did fate work miracles for tyrants?

Or when invert the order of the skies

To favour lust, impiety, and shame?

ALMORAN.

I’ll hear no more—Ali renew the rites

For Almorán, renew them: Fate decrees

Almeida to my arms.

HAME T.

Brother ’tis false,

And with my life—

ALI.

Monarch desist—With reverence obey.

Omar himself can tell—

O M A R.

Yes priest, he can ;

For long his wary eye has watch'd thy sliding.

Omar CAN tell thee all thou dare forget ;

That mark'd for holiness, thy heart should prove,

A temple worthy the pure truth it teaches ;

That thou should spurn ambition's fatal fires,

And kiss the shrine, unspotted and ador'd,

Of meek humility—" Religion's chief

" Guide of the Persian faith—that thy example

" Should, to the countless crouds thou hast in charge,

" The undefiled charities dispense,

" Cleans'd as the dews of heav'n—Amid'st thy wealth,

" Pour'd in large tribute to thy honour'd order,

" That still the willing offering of the rich

" Should poize the lots of life, and bless the poor ;

" The everlasting fire that thou should'st guard,

" Ev'n 'till that sacred element subdue

" The world whereon we move—But above all,

" That thou should'st ne'er pervert the holy flame

" With fancied visions that confound the soul ;

" Nor terrify with mystic forgeries

" The simple and sincere ; but calm to teach,

" Powerful to aid, and patient to instruct,

" Distinguish vice from virtue, truth from error ;

" Check the bold sinner whatsoe'er his station ;

" Ev'n in the royal presence, to assert,

" If a more awful presence prompts the duty,

" 'The man of truth ;' nor even dare, as thou

Hast dar'd, to know these glorious truths,

Yet turn them all to mockery and baseness.

H A M E T.

The holy mosque is tainted with their crimes :

'Twere best retire, my love ; nor will I deign

Once to reproach the priest—man's faint rebuke

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Is lost where heav'n prevails not—But for thee,
 Brother and friend no more—Dishonest man!
 Be mine, or thine, henceforth the Persian throne.

The PRIESTS and ALI confer.

ALMORAN (*interrupting.*)

Deep-judging Ali,

Is this the boasted issue of thy wiles?
 Is this the proud result of all thy wisdom?
 Of flaming altars and concerted groans:
 This the rare miracle—the rich device—
 That was to bring Almeida to my arms,
 A gift of heav'n! Away, ye hoary traitors,
 This instant quit the temple—hence—begone—
 Dare not to justify—I'll hear no more.
 Curse on thy prodigies, I here renounce them.
 She shall be mine without your feeble aid;
 Force, scepter'd force, ensues, avow'd and bold:
 Spurn'd from this heart be ev'ry vain disguise,
 My passion knows no bounds—henceforth I seize
 My beauteous victim in the face of day.

[*Exit with OSMYN and CALED.*]

S C E N E VI.

CHANGES TO A GROVE NEAR, PRESENTING AN OUT-
 SIDE VIEW OF THE MOSQUE, BUT DIFFERENT FROM
 THAT OF THE TOMBS.

HAMET, ALMEIDA, OMAR.

HAMET.

Still onward, friend, to where yon branching palms
 Embow'r the shrubs beneath. There, lov'd Almeida,
 Awhile shalt thou remain with virtuous Omar,
 'Till I explore some yet unbribed Iman,

That

That straight may foil the wicked arts of Ali.

This way, my love—I will with speed return.

*[Hamet goes with them to the upper wing,
and returns.]*

The time admits not of delay—When fraud's on foot

And guilt is once detected—Ha !—by heav'n !

[looking out.]

Ev'n in this sacred privacy he haunts me—

The man on earth my soul would wish to shun—

I would avoid thee.

[To ALMORAN entering.]

ALMORAN.

I know thou would'st ;

But Almorán forbids.

HAMET.

Does Almorán ?

Does Almorán forbid ? And who is he

That thus presumes, with mock prerogative,

To bar the passage of the injur'd Hamet ?

And hath this mighty monarch been reduc'd

To poor hypocrisy, and foul contrivance ?

Is the rich blood of Solyman debas'd

To mix with mercenaries, who can forge

Upon the gods they worship ? Shame upon thee !

ALMORAN.

Tempt me no further, boy ; thy life's at stake.

[puts his hand on his sabre.]

HAMET.

Yes, draw thy sabre—rise upon the friend ;

Convert the sultan to the common stabber :

Affail—oh glorious—Hamet while unarm'd—

The only moment thou wouldst dare to meet him.

ALMORAN.

Hah—would'st dare—

H A M E T.

Tyrant, I said so—dare.

Hast thou not stoop'd to despicable frauds,
 To vile deceits, and arts of little cunning,
 Beneath thy manhood, ev'n beneath thy pride—
 To arts which cowards practice—mark it—cowards.
 When did the brave—the brave are ever generous—
 When did the brave man skulk in the disguise
 Of priestly prodigies, or bribe a slave
 To traffick with his function—sell his gods—
 “Stand calmly by to see the pageant pass,”
 And tear the trembling virgin from the altar.

A L M O R A N.

Villain, forbear.

H A M E T.

Nay, more than virgin yet more sacred,
 The appointed wife—Yes, royal ravisher,
 Fraudful to steal thy brother's wife away.
 Ha!—were thy ruffians ready—Oh, insidious!

*Enter CALED with guards.**[They offer to seize HAMET, ALMORAN prevents.]*

A L M O R A N.

Caled, forbear. Now then, Insulter,
 In manly scorn of all thy base aspersions,
 The outrag'd Almorán, to thy confusion,
 Ev'n on thy heart shall PROVE his want of courage.
 There, vaunting insolent, defend thyself—

[Throws his sabre to HAMET and takes CALED'S.]

Now try thy boasted bravery.

H A M E T.

Thanks to thy wounded pride for this one virtue.

[Prepare to fight.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Enter ALMEIDA.

[Guards seize HAMET.

ALMEIDA:

Desist, inhuman murderer, nor deeper plunge
Thy soul in guilt.

ALMORAN.

Ah, Almeida here!

Now see if thou escape a second time.

HAMET.

Off, ruffians, off. Art thou a coward now?

ALMORAN.

I will not take thy life, nor hear thee rail,
But thus assert an elder brother's right.

ALMEIDA.

What right, thou violating man?—What right?
To whom hast thou a right?—And is it thus
Thy horrid reign begins?—Is this, vain boaster—
Thou large of promise, but of deeds, penurious—
Is this the first great act of Persia's king?

ALMORAN.

Now thank the gods!

ALMEIDA.

For what dost thank them?

That yet, forbearing, they suspend the thunder,
And do not send the ready light'ning forth
To crush thee, proudly blooming in thy crimes.
But death were lenity—live on despis'd—
Live, to endure th' extremities of shame,
The pangs of conscience, and the realm's contempt,
The people's hatred, and thy own reproach.

ALMORAN.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

ALMORAN.

Full dearly shall these base aspersions cost thee :
This instant seize, and bear her to our palace.

[They seize her.]

HAMET.

Oh ! by the gods I charge thee—
It is your prince—your future queen.

ALMORAN.

Caled, along.

[Guards drag her.]

ALMEIDA.

Invisible power of nature, truth, and justice—
If ever innocence—how the ruffians tear me—
I will not go—ye shall not—Hamet—

[Drops on her knees.]

Oh, Hamet, Hamet—

[Dragged off.]

HAMET.

In pity, brother—on my knees—

Oh !—murderous—barbarous—cruel—

[Torn away.]

ALMORAN.

The lady once secur'd, be Hamet free.

[Exeunt.]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

AN APARTMENT IN ALMORAN'S PALACE.

ALMORAN, OSMYN, CALED.

ALMORAN.

THEN empire is our own; dominion courts
 At length the smile of Almorán alone,
 And proud Almeida, the Circassian maid,
 Like some rich jewel, the reward of conquest,
 Decreed to sparkle on the victor's brow,
 Shall yield her beauties to these longing arms.

CALED.

Ali, dread king, industriously loyal,
 Still plies the rabble with fomenting zeal,
 And deaf of fair Almeida's eloquence,
 The oaths of Hamet, and the arts of Omar,
 Ev'n now the multitude tumultuous shout—
 "We saw the altar flame, we heard the groans,
 "And heav'n decrees to Almorán Almeida."

ALMORAN.

See, Osmyn, that each soothing art be tried
 To reconcile Almeida to our power:
 Let Persia's utmost pride and pomps await her:
 Breathe forth the soul of harmony around:
 To his inventive mind who starts a joy
 Unknown, be recompence adjudg'd. Let slaves
 In splendid vassalage attend the fair,
 Our future queen, the new, the lov'd sultana.
 But, above all, beware no female forms
 Obedient to our passion, or our pride,
 That swell the chosen train of the seraglio,
 Approach apartments sacred to Almeida.

CALED.

CALED.

Monarch of nations, ever glorious sultan,
Thus let me pay the debt of adoration. [*prostrates.*]

OSMYN.

Great ruler of the world, accept my homage.
[*prostrates..*]

ALMORAN.

Hold, lavish Fortune, hold thy bounteous hand;
Too fast increase the thronging joys upon me,
And my soul labours with the soft oppression.
Rise, both rise—vicegerents of my greatness:
On ye, as my deputed delegates,
Henceforth devolve the shining toils of state;
All Persia's vulgar care's beneath the sultan;
Guard ye my paradise from all obtrusion,
Next in command to Almorán and fate.
Yet still beware—let strict fidelity
And nice obedience justify our favour;
Remember still—the breath that gives ye sway—
Th' immortal arm that raises, can destroy.

[*Exit with OSMYN.*]

S C E N E II.

CALED.

Lo! such the wages of successful vice.
Vice did I say! oh, infamy of slander
'Tis pious artifice, 'tis glorious thrift!
While virtue starves, bold spirits will burst forth
Beyond the lying letter of the law,
The shackling trammels of the moral fool,
And fly to arts like Caled's for support.
I stand excus'd. Let but the gale of virtue
Waft Caled as conveniently to port,
The golden port of int'rest and ambition;
"Let but the slighting world on truth bestow
"Disimulation's gay and gorgeous robe,"

Then nought but holy maxims shall be heard
 From this converted tongue.—But, oh ! my soul,
 This rock impassable—this tow’ring Osmyn—
 Be swift prolifick brain to work his fall,
 And shake the fabrick he has rais’d above me. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

THE SERAGLIO GATES.

OSMYN.

While Caled takes his station near the palace,
 Here must I wait the coming of the sultan.—
 Ah ! servitude abhorr’d, disgraceful state !
 The recent honours he has heap’d upon me,
 Chill on my brow, and sicken at my heart.
 O, conscience ! conscience ! smite me not so fore,
 Thou scourge invisable ! Who plac’d thee here,
 With thy dread arrowy store, to goad and wound us ?
 Something far sharper than the sabre’s point
 Now strikes this breast and calls me slave and minion.
 What may be done ? This constant care distracts me—
 The account of infamy is large against me,
 Long have I inly mourn’d—

S C E N E IV.

Enter HAMET (in a mute’s habit)

Stand ! Who approaches ?
 What step forbidden, thus intrusive—Hamet ?

H A M E T.

Yes, traitor, Hamet. Where is that inhuman
 That forces Hamet to assume these robes,
 And seize upon his sacred rights by stealth ?
 Where is that king ?—that monster-brother—Speak !
 Where, villain, is Abdallah ?—Where Almeida ?

H

Answer

Answer me straight—behold this scymeter—
Delay will make me desperate.

OSMYN.

Abdallah

Still is safe.—Oh! ask, dread king, no more.

HAMET.

Equivocating slave, my heart is broke;
Loos'd is the chord that ty'd it to my breast.
Tell me each atom of the damning truth,
Or—

OSMYN.

Thus compell'd, my lord—She's there.

[*Points to the seraglio.*]

HAMET.

There!

OSMYN.

My heart bleeds for him.—Even there, my lord;
In that seraglio—

HAMET.

Seraglio! What?

My destin'd bride?—Almeida—Persia's mistress?
Has he then turn'd her to the train of victims,
Mix'd her soft purity with venal beauty,
Stain'd the pure blossom of our virtuous joys,
And like the hapless sacrifice of riot—
Oh, nature! nature! this—I cannot bear it.

OSMYN.

No, gracious sovereign, 'tis the sultan's orders,
That far apart—

HAMET.

Open not thy villain lips.

Already have they more than murder'd me—Ha!
I'll weep no more. How did the monster dare?
And thou the accursed slave that brought her hither;
And this the hell that holds my stolen treasure.

Oh!

Oh ! give me strength of armies, righteous powers !
 Sinew my arm with force omnipotent,
 That I may hit the centre of his heart ;
 Then to you—Blast, blast me not sweet heavens,
[Going to stab Osmyn.]
 Keep me, kind gods—Oh ! keep my hands from blood.
 Ha ! wilt thou force him on me—Nay then, thus—
 Thus let me meet the robber ere he plunders—
[Seeing Almoran.]

S C E N E V.

HAMET, ALMORAN.

ALMORAN.

Osmyn, what daring slave—

HAMET.

Strike swiftly then,

Stab sure—or die.

ALMORAN.

Hamet turn'd slave—to murder ? Most intrepid !

Skulks he beneath the habit of the mute

To rob the wretched vassal of his office ?

O worthy emulation.

HAMET.

No—I cannot strike—

All frantic as I am, th' unspotted soul

Shudders at brother's blood—Away foul purpose,

Detested instrument away—Oh ! Almoran,

[throws away the dagger.]

Ev'n she who shar'd her matron breast between us,

Then died the martyr of the lives she gave,

Seems beck'ning from the tomb to ward the blow :

Obey the summons of the saint who bore us,

Admit the touch of nature to thy bosom,

And open yet thy heart to meet thy brother.

H 2

ALMORAN.

ALMORAN.

What shall I do? He melts my fix'd resolves,
 Nor can this bosom, slave of every passion,
 Thus inly touch'd, shrink back from his embraces.
 Generous—too generous—Hamet—

H A M E T.

Thy heart relents—
 I have thee in my arms—thou art subdued;
 'Tis the blest moment of returning virtue;
 Truth, justice, and humanity prevail,
 Thou art my brother still—The gods be prais'd.

[embrace.]

Ovo I bling wot.

S C E N E VI.

CALED and GUARDS.

CALED.

Sultan and sovereign of the world, thy life—
 Thy sacred life's at hazard.

ALMORAN.

Said'st thou life?

CALED.

As at the palace gate I plac'd the guard,
 Redoubling shouts assail'd my started ear;
 When rushing on, with every slave in arms,
 Full in the city's heart I saw a crowd
 Of Persian peasants—Omar at their head—
 Vollying the rights of Hamet in each ear,
 'Till ev'ry gaping fool abus'd the Sultan,
 And tofs'd their saucy turbans up for Hamet.
 Injuriate Omar cried—REVENGE—when straight,
 With my own arm, I seiz'd the hoary traitor.

H A M E T.

Slave, speak with reverence of that noble Persian.

ALMORAN.

ALMORAN.

Swift, Osmyn, load the bald conspirator
 With ponderous chains—Bid him expect a fate
 Well suited to his crimes—then bring him to us.

[Exit Osmyn.]

Well, young dissembler, but deep-learned in fraud,
 Well may'st thou start; but ere the veil of night
 Shall hide his shame from the attending croud
 That cluster curious o'er each scene of death,
 Omar, thy oracle, shall bleed before thee.

HAME T.

Insensate as I was—how could I hope?
 How could I ever frame a thought so wild
 As to expect from that tempestuous soul
 Or truth, or justice, pity, love, or honour:
 My heart, that knows thee, throbs with keen reproach
 To chide its own simplicity.

ALMORAN.

'Twas truth—

Haply 'twas Hamet's justice, love, and pity,
 That bade thee try the force of artful tears,
 Well manag'd warmth, and counterfeited fondness.
 'Twas honour taught him, like an hypocrite,
 To wind his serpent arms about my neck,
 To triumph in the theft of fair Almeida;
 While his arch minister, the virtuous Omar,
 Back'd by the trait'rous phalanx he had form'd,
 Concerted measure of escape and rescue:
 O flight of stratagem sublime and noble!

HAME T.

I scorn to answer thee, disnatur'd taunter.

ALMORAN.

Thou hast prepar'd for punishment and prison!
 Thy heart, so skill'd in Almorán, has told thee
 These guards shall drag thee instant to the dungeon,

Unarm'd

Unarm'd and undefended as thou art.—
 Slaves, leave the traitor free—Go, man of virtue,
 Captivity would swell thy pride—Go, haste,
 Array thy troops, and lead them on to battle—
 Ev'n to this bosom bid the slaves advance,
 Then see if Almorán retreats before them—
 See if thy traitors, or thyself, their king,
 Can awe this heart, or check one promis'd joy
 It made to transport, and the fair Almeida.
 Caled, unbar the gates—Farewel ! my brother—
 My kind, my just, my honourable brother. *[Going.*

H A M E T.

Hold—yet hold—Ah, Almorán, forbear !
 If there is courage, pride, or manhood in thee,
 Yet—yet desist—I charge thee by the pangs—
 The bitterest pangs of conscience and the soul,
 Not to invade—Turn back, base ravisher,
 Thus on my knees—

A L M O R A N.

What, at thy arts again ?
 'Tis thus I answer them—I'll talk no more.
[Enters the seraglio, gates close against HAMET.

S C E N E VII.

H A M E T.

Is this permitted—Is this suffer'd, gods ?
 Spurn'd to the earth—Ha ! left alone—gone from me—
 Gone whither !—Did he not say to—horror ! horror !
 To make a hell of heaven—My senses shake !
 The brain begins to totter on its basis—
 This is the gate that leads to Paradise, *[rises.*
 And Satan is within—Still fast upon us.—
 No means of death—The scymetar remov'd—
 Death !—I'll not die.—First grant me rich revenge.
 Demons

Demons of vengeance here possess me quite ;
 Take me infuriate—Take me to yourselves !
 Oh ! bring the villain once again before me,
 Arm my firm hand, and I shall die content. [Exit,

S C E N E VIII.

THE INSIDE OF THE SERAGLIO. MUSIC. MUTES ATTENDING.

ALMEIDA.

O vain magnificence of impious grandeur—
 Poor ineffectual gildings to set off
 Th' imprison'd victim with a shew of pleasure.
 Oh ! for Circassia's unpolluted shores,
 And all the unblemish'd scenes of guiltless life !
 Tell me, ye instruments of Persia's tyrant—
 Tell me with instant speed—Alas ! ye dare not—
 Chain'd, by your hapless slavery, to silence,
 Vain is to you the blessed power of speech.
 Retire, retire—Ye may not give me comfort.
 Torn from my father, Omar, Hamet too—
 From Hamet—hold my heart—what have I said ?
 It wakes a thought so full of tender sorrow
 I cannot bear it—it overwhelms my soul.

S C E N E IX.

HAMET

Enter ALMORAN to ALMEIDA.

ALMORAN.

The bursting anguish rushes to her eye,
 And her fair form, more lovely in distress,
 Droops like the tender blossom of the spring,
 Beat by the gather'd force of pitiless showers.

Fierce

Fierce as I am, unbidden softness steals,
 In gentlest sighs, from an unwonted source.
 My very heart's subdued. Almeida, cease—
 Repress those tears, this anguish, this despair.
 I come to smoothe the tumults of thy bosom,
 And at thy feet to lay the Persian sceptre.

ALMEIDA.

The Persian sceptre—Why must I reproach thee?
 Such trappings are, alas! thy sole dependance.
 Keep them, my lord, to awe the vulgar mind.
 The scepter'd conscience wants no crown to grace it.

ALMORAN.

For thee, behold, I leave the Persian throne—
 For thee, forgetting empire and command,
 Lo! Almorán now bends his knee to earth,
 And, with a subject's low humility,
 Thus deigns to court the smile of fair Almeida. [*kneels.*]

ALMEIDA.

And dost thou strip me of each dearer joy,
 Fix the fell poignard in the quivering heart,
 And, as the ruddy life-blood gushes from it,
 Calmly survey thy work, and bid me smile?

ALMORAN.

By Heav'n, you charge unjustly, my Almeida.

ALMEIDA.

Oh! Almorán, the human form is thine,
 Yet where's the honour that should mark thy manhood.
 Reluctant thousands call thee mighty sovereign;
 Yet where's the virtues that should grace thy station?
 But leave me to myself—I'll not upbraid thee.
 One mournful boon is all that I shall ask;
 I beg the privilege to weep alone.

ALMORAN.

Sorrow and solitude be far away.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt too severe Almeida. Long I strove
To hide my love in pity to my brother.

ALMEIDA.

He talks of pity too, who never felt it.

Where is thy brother, tyrant?—Where is Hamet?

ALMORAN.

He lives—is free—But wherefore talk of him—

Regard him not—

ALMEIDA.

Mark me, Almorán.

Thou bid'st me not regard him—then observe me!

If thy unhallow'd, desolating hand,

In utter darkness could that spark extinguish,

That viewless, vital spark of heaven-born fire,

Which the Omnipotent in this true breast

Hath kindly kindled, here to glow for ever,

Pure as the source that first supplied the flame,

Then might thy prisoner cease to think of Hamet.

But long as that inspires my faithful fondness,

Though waters wide as yonder heaven from earth,

Though worlds remote as planets from each other,

Should from his honour'd presence far divide me,

Still should Almeida's prayers be offer'd for him—

Still should her ardent tenderness increase—

And still, as now, in all his pride of splendour,

'Midst the vain glitter of his vacant greatness,

Still should perfidious Almorán be scorn'd.

ALMORAN.

Then be it so—Lady, 'tis well—I'll not complain,

For the curs'd stripling can obstruct no more.

ALMEIDA.

Ha!—how!—What said'st thou?—Is it possible,

Thou man of blood?—Sure thy barbarian hand—

And yet I fear—for in thy sanguine eye

Murder's inscrib'd—Yes, yes, thy silence speaks—

The characters of death are legible
 In every cruel feature. Oh, distraction !
 Here then, unnatural—here, well-pleased, behold,
 Indulge thy genius—take thy fill of blood,
 Point thy insatiate sabre here—yes, strike ;
 Think me a sister, and enjoy the slaughter.

ALMORAN.

By heav'n he lives, uncircumscrib'd he walks
 Thro' Persia's realm, save this one dear apartment.

ALMEIDA.

Prais'd be the guardian god that shields his virtues ;
 Ador'd the power that watches all his ways.

ALMORAN.

Ah ! lavish not these raptures on a wretch,
 But kindly treat thy heav'n-allotted husband.

ALMEIDA.

Speak'st thou of heav'n ?—and after foul detection ?—
 Of heav'n, where sceptre'd virtue sits enthron'd,
 Sublime, amid'st the stars, to register
 The deeds of human kind. “ Oh, bethink thee :
 “ Can he who hangs, in yonder spangled vault,
 “ The even scale of justice, e'er ordain
 “ That I should violate this wretched form,
 “ And weary out a life of loveless perfidy ?”
 No, Almorán, thy priests have led the wrong :
 Whate'er is made thy deity—ah ! think not
 Thou dost him honour, when thou mak'st him pleas'd
 With what offends the secret judge within thee—
 Yes, start ; but know, insidious king,
 E'en now, thou stand'st beneath a piercing eye,
 That notes thy crimes, and will one day requite them.

ALMORAN.

I thought to have found thee, lady, less reluctant :
 I'll talk no more—nor have I time to lose
 In idle parly with a haughty beauty.
 Thus in a word—if thou, with yielding kindness,

Within

Within an hour, consent to crown my wishes,
 The next shall honour thee as Persia's queen,
 (Something thou see'st I can allow to pride)
 If not, then learn the issue—That vile boy
 Who hath usurp'd a gem, than crown more worth—
 The throne of thy affections—think upon it—
 Dies the succeeding instant—so resolve.

ALMEIDA.

The very image hurries me to phrenzy.
 See, cruel, see Almeida at thy feet;
 She condescends to kneel—for whom?—Thy brother.
 Is human pity quite extinct, my lord—Oh, heaven!
 Where is thy nature that it sleeps so sound?
 Nay, turn not from me—spare the generous Hamet—
 Shed not thy brother's blood—Thou wilt not kill him?

ALMORAN.

'Tis in Almida's power to save or ruin.

ALMEIDA.

Oh, name the means—Almeida dies to save him.

ALMORAN.

I've mark'd out easier terms, thou know'st.

ALMEIDA.

See, Sultan, see! behold!—ye shall not stir—

ALMORAN.

By hell he dies this moment—nay, thou
 Shalt see him struggling in the pangs of death;
 That hoary traitor too, thy sire Abdallah,
 He from the palace shall be dragg'd—

ALMEIDA.

My father!

ALMORAN.

Yes; thou shalt gaze upon them—powerless gaze—
 With frantick hand tear those luxuriant locks,
 And shriek, and weary the reverberant air
 With unavailing, impotent complainings.

60 THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Thy tears, thy strugglings, and thy woman's arts,
 Affail in vain. Away, and hang not thus
 Idly upon me, for I now can hate thee—Go—
 Go and prepare for anguish, blood, and horror. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

ALMEIDA.

Oh, barbarous, barbarous man, inhuman tyrant—
 Then they must die: Well, well, I will not weep,
 Am I not very patient, righteous gods?
 Am I not very calm?—Yes, let them bleed,
 The pitying heavens shall open to receive them.
 Bleed! whom bleed?—My lord, my love, my father!
 Oh, shrouding darkness, hide me from the sight,
 And I, I murder them—What can I do?
 Point out the path to me, some kindly power,
 Instruct my staggering senses how to act,
 And save the innocent from the assassin.
 It shall not be—I cannot bear the thought.
 Oh, I will save their lov'd, their precious lives;
 Prevent the fatal blow, or with them die.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

A C T

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A SALOON IN THE PALACE.

ALMORAN, CALED.

ALMORAN.

O H! torture, torture—infamous abasement!
Shall Almorán—the oriental god—
Stoop meanly from his throne to fawn and sigh—
To fawn and sigh yet be repuls'd—rejected?

CALED.—Should not

Take then, my gracious lord, without delay
The offer'd remedy—a rich revenge.

ALMORAN.

What power can give it me!

CALED.

Thy faithful Caled.—

ALMORAN.

Quick pour the balsam on my bleeding wounds.

CALED.

Sultan, foul treason lurks around thy throne—
That solemn Osmyn—

ALMORAN.

Osmyn!

CALED.

He! my lord!—Our ever faithful Ali,
Still busy in the service of the sultan,
Informs me of a dark conspiracy
Plann'd by that very Osmyn.

ALMORAN.

O the slave!

Th' ungrateful slave—

CALED.

By him concerted,

Thy rival brother still has power to hurt thee;
 This very night, when darkness wraps the sphere,
 In the deep zenith of its gloom he goes,
 Mask'd in the robes of thy domestic Iman,
 (The priest appointed to attend Almeida)
 To meet the fair in the seraglio garden—
 Access how easy, by the priest conducted!

ALMORAN.

Persia teems with traitors!

CALED.

This shallow Iman, wrought upon by Osmyn,
 Favour'd the treason, and betray'd his master.
 A slave was trusted—Aladin the eunuch—
 Observe the hand of heaven, my lord—As Aladin
 Convey'd the borrowed robes to wily Osmyn,
 Ali perceiv'd the traitor steal along,
 And soon by menaces the truth extorted:
 At length the venal slave is wholly our's.

ALMORAN.

Down, down, aspiring rage.—What follow'd, Caled?

CALED.

The slave secured, straight Ali wrote, my lord,
 To Osmyn, in the *Iman's* character,
 Exactly feign'd—that all things were prepared;
 That Aladin by chance had met the king,
 The injured Hamet, who detain'd the slave
 'Till the blest hour of meeting.—Long ere that
 Shall happy Almorán defeat the project—
 Long, long ere that shall triumph o'er Almeida.

ALMORAN.

First see that Osmyn, and that villain Iman,
 Perish in pains unheard of—

CALED.

Leave their fate

To

To me, my lord—but now enjoy thy victory.
Of this assur'd, this night they breathe their last.
The robes are now without, the hour advances.

ALMORAN.

Thou ready counsellor—but this voice—this face—

CALED.

Art, art, my lord.—Nature is easy marr'd—
The face may be conceal'd—it will be night—
Thick the disguise—thou goest as Hamet too—
Almeida is appriz'd—expects her Hamet—
Osmyn at hand—all ready to receive thee,
And trembling love may breathe its sighs in whisper.

ALMORAN.

Yet to what end this labour'd artifice?

CALED.

The end of happiness—To make her hate
To kindle all the pride of virtue in her :
By well-sown hints of an unbounded passion,
Perhaps by menac'd FORCE, and other lures,
To rouse her fury, and provoke her scorn
Ev'n against the REAL Hamet—Then retire—
Resume thyself—as Almorán appear,
And in the fever'd hour of—

ALMORAN.

Vain attempt !

Oh ! impotent device to move a love,
Fix'd as the central heart within her bosom.
And how, presumptuous, dost thou dare to think
That Almorán will act the base dissembler ;
Still by thy arts impos'd, and still successless?

CALED.

Pardon my zealous duty, mighty sultan,
Since 'tis thy sacred pleasure to resign
The beauteous maid—perhaps—

ALMORAN.

ALMORAN.

Resign her! No!

No, by the love and rage that rends my heart,
 First shall this executing arm—Away!
 The effort shall be try'd—Some circumstance
 Perchance may rise—at least 'twill foil the arts
 Of those vile minions, and secure Almeida:
 Caled prepare the robes, and wait my coming.

[Exit CALED.]

Meantime this feeble traitor—Ha! he comes,
 And Osmyn too; but Caled will destroy—

S C E N E H.

OSMYN *with* OMAR *in Chains.*

GUARDS WITH SABRES DRAWN.

ALMORAN, OMAR, OSMYN.

ALMORAN.

Well, proud philosopher, is this thy virtue?
 Dost thou at length go forth to preach rebellion?
 Lo! thy reward.

OMAR.

And what, vain man, is thine?
 In thy own toils entangled, sham'd, defeated!
 Treason and Omar never can be join'd—
 What thou hast styl'd rebellion, he calls justice!
 And, deeming that a virtue—glories in it.

ALMORAN.

Thou dost, audacious? Then say, rude boaster,
 What hast thou gain'd by all this wond'rous virtue,
 But ignominious chains, that now enfold thee?
 And the tremendous death which waits to seize thee.

OMAR.

Thou hast miscounted, sultan, of my gains,

Nor

Nor can thy most malignant tyranny
 Blast the bright wreath that waits to crown my triumph.
 I've acted as became me—That's a victory
 Thou ne'er wilt know.

ALMORAN.

Insensate moralist!

Conduct him, Osmyn, instant to his cell,
 Within the traitor's cave enclose the dotard,
 And leave him to his fate.

[Going.]

OMAR.

A moment stop!

I deign to ask it as a parting favour.
 Unmov'd I heard my sentence, Almorán,
 Unmov'd shall brave whate'er thy pride inflicts,
 To stop the pulse that soon, without thy aid,
 Would cease to beat; yet a last pray'r remains;
 Let thine own eye survey me in my fall;
 Let thine own eye attest th' unruffled calmness
 With which old Omar lays down weary being;
 And though he could not teach thee how to live,
 Let him yet teach thee—what it is to die.

[Going.]

ALMORAN.

Exulting slave. Death shall not be thy lot,
 Convey the traitor, Osmyn, from our presence;
 Double his weight of fetters; bind them hard;
 Let every crevice that admits the light,
 And ev'ry wholesome gale of heavenly air,
 Save what may chain the rebel down to life,
 To ling'ring, hated life, be fast repell'd.—
 See thou obey, or tremble for thyself.
 Remember, I am Almorán, whose power
 Can in a moment crush thee.—Hence!—Dispatch.

[Exit.]

K

SCENE

S C E N E III.

OMAR, OSMYN.

OMAR.

Unhappy, wretched, raging man, farewell!

“ In what a blessed time his father died :

“ The gods foresaw the mischiefs in advance,

“ And took him from such anguish to themselves.”

Come, thou disgraceful servant of the guilty,

Lead to these glooms—I follow thee undaunted.—

Dearer to Omar far the dungeon'd darkness,

'Than all the sunshine Osmyn can enjoy,

While Osmyn is the pandar of a tyrant.

OSMYN.

Slaves, leave your prisoner, and wait without ;

Remove the massy bars that close his cave—

I will myself conduct the captive thither. [*Exit guards.*]

OMAR.

Why trifles Osmyn with his king's command ?

He seems disturb'd.—

OSMYN.

Omar, thou strik'st me hard—

Survey this face—is nought depicted there

That speaks an alter'd soul ?

OMAR.

An alter'd soul !

OSMYN.

Yes, Omar, thou hast shewn me to myself,

Long since, prepar'd to seize some fair occasion

Of breaking from the manacles I wore—

Worse than these bonds to thee—Yes, Omar, thou,

Like the pure mirror in 'a cherub's hand,

Hath held the hideous picture to my view,

And shewn to Osmyn his deformity.

Here, by the holy pow'rs of heav'n, I swear— [*Kneels.*]

OMAR

O M A R.

Osmyn, forbear—If thou inded art fix'd,—
 If vows have past between thy soul and thee,
 Oaths are surperfluous, impious, and vain :
 The solemn secret purpose be thy bond,
 And note of that is mark'd above already.

O S M Y N.

In all things far above me. I'll not swear,
 But do a deed shall better speak my truth
 Than all the lavish language of the lip.
 Thy glory is at hand—thine and Almeida's.—
 I have, my friend, devis'd a pious fraud
 To serve an injur'd king. Hamet, this night,
 Visits his lov'd Almeida. That the least—
 Freedom and virtue will attend the issue—
 A fit disguise, already is prepar'd
 A slave—the trusty Aladin—attends,
 Silent and safe to guide the happy Hamet
 To the appointed place.—What's further purpos'd
 I will unfold hereafter.

O M A R.

Generous Osmyn,
 I need not thank thee—there's a god within
 Each honest breast, that well rewards the virtuous.
 What's to be done ?

O S M Y N.

I'll tell thee as we pass.
 A thousand slaves look up to me for life ;
 The tyrant plac'd me o'er them for his pride ;
 Yet do they hate the person they protect.—
 These, at a nod, I summon to the cave,
 Where I will now conduct thee.—There remain
 Till the rich crisis of a just revenge.
 Trust to my faith, and fortune is our own.

K 2 O M A R.

O M A R.

Now, Ofmyn, thou indeed art good and virtuous,
And with an honest joy my heart enfolds thee!

[*Embraces.*

But haste, my friend—hie on these loitering limbs—
Oh, that awhile I could shake of my age!
But even now, should nature close the scene,
Still should I doubly triumph in my death,
Since I have serv'd my king—and sav'd a soul.

[*Excunt.*

S C E N E IV.

THE GARDEN OF THE SERAGLIO; THE MOON ABOUT
TO SET.

Enter H A M E T.

At length, by many a maze, I've reach'd the garden,
Scal'd the high walls, and pass'd the sentinels.—
Ha! at yon window flames the distant taper!
There! there! e'en now, perchance—O! hold my brain!
No more will I arouse the sons of Persia,
But my own cause with my own arm avenge.
Omar, e'er this, has breath'd his latest prayer—
Almeida too—I will not think—Almeida!—
O! never more this sabre will I sheathe,
Till on its point a brother's blood!—Forgive—
Forgive me, gods!—Ye have not form'd me sanguine:
Wrongs, wrongs have wrought me to this dire extreme.
Nor shall I strike a brother, but a tyrant.
Remote from notice will I wait the morn,
Till Almorán, as is his custom, walks
To the seraglio, from the palace—then
Shall injur'd Hamet pay th' important debt
He owes himself, Almeida, and his country.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Enter OSMYN.

The moon hath veil'd her orb, a few faint streaks
 Silver the somb'rous shades, to note her parting.
 'Tis near the moment Aladin should come.
 The monarch his high charge—soft—they're here,
 Aladin leads the way.

S C E N E VI.

ALMORAN (*disguised*).[*Starts back at seeing* OSMYN.

OSMYN.

My royal master,
 Accept the willing homage of my heart,
 A first fair offering at the shrine of virtue.
 Welcome to liberty and fair Almeida.
 Thy Omar's safe—the guards are far remov'd—
 The tyrant sleeps, perchance; or if he wakes,
 Suspects not—all's secure—Almeida waits
 The signal.

ALMORAN.

This speaks for me, Osmyn.

[*Embracing.*

Oh! Alhoran, to what art thou reduc'd!

[*Aside.*

OSMYN.

'Tis the twelfth hour—and see, my gracious lord,
 Faithful Almeida comes.—Thou, Aladin,
 Still wait—Farewel! my lord—be happy.
 I go to guard thy privacy.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

ALMEIDA *with* CRYSAN'THE, *from the seraglio.*

ALMEIDA.

This is the place my Hamet has appointed,
And this the silent unsuspected hour.—
Yonder he walks, Crifanthe—O! my heart!

[*Going to him.*

Muffled, as he now is, by night's dun shades
And gloomy robes, my bosom owns its lord—
My love, my Hamet!—Thus receive my welcome.

[*Embraces.*

ALMORAN.

Her tender pressure pays for every pang. [Aside.

ALMEIDA.

Much did I fear the tyrant Almorán:
“Yes, gracious prince, still doth thy virtuous spirit,
“E'en 'gainst thyself, defend a brother's fame—
“Defend the man which wrongs thee”—But, nor toil,
Unwearied watchfulness, nor life itself,
Past in subservience to his dark designings,
Prevents the sudden whirlwind of his rage,
Nor checks the frenzy of that lawless soul.

ALMORAN.

Is't possible!

ALMEIDA.

Osmyn has told me all—

All that relates to that perfidious monster.
The man who serves him, like a wretch condemn'd,
Fancies he hears, in every passing gale—
That rushes by his dungeon, some swift fate;
The savage bowstring, or the sanguine mute.

ALMORAN (*aside*.)

Oh! agony extreme!—Said Osmyn this?

ALMEIDA.

ALMEIDA.

Were this a place for words, O ! much lov'd youth,
Insulted partner of a throne degraded—

Were this a place for converse—I could tell thee,
How sovereign hate surrounds the gloomy palace,
And sheds tremendous darkness o'er the sceptre,
How all the hearts of Persia wrung with slavery,
Throb in their loyal bosoms to be free—

And how that gem, which in thy father's reign
Shone brightly lumbent as the flame of life—
That gem which regal power would seize in vain,
Prerogative usurp, or riches bribe—

TH'AFFECTION OF HIS SUBJECTS—All is lost :

“ While hate and horror, flattery, and falsehood—

“ The secret murmur, and the mining treason,

“ Are gone abroad, like some wide-wasting pest,

“ To frighten every virtue from the empire.”

ALMORAN.

Indeed!—Is Almorán?—My heart is rent. *[aside.]*

ALMEIDA.

But soon the lofty tyrant from his height—
O ! my best Hamet, hail the radiant hour—
Falls, like a star from heav'n. The time's at hand
When Hamet shall resume the wrested sceptre ;
When peace her sacred birth-place shall regain,
And honest loyalty once more look upwards :
All Persia watches the eventful crisis,
And not a slave—a vassal here immur'd,
But hath to virtuous Hamet vow'd allegiance :
This very night will wait his sovereign mandate,
Avow their scorn of Almorán and guilt,
Led on by daring spirits form'd for freedom :

[Shews a dagger.]

And I—even I—my lord, behold am arm'd
To aid the glorious cause—

Ha !—thou art not well, my lord—You feel too much

For

For an ungrateful brother—But no more
 I'll name the tyrant—since it pains my Hamet.
 Come then, my lord—behold Almeida ready
 Osmyn conducts my fire—Crifanthe's here,
 Lead thou the way.

ALMORAN.

Soft—some safer means.

ALMEIDA.

What means remain?

ALMORAN.

The means to seize

That joy which slavish forms—

ALMEIDA.

Away,

Thou worse than Almorán—Away!

ALMORAN.

Thus let me claim the rights of generous love.

ALMEIDA.

All, all but this Almeida could have borne :
 Her fate was never desperate 'till this moment.
 Ev'n in the darkest hour of her distress,
 She thought on thee—she thought on virtuous Hamet ;
 Hoarded his fondness with a miser's care ;
 And when the piercing sorrow smote her heart,
 His lov'd idea, like a charm divine,
 Still'd the sad sigh, and check'd the falling tear.

ALMORAN.

When will Almeida from these dreams awake?

ALMEIDA.

Nay then 'tis time to treat thee as thou art.
 In the soft hour of peace, I am a woman,
 And not unmindful of my sex's province ;
 But in the trying moment of dishonour [*draws the dagger.*

I tow'r above the female's fancied terrors,
 And meet the ruffian with a hero's boldness :
 See heav'n hath arm'd my hand—Desist or fall.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter H A M E T.

Surely I heard—
 Villain forbear—O ! all ye gods—Almeida !

A L M O R A N (*throws off the disguise.*)

Ha !—Who art thou—'Tis Almorán—Ha !—Hamet !

A L M E I D A.

Almorán !—Ah ! poor betray'd Almeida. [*Faints.*]

H A M E T.

Ha ! betray'd !—Now then accursed king—

[*They fight, ALMORAN disarm'd.*]

Guilt brings the haughty tyrant to the earth—
 Behold the mighty Almorán disarm'd !

A L M O R A N.

Strike—strike—I will not bear the load of life.

H A M E T.

I need not shed thy blood—Thy conscience bleeds
 Already

S C E N E IX.

C A L E D and A L I (*with lights.*)

A L M O R A N.

Ye loitering villains—seize—this instant seize—

H A M E T.

Approach and die—

L S C E N E

S C E N E X.

ENTER OMAR AND OSMYN, AT THE HEAD OF A LARGE PARTY.

ALMORAN.

More treason-slaves!

OMAR.

Seize, but shed no blood.

HAMET.

Hah!—Omar!—Osmyn!—Almoran disguis'd!

Oh! my brave friends, help, help, thy wretched master.
Rise injur'd excellence to life and Hamet.

ALMORAN.

Kill me, ye slaves, and I forgive the treason:

Unhand me, or by heaven—O! shame, shame, shame!

ALMEIDA.

Profound astonishment chains every sense!

Ah! righteous providence, what art's involv'd.

HAMET.

My fears for thee——

ALMEIDA.

Thy fears were vain, my lord——

Thou saw'st me arm'd——

HAMET.

Then I am blest indeed——Thy father's safe,

And all the tears he sheds are tears of joy.

But still that hapless man——It wounds my soul

To see the lofty spirit sinking in despair;

And nature yet demands a brother's pause,

Suspended o'er his fate.

ALMORAN.

Thou shalt not chain me to the wheel of life——

Fierce throes of heart, and agonies unheard of,

Sit.

Sit vulture-like upon—Stand off—I will not,
 No—no power on earth shall hold the hand of justice :
 [*Breaks from the guards.*

Lo it is poiz'd—Brother, I owe thee much—
 How then to pay thee ?—thus—thus—and thus.
 [*Stabs himself.*

Hamet, thy fears are past—I faint apace—approach—
 Ah ! gently—Let me die upon thy bosom.
 Much have I wrong'd—I can offend no more. [*Dies.*

H A M E T.

Ha ! Almorán—my brother—once lov'd friend,
 Alas ! too late convince'd.
 Save me, Almeida, from this dreadful fight.

A L M E I D A.

Unhappy Almorán—My soul forgives thee !

O S M Y N.

Hail injur'd king, the eastern world is thine.

H A M E T.

I ask not now the means of this strange fortune ;
 But ere I taste the bounty of the gods
 Dash'd with some bitterness—prepare that corpse
 For the cold grave, with every regal honour :
 And may his failings with his dust be buried.
 The forfeit paid, how dark so'er the crimes,
 'Tis our's to pardon, friends, and not to punish.

O M A R.

Then Persia shall revive, and all be well.
 Behold *Ambition* humbled in the dust,
 The guilty Minion trembles at his crimes,
 In *this* good man returning virtue smiles,
 In your blest *selves*, my children, we may trace
 The sure rewards of constancy and truth,
 The meed of goodness—and CONSENT OF HEAV'N,

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Miss FARRER.

OF late at Westminster*, in order due,
 A gracious speech first made, debates ensue.
 Ere then, in this *full house*, our author's fate
 Becomes the subject of your warm debate—
 Ere yet you opposition-criticks rise
 To move for censures, and refuse supplies;
 Or partial friends pour down corrupt applause,
 By *orders* pension'd in the author's cause,
 From either party—none will sure impeach
 My sovereign title to pronounce the speech.
 Thro' me the muse her *loyal subjects* greets—
 Tho' I speak standing, and you keep your seats—
 Pleas'd that so full a house attends the summons—
 Pit—Box—and Gallery—Peers and faithful Commons—
 With deep concern she bids me here relate
 What dangers threaten the dramatic state—
 What hosts of foes her tottering realms invade,
 By fashion muster'd, and by folly paid:
 While *Taste*, her old ally, unmov'd we see,
 And *Spleen* preserves an *arm'd neutrality*.
 See first come on—all arm'd in whale-bone hoops—
 The tuneful leaders of the Italian troops.
 Long have they wag'd—too oft with conquest crown'd—
 The doubtful conflict betwixt sense and sound.
 Allied with these—in hostile bands advance
 The light-heel'd legions of invading France.
 To point her thunders on our British coast,
 Year after year, has been vain Gallia's boast.
 Their troops embark—the bold attempt is plann'd—
 Their *heroes threaten*—and their *dancers land*.—
These only put their threats in execution,
 And lay all London under contribution.

Immortal

* The first night's representation happened on the opening of parliament.

E P I L O G U E.

Immortal chiefs ! who on one leg can do
What yet no warrior has atchiev'd on two.
Like Rome's proud victor, in their fierce attack,
They come, they see, they conquer, and—go back.
And, modern Jasons, as of old in Greece,
Sail home triumphant with the golden fleece.

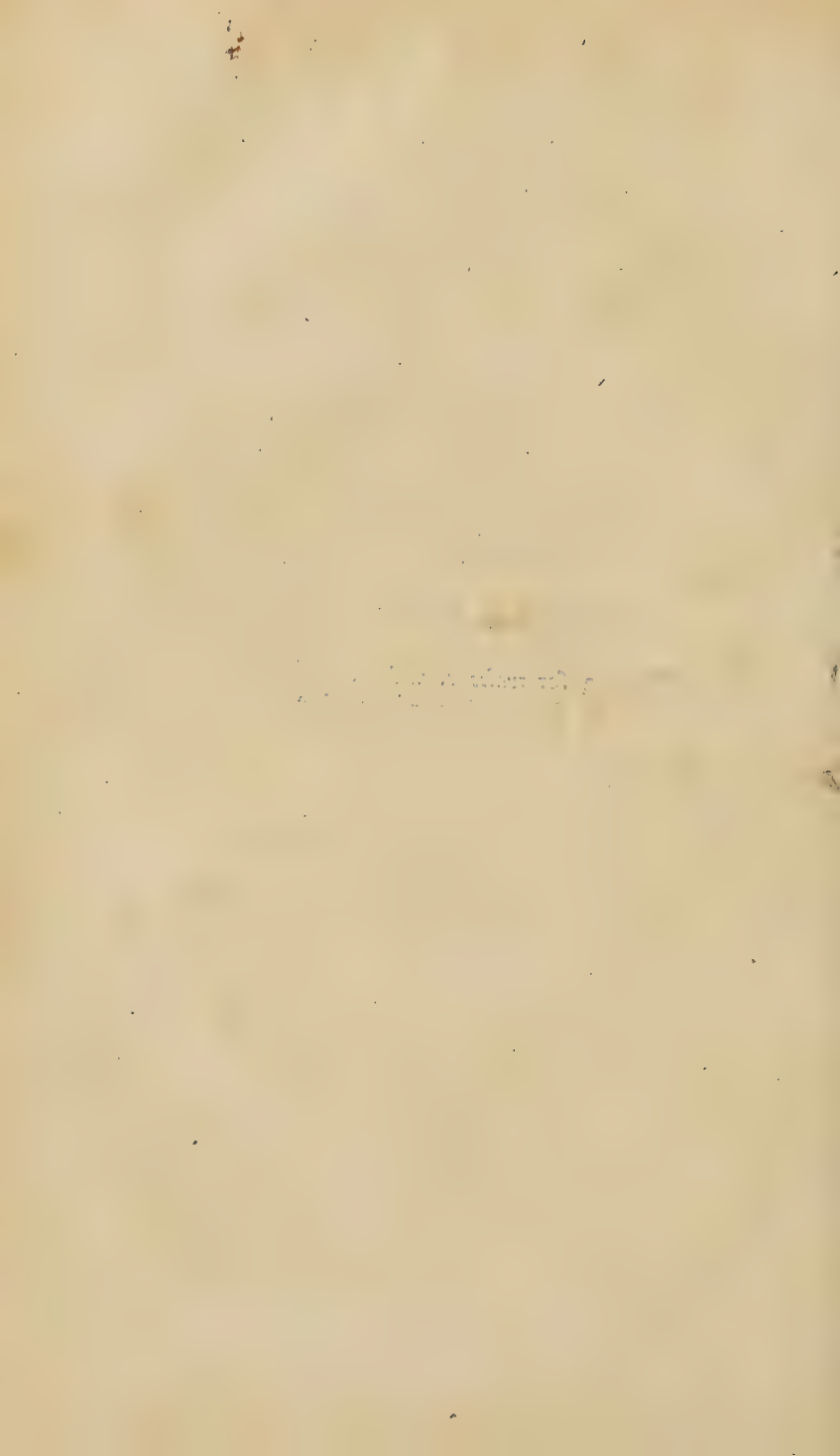
Before such dangers shall we prostrate fall ?
Or, like true Britons, boldly brave them all ?
If fairly led, we'll bid their host defiance,
Dissolv'd a late *unnatural alliance* ;
Our leader too shall now assistance lend,
Not promise succours, and delay to send :
But chiefly *here*—our hopes and courage lie
In *you*, our truest friend and best ally—
Support our Bard to-night, and on his part
Receive the *tribute* of a grateful heart—
Thro' me receive, and here again I'll meet ye,
Act as ambassadrefs, and sign the treaty.

Yamond's child, who on one day can do
 What yet no warrior has achieved on two.
 In the Rome's proud vigor, in their fierce strength,
 They come, they see, they conquer, and—go back
 And, modest, patient, as of old in Greece,
 Still home triumphant with the golden fleece.
 Before such dangers shall we pause fall?
 O'er, like true Romans, boldly brave them all!
 If faintly led, will bid their host advance,
 Tithonus' late unwearied aid;
 Our leader too shall now advance land,
 Not from his duty, and delay to land;
 For this is ours—our hopes and courage lie
 In you, our true friend and best ally—
 Support our band to-night, and on his part
 Receive the tribute of a grateful heart—
E R R A T A. Through the
 Act as and the treaty.

Page 12 for *wales* r. *wakes*.

14 for *sover'ign* r. *sovereign*.

47 for *deaf of* r. *deaf to*.



Z I N G I S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

B Y A L E X A N D E R D O W.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET IN THE STRAND.
M D C C L X X I I I.

С И О И И

У Д О Г О Р

А Т Т А

А Т Т А

С И О И И

А Т Т А

С И О И И

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TO those who are not conversant in the history of the Asiatic nations, it may not be improper to give in brief, the story upon which the Tragedy of Zingis is founded, as it is taken from the TARICH MOGULISTAN, or History of the Mogul Tartars, written in the Persian language.

In the twelfth century, most of the Tartar Ordas, or tribes, though governed by their own chiefs, paid tribute to the king of the Orda of the Keraites, who held his court under the title of the GRAND CHAN, in the city of Caracorum, well known since by the name of Ordabalich. The famous Zingis Chan, who afterwards conquered all the countries from the sea of Canton in China to the Nile, was prince of the Niron tribe of Tartars; and from his early youth served in the armies of Aunac, the Grand Chan; and at last rose to the command of all his forces. Zemouca, chief of the Siogarates, supplanted Zingis in Aunac's favor. Zingis was disgraced. He retired to his Orda, which was in some measure independent of the Grand Chan. Aunac pursued Zingis with a small force, and was defeated. In the ensuing year Aunac was, in a pitched battle, totally routed by Zingis; Zangon the prince royal was slain, and the only daughter of Aunac, Ovifa Lugin, fell into the conqueror's hands. Zingis having determined to give Ovifa in marriage to his favorite son Octar, who afterwards succeeded him in the empire of all Asia, occasioned an insurrection under Timur another of his sons, who was in love with the princess. Timur fell in his rebellion, Ovifa died of grief, and the unfortunate monarch, Aunac, was killed in his flight, from an action, in which he was defeated by a part of the army of Zingis.

Zingis Chan, whether we regard him as a conqueror or legislator, was, perhaps, the greatest prince, that ever appeared in history. He not only secured the empire of all Asia to his posterity for some ages, but

ADVERTISEMENT.

even to this day, two-thirds of that immense continent remain in the possession of princes of his blood. So fortunate was he in his children and descendents, that many of them did not yield in abilities to him ; and they would, perhaps, have equalled him in fame, had his sword left them more to conquer.—The Emperor of China, the Mogul of India, the great Chan of Tartary, and the princes of the Krim Tartars derive their blood from Zingis ; and it is remarkable that, at one period, there were five hundred crowned heads of his race in Asia.

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P R O L O G U E,

By Mr. H O M E,

Spoken by Mr. H O L L A N D.

TOO much the Greek and Roman chiefs engage
The muses care,—they languish on our Stage ;
The Modern Bard, struck with the vast applause
Of ancient masters, like the painter draws
From models only ;— can such copies charm
The heart, or like the glow of nature warm ?

To fill the scene, to night our Author brings
Originals at least,—warriors and kings —
Heroes, who like their gems unpolish'd shine,
The mighty fathers of the Tartar line ;
Greater than those, whom Classic pages boast,
If those are greatest, who have conquer'd most.

Such is the subject—such the Poet's theme,
If a rough Soldier may assume that name ;
Who does not offer you from Fancy store,
Manners and men.—On India's burning shore,
In warlike toils, he pass'd his youthful years,
And met the Tartar, in the strife of spears ;
But tho' he liv'd amidst the cannons roar,
Thunder like yours he never fac'd before ;
Listen indulgent to his artless strain,
Nor let a Soldier, quarter ask in vain.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Zingis, emperor of Tartary,	Mr. AICKIN.
Aunac, the dethron'd emperor,	Mr. PACKER.
Timur, the son of Zingis,	Mr. HOLLAND.
Zemouca, general to Aunac,	Mr. REDDISH.
Cubla } Tartar Princes,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
Zena }	Mr. PALMER.
Nevian, primeminister to Zingis,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Sidasco, a general in the army } of Zingis,	Mr. HURST.

W O M E N.

Ovifa, the daughter of Aunac,	Miss YOUNGE.
Mila, the wife of Cubla,	Mrs. STEPHENS.

Officers, Guards, Messengers, Attendants, &c.

Z I N G I S.

A C T I.

SCENE, The Moon setting behind a Hill, and
the Dawn of Morning.

Enter C U B L A.

C U B L A.

THE waining moon has set behind the hill,
And the faint twilight of the morning seems
To wander o'er the East.—The storms that long
Have shook the desert, now are pass'd away,
And Altay's stream retards the war no more;
Here Zingis forms the Nirons of the west;
And royal Aunac on the farther shore
Marshals the Naimans, and demands his throne.

B

Enter

Enter NEVIAN.

NEVIAN.

The emperor of Tartary commands
Thy presence, Cubla.—

CUBLA.

Zingis should have cloath'd
His haughty message in less odious terms.
Does he presume to hope that I will join
His rebel sword against his ancient lord ?
Tho' near ally'd to Zingis—tho' I own
His parts unequal'd—his desert in arms—
Nevian, my soul approves not of the means
By which he seiz'd the scepter of the East ;
And drove great Aunac from the Tartar throne.

NEVIAN.

'Tis less a vassal's duty to approve
Than to obey his sovereign's high commands.

CUBLA.

A vassal ! By that honor which descends
From a long line of ancestors to Cubla,
My soul rejects the thought.—What tho' my tribe
In Aunac's wide dominions form'd a state,
And my brave fathers listen'd to the voice
That issu'd from the throne, and rose in arms
When war was in the field ;—shall I become
The property of treason—be transferr'd
The mean appendage of a crown usurp'd ?

NEVIAN.

N E V I A N.

Beware of treason—Cubla, can thy tribe,
 Bold as thou art, and confident in war,
 Contend with him who rules the Eastern world ?
 Zingis is king—and now that homage claims
 Which thou didst pay to the imperial throne.—

C U B L A.

Presumptuous man !—does he prescribe to Cubla,
 Or talk of homage !—he who broke all ties
 That bind the faith of subjects to their kings !
 Whence is his right deriv'd ?

N E V I A N.

He has been wrong'd——

C U B L A.

Wrong'd didst thou say ?—what wrongs can justify
 His usurpation.—Should the world permit
 Private ambition thus to seize on crowns,
 Each daring villain that despises life
 Would be the king or tyrant of mankind.

N E V I A N.

Rashly thou dost condemn.—Does Cubla know
 The cause and progress of this bloody war ?

C U B L A.

From the chill bosom of the stormy north,
 From Corea's distant clime, where I have long
 Employ'd my sword against my country's foes ;
 Last night arriv'd amidst domestic broils,
 I know not aught but that my king's dethron'd.

NEVIAN.

The prince of Soigara—the bold Zemouca,
Was the first mover of this civil war.
He, jealous of the fame and deeds of Zingis,
And that high confidence his rival held
With Aunac—to the royal ear convey'd
Malicious falsehoods, and intended treason.
At length the monarch list'ning to his voice,
Divested Zingis of his high command.
The chief retir'd, and darkly pass'd along
To his own native tribe—the hardy Nirons—
They thought him wrong'd—they started to their
arms,

Determin'd to defend him from his foes.—
Zemouca came—his host was roll'd away.
The king advanc'd ; in Tangut's bloody field,
The valiant Zingis triumph'd o'er his lord.
Amidst his ruin'd armies in the fight
The Son of Aunac, graceful Zangon, fell ;
Whilst o'er his mangl'd corse his father fled,
And left his capital and throne to Zingis.

C U B L A.

Zemouca was to blame.—'Twas dangerous
To drive a hero to the last extreme.
The very coward, when bereft of hope,
Turns on the lifted sword that threatens death.
But now let Zingis grant his sovereign peace,
And give the nations back to Aunac's sway ;
Fame will applaud the deed. He hopes in vain

The aid of Cubla to support his crimes :
 But since my sister was his favorite spouse,
 And gave to him a son—the princely Timur ;
 For Timur's sake I will not join his foes.

N E V I A N.

'Tis not enough. Inflexible—severe,
 Tenacious of his power, and, like a god,
 Decisive in his councils—he declares
 Himself the foe of temporizing friends.
 Consult thy safety.—Know, the Naiman prince
 Betrays his sovereign, and solicits peace.

C U B L A.

Betrays the king to Zingis !——Tell your lord,
 Should he imbrue his hand in Aunac's blood,
 Cubla must be his foe.—My safety rests
 Upon my sword.—This day I would confer
 With Zingis—quickly I will join his camp.
 Haste, and convey this answer to your chief.

N E V I A N.

It grieves me to behold my former friend
 Thus rushing headlong into certain ruin.
 Cubla, let me conjure thee—guard thy words,
 And talk not thus of Zingis.—He is stern.—
 I'll bear a milder answer to the king. [*Exit Nev.*]

Enter Z E N A.

Z E N A.

Hail, prince of Eluth !

C U B L A.

Noble Zena, whence ?

Z E N A.

Z E N A.

Straight from the tents of Zingis——

C U B L A.

Zingis knows

Already Cubla's mind.—Has Zena's sword,
With fortune, turn'd against his antient king?

Z E N A.

Blame not thy friend, tho' the event of war
Hath made me vassal to successful Zingis;
My soul is faithful to unhappy Aunac,
I mean to serve him.

C U B L A.

Darken'd is his fate——

Z E N A.

Tho' few his friends since fortune left his side,
Tho' scarce his strength his armour can sustain,
Still unsubdu'd in soul, to Altay's banks
He leads the poor remains of former fields,
And strives to raise his hoary head above
The cloud of his misfortunes. On thy aid
He rests his latter hopes.

C U B L A.

The faithless Naiman

Betrays his king.——

Z E N A.

That Cubla may prevent——

C U B L A.

Explain thy words:——

Z E N A.

Zemouca will protect
His aged king—Nay more, will raise him high,—
Again

A T R A G E D Y.

7

Again restore him to the Tartar throne.
 He plans a daring purpose in his soul.
 He near this place is striding thro' the night,
 Like the dark genius of devoted Zingis.
 'Tis thine to point his thunder to the mark,
 And rouse dishonour'd Timur.—

C U B L A.

Ha! dishonour'd—

Were Timur's backward steps beheld in war?
 Did Timur fly?

Z E N A.

Untarnish'd is his fame.

C U B L A.

Whence, then, is this unmerited disgrace,
 That hangs so darkly on my sister's son?

Z E N A.

When with his ruin'd armies Aunac fled
 From Tangut's bloody field, young Timur press'd
 Upon the rear and seiz'd the hapless king,
 As faint and wounded by a brook he lay,
 His grey head leaning on his daughter's breast,
 His only child, the beautiful Ovifa.
 The hero saw—he pitied, and he lov'd—
 Brought the fair captive to the Niron camp,
 But gave her father's freedom to her tears;
 She in return bestow'd on him her heart.
 For this, fierce Zingis from his presence drove
 His generous son.—The exil'd Aunac heard
 Of his fair daughter's love—her choice approv'd,
 And, by an embassy, propos'd to yield
 The bright Ovifa to young Timur's arms;
 To name him heir of Tartary should Zingis
 Consent to end, with peace, this civil war.

C U B L A.

I

C U B L A.

Yet still the tyrant keeps his sword unsheathed.—

Z E N A.

He does—nay more—to-morrow Oötar comes,
His favorite son, tho' by a second bed,
To wed the weeping captive—to derive
From her a title to the Tartar throne.
But ere to-morrow should'st thou join thy sword
To bold Zemouca—Aunac still might reign,
And name young Timur heir to all his realms.

C U B L A.

But what intends Zemouca ?

Z E N A.

With the king

To cross the Altay when the night returns,
With terrible assault to rush on Zingis
Amidst his armies.—By a great exploit
To win the East, or lose his noble life.
He sent me hither—bade me to entreat
His sister's husband—his own former friend—
If yet the memory of what Aunac was——
If pity for a failing line of kings,
Who rul'd mankind with justice, touch thy breast—

C U B L A.

Go—bid the chief approach.—This great design
Becomes the spirit of the bold Zemouca. [*Exit Zen.*
Th' injustice done to Timur—the disgrace
Thrown on my line—the partial favor shown
To Oötar, sit not easy on my mind.
The voice of Aunac too—the dying voice

Of

Of ruin'd Majesty is ecchoing here.—
I will support him.

Enter M I L A.

Partner of my life !

What anxious cares send Mila from her tent,
At this dull hour of darkness, when the world
Sleeps in the skirts of the retiring night ;

M I L A.

Why didst thou leave me, Cubla ? Is there aught
Unfriendly from the Niron ?

C U B L A.

No, — retire. —

M I L A.

To meditate alone, bespeaks a mind
Not well at ease, let Mila share the grief
That labours in thy bosom.

C U B L A.

By our loves,
I know no cause of grief. Determined minds
Brood not upon misfortunes ; they forget
The accidents of life. When this base world
Shall throw disgrace upon them, forth they rush,
Swift as the lightening's flash that wings the storm,
And right themselves.

M I L A.

Has Zena then inform'd—

C U B L A

Yes, Mila, all ; I know how Cubla stands
With that presumptuous man. He has disgrac'd
Me, in my nephew Timur, yet expects
My aid in battle.

C

M I L A,

M I L A.

He commands it, Cubla,
 Nay threatens disobedience with those frowns,
 That lords assume to vassals, when they fail
 In duty to the throne. This hour, Ovifa,
 By private message, to my ears conveyed
 His gloomy purpose.

C U B L A.

What can he intend ?

M I L A.

To treat thee as a foe, shouldst thou delay
 To pass beneath his standard with the morn.
 This tedious march from Corea's distant realms,
 He construes into treason ; but the cause
 Lies in his policy, thou art the lord
 Of Eluth's warlike tribe. A chief of pow'r,
 And dang'rous in the state. The king himself,
 The all-subduing Zingis, mark'd the path
 Which leads to empire, and he fears that Cubla
 May do with him, what he has done to Aunac.

C U B L A.

I am beset with perils, — yet this state
 Suits well the active tenor of my soul,
 Which loves to dwell in storms. I have resolv'd
 To stretch my hand to Aunac, and support
 That ruin of a king. (*Noise within.*) But hark !
 what noise

Swells in the camp of Zingis ? — Go, my love —
 Regain the tent — I must explore the cause
 From whence this tumult rose. — By dawn of day

I'll meet thy brother to concert the plan
Of deeds more daring, than were e'er atchiev'd.
[Exit.

M I L A.

'Tis done, — but still my fears —

Enter Z E M O U C A.

Z E M O U C A.

My sister's voice ! —

M I L A.

My lord Zemouca, welcome to my soul !
O chief of the Soigara ! — from what a world
Of troubles art thou come ! —

Z E M O U C A.

Yes — I have strove
With some disasters, Mila, since the Niron
Led his rebellious tribe to Tangut's field,
And triumph'd o'er his lord. Had loyalty
Been less my choice — Had ease been more my
care,

Than self-approving honor, and that pride
Which lov'd to stand alone, when Tartary
Fell in the stream of conquest to a chief,
I once scarce own'd my equal, I might use
The day to visit Mila, and have thrown
This cloud, I borrow, from the night, away.

M I L A.

How fares it with the king ?

Z E M O U C A.

Not such his state,
As when in Ordu-bâla's splendid halls
He rul'd the nations — On the farther side

Of Altay's foaming course, my tribe furrounds
 The king of Tartars — narrow is the camp
 Of him, who covered Asia with his hosts !
 But still this sun which moves behind a storm,
 May issue forth, and shew his evening beams,
 Before he sets in night.

M I L A.

Should Naima's prince
 Prevail in battle —

Z E M O U C A.

May heaven's lightning blast
 His armies and himself. Perfidious man !
 He treats with Zingis.

M I L A.

Tartary is lost —
 The house of Aunac trembles to its base,
 And in its ruins will involve Zemouca.
 Why dost thou stand, against a world in arms,
 With unavailing valor ?

Z E M O U C A.

Hear me, Mila ;
 Ere next the night shall from these fields retire,
 Aunac shall reign o'er Asia. I have form'd
 A plot with Zena, in the Niron camp.
 Cubla will join us with his warlike tribe.
 At the dead midnight hour, we mean to rush
 On Zingis in his tent.

M I L A.

To rush on Zingis !
 The deed is desperate.

Z E M O U C A.

Z E M O U C A.

We claim thine aid
 To forward our design. To thee is known
 The love of Timur, and his late disgrace
 For the escape of Aunac. Thro' their tribes
 The Nirons murmur for their gallant prince
 Who led them often to the fields of fame.
 Go to Ovifa: let her arm the son
 Of haughty Zingis in her father's cause.
 Thus shall she wrest from tyranny the world,
 And rule the nations with the man she loves.

M I L A.

And does my brother then resign Ovifa?

Z E M O U C A.

No—Mila, no.—She beams upon me still,
 Thro' all this tempest which involves my soul.
 The Queen of Asia! — But I must be calm,
 The softer passions suit not with a state
 So desperate as mine. Zemouca first
 Must stretch his hand to Zingis, the event
 May lead thy brother to his soul's desire.
 Why, Mila, why in tears?

M I L A.

I'll bear, my lord,
 Thy message to Ovifa. But my mind
 Forbodes, I never shall behold thee more.

Z E M O U C A.

That heaven alone can tell — my sister stay! —
 Perhaps thou'lt ne'er behold me, — and thy lord
 Treads too a dangerous path. Let not our foes
 In thee extend their triumph to our dust,

Take

Take this ——— [giving a dagger.]
It is thy brother's gift. — Our house
Was ne'er dishonour'd.

M I L A.

Son of daring Tangor !
Our house was ne'er dishonoured, nor shall Mila
Stain the unclouded glories of her line.
I know the purpose of this present—Here
[*putting it in her bosom.*
This friend shall rest. I'll call it to my aid
When thou canst not defend me from my foes.
[*Exit.*

C U B L A entering with C A R E D I.

C U B L A.

Caredi, hasten. Call the chiefs to arms,
Rouse my brave Eluths—I will join them straight,
I like not this confusion, this uproar,
That Zingis raises round him in his camp,
He may perhaps intend — My lord Zemouca,
[embraces him.
How fares it with my brother and my friend;
I fear our zeal for aged Aunac's cause
Shall not avail.

Z E M O U C A.

Has Cubla learn'd from whence
This tumult rose?

C U B L A.

All night the high divan
 Sat in the tent of Zingis, and gave ear
 To proffered terms, from Naima's perjur'd prince.
 'Tis said they were accepted. But the voice
 Of

Of war resounds thro' all the Niron camp.
 The nations start, with ardor, to their arms;
 Some daring enterprize is formed by Zingis,
 Against deserted Aunac.

Z E M O U C A.

Fear not that—

Tho' Zingis loves to move thro' bloody fields,
 He tries not force, where policy avails.
 If Naima promis'd, with her sovereign's blood,
 To end this contest, Zingis will delay
 To cross the Altay. — When the night descends,
 I will remove the king, — at once prevent
 The Naiman's treachery, and rid the world
 Of the usurper.

C U B L A.

But that eagle fits

Too watchful on his rock, — we must not trust
 Much to the foes neglect, for Zingis owes
 To fortune less his greatness, than to skill
 In war's extensive art. — We are too few
 To reach him, thro' his armies; we must raise
 Some other swords to penetrate those lines
 The Niron draws around him.

Z E M O U C A.

Our success

Depends not on our numbers. We command
 A hardy race, the Tartars of the north,
 Whose souls partake the nature of the storms,
 That rush across their climate. They delight
 In the abrupt decision of the sword,
 And love a deed of danger. Nor on them
 Rest all our hopes: the fair Ovifa arms
 Dishonour'd Timur in her father's cause.

His

His late disgrace, ambition, love, revenge,
 Shall urge him on ; and should the chief prefer
 A tame submission to the will of Zingis,
 To Aunac's daughter, and the Tartar throne,
 Our glory must be greater, and our fame
 Arise proportion'd to the perils round us.

C U B L A.

Friend of the hapless Aunac ! — In thy voice
 Speaks forth the hero, and thy noble fire
 Falls on my soul, and kindles it to flame.
 Ere next the light which now bursts from the East,
 Shall gleam on Altay's streams, the Tartar tribes
 Shall own another lord. Myself will rouse
 The lion Timur ; if that spirit dwells
 In him, which animates th' Eluthian line,
 Dishonour sits not lightly on his mind.
 But where, Zemouca, shall my tribe receive
 The king to night ?

Z E M O U C A.

Upon that narrow point,
 Thou seest a lonely oak. — The morning star
 Looks thro' its wav'ring branches, — there the
 rock

Stretching into the Altay, breaks the stream,
 And forms a peaceful eddy. In that place
 Shall Aunac land, when the wan moon descends
 Behind the western hills.

C U B L A.

I will attend
 To-day the court of Zingis, and disguise
 For once, a soul that scorns to hide its hate.
 I will exhibit every mark of zeal,

To

To blot suspicion from his jealous mind.
 And turn the keenness of his eye from Cubla.
 But leave this camp, the dawn already gleams
 Along the field. Go, — in that show'r retire,
 That darkly rushes o'er the Altay's course. [*Exit.*

Z E M O U C A.

Whilst this blunt warrior, void of all design,
 Can thus encounter perils unconcern'd,
 Shall I, whose eye is fix'd upon a crown,
 And on the brightest star that ever rose
 Upon the eastern world, — the fair Ovisa —
 Shall I shrink back? — Shall I encourage doubt
 To shake my resolution? — Hence — away —
 All further fear of death; already he
 Hath stalk'd around me in each hideous form. —
 But yet this stubbornness of heart — this pride,
 Which bore me up against this prosperous man,
 Hath quite fatigued my soul. — I'll stray no more
 Thro' Asia, — every foe I raise to Zingis,
 He adds unto his vassals. — On this plot
 I rest my latter hopes, and should I fail,
 I'll wrap me in my courage and retire
 From this base world amidst the storms I raise.
 [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE, Ovifa's Tent.

Enter O V I S A, from her Tent.

O V I S A.

IF e'er the spirit of a warrior slain,
Journey'd in storms across the troubled sky :
Last night, my brother Zangon pass'd this place,
And call'd Ovifa hence. The voice was deep,
As when high Arol, shaking all his woods,
Speaks to the passing thunder.—Thro' my soul
A pleasing horror runs ; perhaps not long
Ovifa tarries here. The silent tomb
Is not the house of sorrow.—Airy form
Of him who is no more ! Where dost thou dwell ?
Rejoicest thou on golden-skirted clouds ?
Or is thy murmur in the hollow wind ?
Where ere thou art, mine ear with awful joy,
Shall listen to thy voice ! — Descend with night,
If thou must shun the day.—O stray not far
From the remains of Aunac's failing line.

Enter M I L A.

M I L A.

Hail bright Sultana ! let a faithful friend, [*kneceling*.
Thus pay the homage which she owes a race
Who rul'd so long nations.

O V I S A.

Mila, rise ;——

Belov'd companion of my better days !

Why

Why dost thou, at this melancholy hour,
Intrude upon the sorrows of Ovifa?

M I L A.

To chace the cloud that hangs upon thy soul,
I come the messenger of Aunac's friends.
They sent me to disclose——

O V I S A.

I know it all.

Ostar is come!

M I L A.

Far other news I bring.

Are we alone?

O V I S A.

From mortal ears remov'd.

M I L A.

The fate of royal Aunac now depends
Upon Ovifa.—Should she lend her aid,
The king might reign.—

O V I S A.

Then he already sits
Upon the Tartar throne. Why dost thou think
So poorly of Ovifa? Haste, explain
This mystery,—for doubts begin to blast
The sudden joy that lighten'd o'er my soul.

M I L A.

A plot is forming in the Niron camp,
By Omrahs of renown, whom Cubla joins
With all his Eluths. By the midnight hour,
The king, thy father, with Zemouca, comes
To head the bold conspiracy, and rush
On Zingis 'midst his armies.

D 2

O V I S A.

O V I S A.

'Tis a deed

Of desp'rate daring.—Didst thou say to night ?
 Assist them heaven ! But what avails the aid
 Of desolate Ovifa !

M I L A.

Much.—Thy hands

Already hold the balance of the East.
 Ten thousand swords, obedient to thy call,
 May be unsheath'd for Aunac, In this camp
 The Tartars murmur thro' their martial lines,
 For the disgrace of Timur, Arm the prince
 Against his father.

O V I S A.

Ha ! I'll hear no more—

To recommend a crime my soul abhors,
 To make a parricide of him I love,
 Suits not the feelings of Ovifa's mind,
 By private stratagem, by open war,
 By any means, let cruel Zingis fall ;
 But let him fall by foes.—The fame of Timur
 Must not be tarnish'd ;—nor shall I advise
 A deed of such complexion. Mila, know
 I may be wretched — but must not be base.

M I L A.

Then let Ovifa triumph in a heart
 That feels for Nirons. Did the cruel race
 Once melt at the misfortunes of her house,
 Or spare the line that rul'd the eastern world ?
 By him thy brother fell—By him the throne
 Of Aunac was usurp'd.—Thy father driven,
A feeble

A feeble exile thro' the Tartar tribes,
 Thyself a captive.—But Ovifa feels '—
 Heavens ! Is it any crime to rid the world
 Of him, who riots in the blood of nations,
 And makes a pastime of dethroning kings ?
 His guilt Ovifa——

O V I S A

It is more than common ;
 And heaven some signal vengeance has prepar'd
 For him who widows Asia with his sword :
 But let us not, in punishing, give birth,
 To greater crimes than his.

M I L A.

Unhappy maid,
 Thou know'st not half the horrors of thy state.
 To day dishonour'd Timur must retire,
 A lonely exile from the Niron camp.
 Tomorrow Ostar comes with brutal lust,
 To force thee to his arms. To night thy father——

O V I S A.

Mila, proceed——

M I L A.

Must welter in his blood.
 The price is fix'd for Aunac's sacred head,
 A peace to Naima. Soon as night returns,
 Perfidious Tajan will surround the king.

O V I S A.

No more—I know the rest—misfortunes crowd
 Too much upon me. What should I resolve,
 Hemm'd in on every side ? I'll urge the prince,
 And yet he must abhor me.

M I L A.

M I L A.

Timur comes,

As if by heaven directed to our aid.

This is the time.—Remember thy condition. [*Exit.*]

O V I S A.

He comes.—With undiminish'd pomp he moves
 Behind his cloud—As when the sun thro' mist
 Rolls on his faded orb. He greater seems,
 Tho' lost to half his beams. And shall I plunge
 This god in parricide ?

Enter T I M U R.

T I M U R.

I did resolve——

But cannot speak the tumult of my soul.——

Queen of the East !

O V I S A.

That title ill becomes

A state like mine.—This instant leave me, Timur,
 If thou regard'st thy peace.

T I M U R.—

What means, Ovifa ?

Where dwells the peace of Timur, but with her
 Who reigns within his soul ?

O V I S A.

Have we not prince——

The house of Aunac—have we not involv'd
 Thee in misfortunes ? Pinion'd down thy fame
 That spread to heaven ? Cover'd thee with shame ?
 And thrown disgrace upon the first of men.
 We made thee no return,—for kings dethron'd

No

No favors can bestow. Ovifa gave,
'Twas all she had to give—her heart to Timur.

T I M U R.

'Twas all that Timur wish'd, thou matchless maid—
But whence is this distress—this sudden grief
That labors in thy bosom? Tell me all;
My soul is up in arms against those ills
That press upon thee.

O V I S A.

Timur would not chuse
To hate Ovifa.

T I M U R.

No.—

O V I S A.

Then let him not
Enquire into her griefs. She may propose
A dreadful task. O leave me to myself,
My soul is young in mischief and demands
Some time to harden ere it can resolve
On what my state requires.

T I M U R.

Speak but the word,
Thou bright divinity that rul'st my soul;
And then I will—what will not Timur do?
I will—I know not what—but something more
Than ever mortal did.

O V I S A.

Take heed young prince!
Be not too rash to promise—Timur's word
Is like a god's irrevocably fix'd:—
But were my suit once known, 'twere criminal

Not.

Not to refuse it.—Daring son of Zingis !——
 I know thy lion-heart delights in perils,
 When honor leads thee to her bloody fields,
 Yet what I would propose would throw a damp
 On all thy courage. In Ovifa's cause
 There's more than danger—Guilt.—Thou shrinkest
 back.

I thought it would offend.—My soul approves
 The noble horror that invades his mind.

I leave him to his virtue. [Going.]

T I M U R.

Stay—by heavens !——

Thou must not thus depart.—Ovifa—speak,
 Speak all thy wishes and they shall be done.—
 Propose the peril.—Guilt can never dwell
 In such a cause as thine.

O V I S A.

Then know, my state,
 Uncommon in its horrors, now demands
 The sword of Timur.—Zingis shuts the door
 Of hope against thee.—Ostar comes to-morrow—
 What shall I do ?

T I M U R.

I will defend——

O V I S A.

Alas !——

Who shall ward off the hand of death from Aunac ?
 To night he falls.—The cruel Zingis gives
 A peace to Naima, for her sovereign's head.
 Amidst the ruins of a falling line
 Ovifa stands alone.

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

I know thy foul,
And quickly will resolve.—

O V I S A.

No—Timur—no.

Recall the thought, and be thyself again.
Ovifa loves thy virtues, not thy crimes,
And should'st thou stain thine honor, who can tell
What she would think of thee? [*Exit.*]

T I M U R.

The light is gone
And left me darken'd, on a stormy sea
Of various passions toss'd.—What should I do?
To hide me in the cloud of my disgrace,
And leave Ovifa and the world to Ostar;
Death dwells upon the thought. But to ascend
A throne, besmear'd with blood,—a father's blood,
And reign a horrid parricide in Asia,
Suits not a soul like mine.—

Enter C U B L A.

C U B L A.

While others watch the motions of the foe,
Marshal their tribes, or furbish up their steel
For battle, Timur whiles his time away
Before the shrine of beauty.—Blush, young man,
These are not arts in which our race excell'd,
Nor these the means by which they rose to fame.

T I M U R.

Is Cubla, like the world, whose censure falls
Not on the guilty, but unfortunate?

E

As

As if success could recommend each crime,
 We only call the prosperous villain great.—
 Let Cubla judge of Timur, by himself,
 By the high spirits, which descends to both
 From Eluth's line of kings ; and he may know
 Disgrace, unmerited, can never damp
 The vigour of my soul.

C U B L A.

Yet still thou bear'st,
 With tameness, which but ill becomes our race,
 This weight of infamy, by Zingis, thrown
 Upon thee, in his wrath.

T I M U R.

Could Timur break
 Thro' honor and his duty, he might raise
 A flame, the billowy Caspian shou'd not quench.
 But tho' my soul, undaunted in the field,
 Swells at the growth of danger and demands
 More than my share of battle ; there are things
 Which make me shudder, Cubla, and betray
 A woman's weakness. Dark conspiracies,
 Frauds cover'd o'er with art—those devious paths,
 That lead the villains of the world to power,
 Please not the open spirit of my mind.
 I hate pre-eminence that springs from guilt,
 And never, but thro' honor, would be great.

C U B L A.

Timur farewell.—A man that can submit
 To such indignities, as thou hast borne,
 Deserves not my attention.—Hence—away—
 Involve thee in obscurity.—It suits
 The tame morality of Timur's mind.

Go—leave the throne to Ostar—To his arms
Give up Ovifa.

T I M U R.

Ha ! that strikes me home.

Say, what dost thou advise ?

C U B L A.

To draw thy sword
Against thy father—Zingis—that proud man—
That tyrant of the East.—Thou startest, Timur,
His crimes, indeed, may shock a soul like thine—
He, who without remorse, has trod on kings,
Has broke all sacred ties that bind mankind—
Has ruin'd nations to be reckon'd great,
And is unjust, not only to his foes,
But to his son.—

T I M U R.

My heart with horror shrinks
From such a deed.—

C U B L A.

So feels the feeble mind,
That trembles at the thought of arduous deeds,
And would impose its fears upon the world,
As the effects of virtue.—Go—weak boy,
I did advise thee.—Nay—I dare do more,
Go, tell thy father, Cubla is his foe :
This very night, in concert with his friends,
He means to prove it ; but his friends are such
As shudder not at danger,

T I M U R.

He who doubts
My courage, should prepare to rest his hand
Upon his sword.—No mortal man but Cubla

Durst thus.—But I'm too warm.—Thou said'st to
night.—

My soul is dark, and secret as the tomb.

Unfold thy purpose.

C U B L A.

Yes—to night, I meant,

But thy officious virtue interferes,

To raise thee high in Asia.—To thy arms

To give Ovifa—Place thee next to him,

Who ought to rule the East.—To make thee heir

To Aunac's vast dominions. Dost thou still

Harbour a doubt? What darkness travels o'er

Thy thoughtful features? Is the fair Ovifa

Indifferent to Timur?

T I M U R.

Cubla—Stay,

I must consider.

C U B L A.

Time is on the wing.

We must resolve.—But ruin'd are my hopes!

There Nevian comes, and he must not perceive

That we confer. Long practis'd in the arts

Of policy, and guile,—from every word

And motion of the eye, he draws conclusions.

I'll soon return. [Exit.

Enter N E V I A N.

N E V I A N.

Hail! gallant son of Zingis!

I come not sobbing like thy other friends,

With sad condolance and a woeful face,

To tease thee with my pity.—No, I bring

Thy pardon, Timur.

T I M U R.

A TRAGEDY.

29

TIMUR.

Pardon, didst thou say?

NEVIAN.

Yes, full forgiveness from the king thy father.

I thought it would surprize.—

TIMUR.

It does indeed.—

NEVIAN.

I did it all—inexorable long,

On my address, the lord of nations frown'd,

But still I urg'd.—At length he heard my suit,

And bade me call young Timur to his presence.

A fair occasion offers to retrieve

The honour thou hast lost—thy injur'd fame.

He now restores thee to thy former rank,

And sends thee forth, with half his warlike tribes,

To give the final blow to exil'd Aunac.

The troops, already marshal'd in the camp,

With shouts await thy orders.

TIMUR.

Let them shout—

Timur shall wait his time.

NEVIAN.

What do I hear?

Is this th' impetuous Timur? He whose soul

Rush'd on before him to the fields of fame?

And does he hesitate?

TIMUR.

Begone, old man,

Left in my rage—

NEVIAN.

What means the son of Zingis?

This

This is the very frenzy of the mind.
I am the friend of Timur.

T I M U R.

Hence—away —

I'll follow soon.

N E V I A N.

His late disgrace disturbs
His reason. When the angry lion roars,
There is no safety near him. To the tribes
I'll bear the welcome news of thy return. [*Exit.*

T I M U R.

Was ever mind so agitated, torn
With such contending passions, as assail
At once the soul of Timur? To reject
The proffer'd service, puts immediate end
To all my hopes. The king cannot escape —
Should I decline, another foe will rise
Against ill fated Aunac.—Here she comes!
Distraction—let me fly—She bade me shield
Her ruin'd father, from the hand of death;
And I, in my humanity assume
The office of his murderer.

Enter O V I S A.

O V I S A.

He starts!

Is then the presence of the lost Ovifa
Hateful to Timur? Prince, I do not come
To make thee deviate from the splendid path
Thy soul delights to follow. [*going.*

T I M U R.

By the light,

That,

That, from thy beauties, beams upon thy soul—
 Thou must not leave me.—But thou must—away—
 Denounce thy curses on me.—In thy words
 Of softness dwells unutterable pain.

O turn from Timur these indulgent eyes,
 That shed soft pity, from their lucid orbs—
 For I do not deserve it.—False to thee—
 False to my word—A traitor to my love—
 Thy father's murderer.

O V I S A.

What means the prince,

He is not dead ?

T I M U R.

But he must die Ovifa,

And by these hands. The cruel Zingis grants
 My pardon, and commands me to the war :
 To lead the Nirons o'er the Altay's stream,
 To rush upon thy father in his camp,
 And end this contest, that inflames the world. [*Shout.*
 Hark !—The impatient troops proclaim their joy
 To see their prince restor'd, and shout for battle.
 I come.—Ovifa—

O V I S A.

Timur, leave me.—Go—

And, on the ruins of our falling race,
 Rear to thyself a monument of fame.
 Think not I seize thy skirts to keep thee here.
 Think not I weep, these eyes are only dim—
 Think not I breathe a sigh.

T I M U R.

Should guilty souls

Feel all my pangs—A moment of their woe
 Might expiate the crimes of half a world.

But

But Nevian comes !—I must away—My love,
 Canst thou forgive me.—No—Ovifa—No——
 Let not thy tenderness of soul extend
 To such a wretch as Timur.—Yet his fate
 Is most to blame.

O V I S A.

Then hear me, son of Zingis !
 As love cannot detain thee—On my knees,
 Once more, I beg an aged parent's life.
 O spare him, Timur ; touch not his grey hairs,
 Let him escape ;—for Zingis will not long
 In Aunac have a rival to his power.
 The king, my father, worn with grief and years,
 Already hastens to the silent tomb.

T I M U R.

By him that reigns above, he shall not die. [*Exit.*]

O V I S A.

He's gone, and left me lonely to my woes.—
 Hasten thy journey, sun—and gracious night,
 Receive me to the bosom of thy gloom.
 The rustling wind, that whistles thro' thy trees,
 The solemn, serious melancholy notes
 Of thy own bird, are music to mine ear,
 And please the dreary horrors of my soul.

Enter M I L A.

Mila, thy tears will flow in vain.—My grief
 Admits not of thy comfort.

M I L A.

M I L A.

Did my pow'r
Equal my wishes, soon the light of joy
Would brighten on thy forehead. But my voice
Must now be like the raven's to thine ear.
The van of Oötar's army, from the hill,
Is seen to pour along in clouds of dust ;
Edg'd round with gleaming arms, a chosen troop
On lightning hoofs come flying to the camp.
It must be he.—

O V I S A.

Where shall I hide my head ?
Timur where art thou ? Call him to protect
The lost Ovifa—Timur.—He is gone !
But why should I complain ? High heaven decrees
At once the fall of our devoted house ;
Ovifa will not stay—a feeble light,
Behind the fitting glories of her line. [Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

F

A C T

A C T III.

ZINGIS's Pavilion.

ZINGIS and Attendants discovered on a Throne.

A Flourish of Trumpets.

Z I N G I S.

GO, Nevian, issue forth our high decree
To all the princes, potentates and kings,
O'er whom the scepter of our power extends,
On the first morning of the ensuing year
To meet in Ordu-bâla's regal halls.
We mean to publish laws to rule mankind——
To bind the nations in one general chain
Of policy—to mark, with strict regard,
The bounds of justice between man and man.
We call this council—not that we require
Advice, but proofs of their allegiance due,
And prompt obedience to the will of Zingis.

N E V I A N.

The king shall be obey'd—his high commands
Will be receiv'd thro' Tartary with awe,
And all its princes hasten to the throne. [*Exit.*]

Z I N G I S.

Suida, prepare thyself. We send thee hence
To distant regions, near the rising sun——
To great Canbâla—seat of Altun Chan,
Who stiles himself the monarch of Cathay.——
Make full demands for all his ravages

In

In these our kingdoms, when they shrunk away
 From every bold invader's sword – and groan'd
 Beneath that worst of tyranny – a race
 Of timid ministers, and feeble kings.

S U I D A.

Proud of the trust, and zealous to obey
 The lord of nations, Suida stands prepar'd. [*Exit.*

Z I N G I S.

And thou, Jelizou, hasten to the west,
 Where Mâhmud, the Charizmian, has confin'd
 The Caspian, in the circle of his empire.
 Tell him, while, as a son, he shall revere
 Our pleasure, we will act a father's part.
 That now it is our sovereign will the doors
 Of commerce should be open'd with our realms.
 Not less on means that civilize mankind
 We rest our glory, than on fame in arms.
 But, in the pride of hosts, should Mâhmud scorn
 Our proffer'd friendship – call him forth to war;
 That he may see his kingdoms weeping blood
 Beneath the sword of Zingis

J E L I Z O U.

Too well the pow'r of him who rules the east
 Is known by Mâhmud, to reject his friendship. [*Exit.*

Enter an Officer.

O F F I C E R.

Letters from Rizia, empress of the south,
 To whom the fable Indian nations kneel,
 With presents her ambassadors attend,
 And long to greet the sovereign of the world.

Z I N G I S.

Z I N G I S.

They shall have audience.—Say, what tidings bring
The messengers of Ootar ?

O F F I C E R.

We descry

His standards high erected on the plain.
This morning his astrologers presag'd
Some dire misfortune threaten'd by the stars,
Which stops his progress.—

Z I N G I S.

Should the stars presage,
And join their influence as they roll above
To aid the foes of Zingis—he would trust
More to the prowess of a single arm
Than he should fear from them.—But what of
Timur ?

O F F I C E R.

We saw his warriors covering Altay's course,
And Aunac's banners waving on the shore——
Soon the loud roar of war——

Enter Officer.

O F F I C E R.

The prince returns
Victorious from the field. He brings in chains
A captive train.—The aged monarch, Aunac,
Stood in the front of battle, till his lines
Grew thin by Timur's sword.—A chosen band,
That fought around their king—when all was lost,
Bore their unwilling sovereign from the field ;
The fierce Sidasco, pressing on the rear,
Pursues his flight.

Z I N G I S.

Z I N G I S.

Did not the Naiman prince
 Support the king, for whom he rose in arms ?
 He bore a specious cause upon his sword,
 Yet shrunk from danger : so I knew him still
 A dark, designing, and deceitful man,
 Expert in policy, but cold in war.
 These are not means to gain the terms he claims.
 He knows us not—a coward never finds
 A friend in Zingis.

Enter T I M U R, with Prisoners.

Thou are welcome, Timur,
 This strict obedience to our sovereign will,
 Confirms thee in our favour.—Such exploits
 Become the son of Zingis.—Who are these ?
 We want no captives—thou art young in war.—
 Ye bold, rebellious men, who did insult

[To the prisoners.]

Our pow'r with feeble hands—who durst contemn
 Repeated offers of our royal grace,
 Which, thro' our vast dominions, were proclaim'd,
 Must perish in your folly—bear them hence,
 And execute our judgment.—

T I M U R.

It must not be.—Let Timur intercede
 For these unhappy men—my word is pass'd
 To save their lives—my honor was engag'd
 When they resign'd their unavailing swords.

Z I N G I S.

Audacious boy—no more—didst thou presume
 To pardon traitors ?—Know'st thou not that Zingis

Is

Is sovereign here, and that he delegates
His pow'r to none?—Say,—when didst thou per-
ceive

By art, by argument, by open force,
Our resolutions alter'd?—hence, away,

[To his guards.]

And lead them to their fate.

T I M U R, drawing.

Stand off, ye slaves!—

By heavens they shall not perish.—Thus oppress'd,
I must forget that passiveness of soul—
My duty to a father—with my blood
I will protect them.

Z I N G I S.

Ha!—thus to my face—

Dost thou not fear?—Should Zingis sacrifice
This victim to his fury?—Or—begone—
I will not slay thee—take thy captives hence,
I give them to thy pride.—This insolence
Shall not unpunish'd go. Our steps to fame,
To the dominion of the eastern world,
Must not be thus retarded by a son,
Who, in his disobedience, throws disgrace
Upon the power of Zingis.—From our presence
We must remove examples that suggest
Rebellion to our subjects. To the north
We send thee hence to-morrow—to a clime
Tempestuous as the temper of thy soul.
In Tuba's forests, and those spacious vales
Where dark Selânga roars into the main;
Compel the haughty Tomats to obey:

The

The ocean only shall our empire bound.

Enter S I D A S C O.

My bold Sidasdo !——

S I D A S C O.

Sovereign of the world !

The war is ended—Aunac comes in chains.

Z I N G I S.

Our faithful chief, to thee——

Enter O V I S A suddenly, and kneels.

Who durst admit

The princess ?—Let the captain of our guards

This instant be arrested.—Rise, Ovifa——

Why dost thou kneel ?—What wouldst have from

Zingis ?

O V I S A.

If e'er thy heart was soften'd by distress,

If e'er thy soul rejoic'd in generous deeds,

O spare my father ; let him die in peace——

[Zingis is retiring, she seizes his skirt.

Thou must not leave me, Zingis. O pronounce

The words of mercy.—Aunac's strength has fail'd,

His friends forsook him ; he is left alone,

A poor old man !—No cause for fear remains.

The brave are never cruel—they delight

To stretch their hand to raise a fallen foe,

To speak the words of comfort—There he comes !

What, Timur, hast thou done ? Is this thy faith,

Thy plighted faith to me ? Like all thy race,

Art thou perfidious ! — Timur, 'twas not well

Thus to betray the poor, the lost Ovifa !——

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

Hear me, Ovifa, ere thou shalt condemn.

O V I S A.

Hear thee, false man! —

Enter A U N A C, in Chains.

Look there—behold him there—

These are thy works—the ruin thou hast made.

O Zingis! Zingis! wilt thou slay the king,

The king that lov'd thee—cherish'd thee? —

alas!

The tyrant is inexorable. — Thou

Alone who pitiest the distress'd Ovifa,

O king! O father — to thy friendly tomb

Receive thy daughter.

A U N A C.

Welcome to my arms —

Thou lovely beam, that gild'st my parting hour!

My eyes are blest—my wishes at an end.

These hairs have long been whiten'd o'er with
years,

And my disasters bend me to the dust.

Why should I wish to live? to haunt this world

The ghost of what I was? — But thou art young—

Yet, can I leave thee lonely midst thy foes?

Shall those who riot in thy father's blood

Derive from thee a title to his throne? —

Yet, what should I advise?

O V I S A.

I know thy soul,

And have resolv'd—Yes—all the fated line

Shall fall at once, and leave the East to Zingis.

My

My heart, indignant, spurns this world away;
My rising spirit struggles to be free.

Z I N G I S.

No more ! Sidasco—lead thy captive hence——

T I M U R.

I would entreat—but stern in his resolves ;

[To Aunac]

He melts not at distress—nor lends an ear
To those whom fortune left.

A U N A C.

O generous youth,
Plunge not in our misfortunes.—In thy breast
Thy father's rigour dwells not. Brave, yet mild.
I had a son like thee, whose rising fame
Shone thro' the gloomy winter of my age.
But he is fallen, and of our royal house
She now remains alone.—Ovifa, come——
Embrace thy father—tho' my breast is cold
To all the world—my spirit burns for thee.

T I M U R, aside.

It is too much—Tho' ruin must ensue,
I will obey the impulse of my soul.

[Exit.]

Z I N G I S, to Sidasco.

Why am I disobey'd !——

A U N A C.

Omrah, lead on——

This presence is unworthy of a king——

We leave him to the horrors of his soul.

But we will not upbraid—Yet know, we scorn

Thy utmost rage. For he who longs for death,

G

Like

Like us, may smile at tyrants when they frown.
Ovifa, one embrace—It is the last——

O V I S A.

We must not part—together let us die.

Z I N G I S.

Conduct her to her tent.

O V I S A.

Dost thou refuse
This little boon—this privilege of death?
Relentless tyrant—know, thou shalt not long
Divide Ovifa from her fallen race.

[Both carried off.]

Z I N G I S.

Something like pity shakes my firm resolves,
And almost melts the iron heart of Zingis.
The king is old; yet may ambitious men
Hold forth a cause so specious—whilst he lives,
Some dark conspiracies may arise around us.
But to imbrue our hands in Aunac's blood,
Would tarnish half the glories of our reign.

Enter T I M U R and an Attendant.

What wouldst thou, Timur? Go; — thy looks
bespeak

Thy purpose—go—while Zingis rules the world,
He rules himself—is absolute in mind,
And none shall alter his determin'd will.

[Exit Zingis, &c.]

T I M U R.

In vain he rages; Aunac has escap'd;
My chosen troop have rescu'd him from death,

And

And bear him far from danger.—Haste—away ;

[*To his attendant.*

Inform Ovifa—left in her despair——

Tell her what Timur for her love has done——

[*Exit attendant.*

But ruin follows.—What shou'd I resolve ?

My father's rage is deadly. Should I fly,

And bear Ovifa to the Caspian shores ?

This sword is my inheritance—the world

Is wide enough for conquest : other thrones

Will rise for her in Asia.——

Enter Z E M O U C A.

Who art thou,

That thus intrud'st upon me ?

Z E M O U C A.

Not unknown

In Asia is Zemouca——

T I M U R.

Hapless man !

Why dost thou tarry ? — hence, — away — should

Zingis

Hear of his mortal foe—not half the East

Could save thee from his fury—Leave this camp ;

To thee it is the hungry lion's den.

Z E M O U C A.

In my prosperity I harbour'd not

A fear of death.—Why should he now begin

To shew more dreadful to me, thro' this cloud

Which has involv'd my state ?—To thee I owe

My life in battle. Thou hast sav'd it here,

Among thy captives, at the risque of thine,

And I do mean to make thee some return.

G 2

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

I want it not.—A generous action brings
 Its own reward,—a feeling of the soul
 Of greater value, than aught thou canst give.
 Zemouca leave me,—there is danger here
 To thee—To Timur, should it once be known,
 That he preserv'd the greatest foe of Zingis.

Z E M O U C A.

Time hurries on, and thou consider'st not,
 That sorrow hastes apace. With morning comes
 Thy brother Ostar. Towards the stormy north
 Thy troops file off already.—Wilt thou leave
 Ovisa and the empire?

T I M U R.

Dost thou mean
 To urge me on to parricide?

Z E M O U C A.

I urge

Thee, not to parricide but open war,
 A foe invades thee, seizes on a throne,
 By justice thine; nay, forces from thy arms,
 The first of women. Timur has the pow'r
 To right himself, yet passive in his soul
 He in the tyrant still beholds the father.

T I M U R.

Zemouca, thou presum'st on thy condition,
 And therefore art so bold. I know from whence
 This zeal arises, and behind thy words,
 Perceive the gloomy workings of thy soul.—
 I blame thee not, my father is thy foe,
 And Timur is the rival of thy love,

Both

Both then should perish.—But thou know'st me
not,

I am not made by nature for thy purpose,
I look thro' artful men, and hate deceit,
As I abhor the crimes thou dost suggest.

[Exit Timur.

Z E M O U C A.

Curse on the virtues of this haughty boy,
They level my designs.—I hop'd to rouse
To strife, the hateful family of Zingis,
And from the bosom of the storm to rush,
To seize Ovise, and the Tartar throne.
But still some means are left.

Enter Z E N A.

Z E N A.

Ill-fated prince,
Why dost thou loiter here,—for Zingis knows
Of thy escape from death. From post to post
He rushes in his rage. (*Flourish.*) Away, — he
comes, —

Retire Zemouca, I will meet thee soon,
Beside the rock, that with its crooked pines,
Sounds to the passing Altay.

Z E M O U C A.

Draw thy sword.

Why should I fly,—Is Zingis more than man?
But yet this headlong fury—this despair—
Suits not the brave;—not he alone must die,
This mighty fabrick he has raised, shall fall,
And overwhelm his race in ruin,

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Z I N G I S. attended.

Z I N G I S.

To defend
Our mortal foe Zemouca from our rage,
To favour Aunac's flight, and in this war
To lengthen the misfortunes of the East,
Are crimes beyond our mercy. Haste Sidasco,
[Exit Sidasco.

Pursue the king.—Bold treason is awake,
Let all our guards be doubled,—let our spies
Beset the tent of every prince and chief.
Call Timur hither,—He must be secured.
Ovifa's beauty is the secret source
From whence these deeds of disobedience spring.
The cause must be remov'd. Let her be sent
Without delay, to Octar. Zena, thou
Conduct her hence. To thy command we give
The troops of Timur: lead them to the north.

Z E N A.

The lord of Tartary shall be obey'd.

Enter T I M U R.

Z I N G I S.

Have we not, Timur, with a father's care,
Rear'd thee to manhood? Have we not with pow'r
And princely dignities invested thee?
Have we impos'd restraint upon thy will?
Or enviously withheld thy steps from fame?
Yet thou hast these indulgencies return'd
With disobedience, treachery, and treason.
Twice hast thou suffer'd Aunac to escape,

Once

Once sav'd our greatest foe,—retarding thus
Our course to glory ;—dost thou think such crimes
Can be forgiven thee ?

T I M U R.

Timur does not mean

To justify his conduct, or assign
The rigor of his father, as the cause
Of disobedience to his high commands.
But in my soul, some other passions dwell,
Than those that tend to desolate the world ;
I feel for the distress'd.—How could I see
Ovis's father slain amidst her tears !
The king, who gave his daughter to my love,
With all his realms——

Z I N G I S.

Dost thou presume to claim
The kingdoms conquer'd by the sword of Zingis ?
Rebellious boy—forebear.—

T I M U R.

Let Ostar reign,

I claim not aught but her,—the fair remains
Of the long line that rul'd the eastern world.

Z I N G I S.

Thou shalt not shake thy father's firm resolves—
Know that our mind hath been divested long,
Of all those feeble feelings, that might stop
Our progress to dominion.—On a plan,
Extensive as the object we pursue,
Is form'd our conduct,—which nor perils sway,
Nor those soft passions, that are better nam'd
The frailties, than the virtues of a king.

Zena,

Zena, to-night, conduct her hence,—thy rout
Lies thro' the camp of Ostar.

T I M U R.

Chief, beware,
There's danger in the service. Touch her not,
Should I complain,—a tempest might arise,
Which would involve in ruin and in death,
The host of Zingis.

Z I N G I S.

Ha! he utters treason,—
Seize him.—

T I M U R.

The man who dares approach me first,
Shall perish in his insolence. This sword,
Which Zingis gave, shall never be resign'd,
To other hands than his.

[Giving his sword to Zingis.]

You now may come
And execute the orders of the king.

Z I N G I S, to his guards.

Forbear,—the race of Ogus, first of men,
Were ne'er disgrac'd with fetters, like their souls,
Their bodies still were free. Take back thy sword,
A soldier's spirit dwells upon his arms.
Know, Timur, tho' thy crimes excite our rage,
We'll sooner take away the life we gave,
Than break the manly vigor of thy soul.
But hope not our forgiveness. Leave this camp,
The desert is before thee. Should the sun
Rise on thee here, with death, and what is worse,
With infamy we punish thy delay.

[Exit Zingis, &c.]

T I M U R.

T I M U R, to an attendant.

Tamuzin, hasten to th' Eluthian lines,
 Bid Cubla meet me at the water-fall,
 Soon as the sun shall hide his splendid orb
 Behind the hills.—'Tis done,—the storm is o'er,
[Exit Tamuzin.

But the high heaving deep unsettled round,
 Wears still a face of ruin. Should Ovifa
 Consent to share my fate, I scarce could call
 My father cruel. See, the princess comes !
 She comes ! and glads my soul, as when by night,
 The weary traveller sees a friendly beam
 To light him o'er the desert.

Enter O V I S A.

O V I S A.

To thy arms

Receive me, Timur.—Why did I offend,
 I knew not all thy nobleness of soul.
 Forgive the error of a mind oppress'd
 With more than common ills ;—to thee I owe
 My father's life.

T I M U R.

Thy tears more powerful were,
 Than the commands of him who rules the East.

O V I S A.

Dark in his wrath, thy father pass'd from hence.

T I M U R.

And all his rage is turn'd against his son.
 In me Ovifa sees a banish'd man,
 This night I quit this camp.

H

O V I S A.

O V I S A.

Unhappy prince,
 Involv'd in the misfortunes of our house,
 Thy splendid glories set. It must not be,—
 Timur shall not be ruin'd.—Go, inform
 The tyrant, that his rigor has prevailed :
 I will compleat the purpose of his soul,
 And give my hand to Ostar.

T I M U R.

To my brother !

Was it Ovifa spoke !

O V I S A.

I will restore
 Thee to the love of Zingis,—to that sphere,
 In which thou ought'st to move, and then pursue
 That course my state requires.

T I M U R.

Farewel—

O V I S A.

My lord,
 Thou dost not mean to leave me !—

T I M U R.

The commands
 Of Zingis were, that I should leave this camp,
 Thou know'st how stern he is.

O V I S A.

O turn not thus,
 Thy wild determin'd look upon the ground.
 Timur——

T I M U R.

I must be gone,—the hour is near
 For my departure hence.—With small regret
 I plunge into the horrors which surround
 The fortune of an exile. Since Ovifa——

But

But I will not upbraid.—A prince disgraced,
Ought not to hope the favor of mankind
Should follow him thro' ruin. — [Going.

O V I S A.

Son of Zingis !
I'll not be left unheard—nay then—I'm urg'd
The sooner to my purpose.—I resolv'd
To place thee high,—to give thee back to fame,
To all thy dignities, and then demand
An end to grief from this.— [*Drawing a dagger.*

T I M U R, taking it from her.

Ovifa—hold——

Sultana of my soul,—thou must not thus
Withdraw from Timur. Thy auspicious light
Must mildly shine upon me thro' this gloom.
Forgive the jealous transports of a mind
O'erwhelm'd with love. Have I condemn'd unheard
The first of women !—

O V I S A, leaning on Timur.

O I'm sick at heart,
My sorrows, Timur, crowd too much upon me.

T I M U R.

Still there is hope,—some valiant friends remain,
Whose firm affections no misfortunes change,
Devoted to my service.—They shall guard
Ovifa hence.—To-night we urge our flight
Across the desert, to the Caspian shores,
And meet what fate decrees. My soul delights
To strive with fortune, in her gloomy hour,
To triumph o'er her frowns,—and to my sword
To owe my greatness, rather than derive
From ancestry a title to the world.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, The Camp of Zingis.

Z E M O U C A alone.

THE sun, descending from the clouded west,
 Hides in the billowy Caspian half his orb.
 Night comes apace. High Tugra, in a storm
 Involves his summits. Thro' the aged trees,
 That bend o'er Altay, from its rocky banks,
 Howls the unfrequent wind. The mum'ring voice
 Of Asia's gathered nations, mounts the sky,
 And dignifies with awful pomp, a scene
 That pleases well a soul resolv'd like mine,
 To push its lofty passions to extremes.

Enter Z E N A.

Z E N A.

My lord Zemouca, give thy soul to joy,
 Still there is hope.—The banish'd Timur bids
 His friends assemble near Ovisa's tent,
 'Tis thought that he will join.

Z E M O U C A.

Does Timur then
 Conspire with us? I would he had remain'd
 Firm to the Niron cause.

Z E N A.

Thy words surprize——

Z E M O U C A.

So will my deeds. This instant I'll disclose
 This plot to Zingis.——

Z E N A.

Z E N A.

Ha ! What madness clouds
 The reason of Zemouca ? Dost thou mean
 To ruin all thy friends,—to purchase peace
 And infamous forgiveness, with the blood
 Of those who would support thee—Draw thee forth
 From the misfortunes which obscure thy life ?
 Go—ruin'd prince—A mind so broke as thine,
 Deserves no change of fortune. *[Going.*

Z E M O U C A.

Chief of Kergis,

Thou must not go——

Z E N A.

Unhand me,—or, by heavens
 I may prevent the meanness thou intend'st,
 And to preserve thy fame, commit a deed
 I should perhaps repent.——

Z E M O U C A.

My gallant friend !

Let me explain myself.—Place not to fear
 The sudden resolution of a mind,
 Frantic with its misfortunes.—What avails
 The fall of Zingis, if his son should reign ?
 Nay—have Ovifa.—The detested thought
 Distracts my soul.—No more—no more of Timur.

Z E N A.

Yet thou didst once approve——

Z E M O U C A.

While there remain'd

A king to fill the vacant throne of Zingis,
 I urg'd his son to arms : but the reward
 Of his rebellion, should we now succeed,
 Is the dominion of the eastern world,
 For Aunac is no more.——

Z E N A.

Z E N A.

Our sovereign dead !

Z E M O U C A.

Murder'd by fierce Sidasco, who o'ertook
 His flight across the desert. Aunac scorn'd
 To yield to rebels. With his little troop
 He long sustain'd the fight, till cover'd o'er
 With mortal wounds—he bow'd his hoary head,
 And breath'd his sacred spirit on the winds.

Z E N A.

Perdition seize the traitors.—But let rage
 Give place to great revenge. We must enlarge
 This breach among the Nirons—Urge the prince
 With hopes of empire—Blow into a flame
 Each passion in his bosom, that may tend
 To rid the East of tyranny and Zingis.
 And then——

Z E M O U C A.

Proceed.——

Z E N A.

When the loud storm shall rise,
 And tumult riots thro' the gloom of night.
 While the young parricide, besmear'd with blood,
 Bends o'er his father.—Hast thou not a sword?——

Z E M O U C A.

A trusty one——

Z E N A.

Then plunge it in his breast,
 And thro' the dark confusion of the scene,
 Ascend the throne. The nations, struck with awe,
 Will settle in thy presence, and look up,
 As to a god, to him who dares to seize
 The crown, as due to his superior parts ;
 Tho' not transmitted by a line of kings.

Z E M O U C A.

Z E M O U C A.

My zealous friend—In other times than these
 Thy words would much offend.—Distracted—fall'n
 From every hope, ambition, love, revenge,
 May drive me to a deed my soul abhors,
 And stain my name with murder.—Had I been
 By fortune plac'd on less unequal terms,
 I would e'en scorn to be unjust to Zingis.

Enter C U B L A hastily.

C U B L A.

Zemouca—Zena—hence—away, with speed
 Alarm our friends.—The tyrant in his rage,
 Hastens from post to post, and is inform'd
 Of our conspiracy.—

Z E N A.

Then all is lost !

Z E M O U C A.

Let not despair assail your gallant minds,
 One bold resource remains. Prepare your tribes
 To join the fortune of Zemouca's sword.
 Between this rock and Altay's rushing flood,
 On a green narrow plot, conceal'd from view,
 The brave remains of Timur's wasteful sword ;
 A few determin'd friends now stand in arms,
 And wait my orders for a daring deed.
 Go—quickly arm—you soon shall hear of me.—
 [Exit.

(Enter an OFFICER in haste.)

O F F I C E R.

Ye Tartar princes—He who rules the world,
 Commands your presence.

Z E N A.

Z E N A.

We obey the king. *[Exit Officer.*

C U B L A.

By the long honors of my noble race,
 I will not go—beneath a traitor's name
 To fall by Zingis. I will arm my tribe,
 Avow my hatred—call the tyrant forth,
 And die or conquer in an open war.

Z E N A.

Ha! Would'st thou plunge thyself, thy friends, thy
 hopes,

In certain ruin?—Let us hence with speed
 And face the tyrant.—Zingis will avoid
 To seize on bare suspicion chiefs of power.

C U B L A.

But his suspicion is immediate death;
 Decisively severe, he singles out
 The object of his wrath, and like the flash
 That bursts from heaven, blasts it ere the world
 Perceive the storm is near.

Z E N A.

Should he accuse,
 Thro' his astonish'd guards our swords shall hew
 A bloody passage to his life, and give
 His guilty spirit to the rushing winds.

C U B L A.

It shall be so.—

[Excunt.

(Enter M I L A from the other side the stage.)

M I L A.

My lord—my husband—Cubla——
 Ha! do'st thou then forbid me to partake

The

The perils which furround thy noble life.
 But he is gone, and left me to my fears.
 How awful is this moment—On its wings
 Hangs the uncertain fate of all I prize.

Enter O V I S A.

O V I S A.

Where is the son of Zingis?—Whither turn'd
 The steps of Timur?—At an hour like this,
 Oppress'd by fortune, and o'erwhelm'd by woe,
 My soul demands his presence.

M I L A.

Has the queen

Heard of——

O V I S A.

The murder of my father, Mila——
 Do I seem unconcern'd? Have not mine eyes
 Some tears upon them? Do not sighs extend
 At times my bosom? Dwell no signs of woe
 Upon my features? Yes—my heart is hard,
 Else from my grief, thou ought'st to have perceiv'd
 That I had lost a father whom I lov'd. [*Weeps.*]

M I L A.

Alas! forbear——

O V I S A.

Disfigur'd, from his throne
 The king of Asia fell,—of a long race,
 Who sat aloft in Tartary, and rul'd,
 Like gods, with justice—Aunac was the last:—
 For what am I?—A solitary beam,
 Left by that sun behind—to shine a while
 A faint memorial of our splendid line,
 And then to fade in night.

I

M I L A;

M I L A.

Tho' loth to add

To sorrows great like thine—to wound a soul
That feels too much already, I must tell
Some further cause of grief.

O V I S A.

No—Mila—no.

Thou can'st not add to sorrows great like mine.
Forfake me—leave me—my disastrous state,
Drives me beyond the reach of further woes.
Alas my father! Pale and cold he lies
On the bare ground, beneath the chilly blast
That howls across the desert!—Will no friend
Direct me—lead me—bear me to the place
Where murder'd Aunac bleeds in all his wounds.
Some faint remains of life may wander still
Along his cheek—may falter on his tongue.
O let me press him in my warm embrace,
Let poor Ovifa close his dying eyes.

M I L A.

Forbear Ovifa—tho' perhaps this hour
Decrees the fall of all I hold most dear.
Such is thy strain of sorrow, that my heart
Melts at thy woes, forgetful of my own.—
All may be well again.—

O V I S A.

Yes—Mila, all—

But 'tis beyond the grave. This world presents
But scenes of woe, and horror to my soul.

M I L A.

My brother comes—how desperate is his state,
I know his purpose—my divided love
Would rend my heart: I must not tarry here. [*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Z E M O U C A.

Z E M O U C A.

Thou fair sultana of the eastern world,
Behold thy slave Zemouca—On his knees
He pays that homage which a subject owes
To the remains of Aunac's royal line.

O V I S A.

Arise thou friend of him who is no more.
The wayward fortune of our royal house,
Has fall'n too heavy on the faithful few,
Who follow'd us thro' ruin. Hapless prince,
The camp of Zingis is no place for thee,
Retire, and save thy life.—The royal cause
With Aunac fell for ever.

Z E M O U C A.

That depends
On Aunac's daughter. If that spirit dwells
In that white bosom, and I trust it does,
Which mark'd the genius of thy noble line,
Ovifa, in her beauty, may ascend,
From the misfortunes which obscur'd her race,
And rule the nations on her father's throne.

O V I S A.

No more—Zemouca—Such delusive hopes
Shall not betray me from the paths of grief.
Let me indulge my woes.—A captive here,
What can Ovifa do?

Z E M O U C A.

Not far from hence
My faithful tribe stands ready to convey
Their beauteous sovereign.—Ere the morning dawns

We shall be far from Zingis. In the West
The tyrant has a foe—Charizmian Mâhmud,
Who, thund'ring round his Caspian, now prepares
For war against the Niron. —

O V I S A.

Prince—no more !

I will not hence.—To move around the world,
To raise the scorn or pity of mankind ;
For majesty in ruins, ill becomes
Ovifa's sex and dignity of soul.

Z E M O U C A.

Timur detains thee—Yes—thy father's foes,
His murderers, the base usurper's race,
Alone have influence with the lost Ovifa.
The faithful few—his friends in his distress,
His only friends, amidst a rebel world,
The sole supporters of his falling house,
Must not expect his daughter's grateful hand
To draw them forth from ruin.

O V I S A.

Is it well

Thus to upbraid me in an hour of woe ?
I thought thee gen'rous.—Can'st thou wound a heart
That feels too much already. —

Z E M O U C A.

Time is lost.—

We must away—Thy inexperience'd youth—
My loyalty for Aunac's race—the love
That fires this bosom—shall excuse the deed—
I must determine for thee—bear thee hence—

[Seizing her hand.]

Our hope, our cause must not be lost.—This sword

Is

Is thy protection.—Yield not to thy fears ;
 Why dost thou tremble ? Struggle not my love—
 Hence—hence—away——

O V I S A.

Presumptuous man—forbear

This, to thy queen ?—Is this thy boasted love ?
 Thy faith to Aunac and his royal line ?
 Dost thou not fear me ?—hence — unhand me
 straight,

Or this thy sword— *[Seizing his sword.]*

Enter T I M U R, who draws and rushes forward, Ovifa interposes.

O spare him, daring Timur !

Unhappy man, he was the friend of Aunac,
 In the misfortunes of our house he falls—
 Despair invades his soul. Tho' great his crime,
 Why should it cancel all ? I must forgive,—
 I dare not be ungrateful. Son of Zingis
 Wilt thou not hear me ?

T I M U R.

Not with more regard

A voice from heaven.—Begone,—had not this
 place *[to Zemouca.]*

Been sacred like the presence of a god ;
 Were not Ovifa here,—thy insolence
 Would meet with its desert. Go, force me not
 To take that life I lately spar'd in war.

Z E M O U C A.

It shall be so,—a vengeance more compleat
 Becomes the spirit of Zemouca's mind.
 My desperate state demands decisive means
 To end these ills that compass me around. *[Exit.]*

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

Away—vain man,—thy secret schemes avail
 As little, as thy valor in the field.
 Come lovely mourner,—come into my arms,
 O sooth a while thy fluttering soul to peace;
 All is not lost. Tho' fate has been unkind,
 One still remains to shield thee from thy foes.
 Ovifa,—let us hence,—some faithful friends
 Wait on the Altay's bank.

O V I S A.

No—Timur—no,—
 Determin'd to remain,—my soul is fix'd
 On death or great revenge!—Shall he,—shall
 Zingis,—
 The murderer of my father,—of my race—
 Weild Aunac's scepter—while Ovifa lives?
 No—should mankind in meanness bow the neck
 To tyranny,—a woman's bolder hand
 Shall free herself,—nay more,—shall free the
 world.—
 Thus—thus oppress'd,—the softness of my sex
 Must sink beneath the greatness of my soul.

T I M U R.

What horrid gulph is opening to my view?—
 What should I do?—Here, hurried on to guilt,
 By all my wrongs,—by all the pow'r of love,
 And there withheld by virtue.—

O V I S A.

Turn away
 These dark, disorder'd looks that pierce my soul.
 Reject me,—leave me,—tear me from thy heart,
 I stain thy virtue, ruin all thy fame.—

I turn

I turn thy sword against thy father's life.
 Throw the persuasive mischief from thy arms.
 Alas ! why am I so oppress'd by fate,
 That I must urge to crimes I must abhor !—
 Ha ! we must part,—I am demanded hence,
 I know the dreadful course I must pursue,
 To calm this tempest that inflames my soul. [*going.*]

T I M U R.

O leave me not,—I will determine straight,—
 The thought is dreadful,—must I raise these hands,
 These impious hands, against a father's life,
 The king of Asia—

O V I S A.

Asia's king is dead,—
 And Asia's tyrant triumphs in his fall.—
 No son was left by Aunac to revenge
 His wrongs,—his blood. The poor, distress'd
 Ovifa

Is faint,—is feeble,—has not aught but tears
 To sooth the spirits of her murder'd race.
 O quickly call me hence, ye friendly shades
 Of those that are no more. Receive the last,
 And the most wretched of a hapless race.
 I come,—farewel—what darkness falls around !
 Support me Timur.

T I M U R.

Empress of my soul !
 I will support thee.—O'er her shaded brow
 Life faintly strays.—Awake, my love, awake ;
 O leave me not to horror and despair.
 She comes,—she breathes,—my soul is fill'd with
 joy.

Enter

Enter N A D I R, in terror.

What woud'st thou Nadir ?

N A D I R.

Prince thou art betray'd;

A thousand warriors, by the king's command
Surround this place,—thy train already seiz'd,
Are led in chains ; fierce Zena has possess'd
Each pass from hence.—At such a time of peril,
Can Nadir serve thee with his sword,—his life ?
Command them freely.

T I M U R.

Leave me, generous youth,
Why shouldst thou fall,—perhaps I may demand
Thy valor in a more auspicious hour,
But now away. [Exit Nadir.

Retire,—my love,—retire, [to Ovifa.
Regain the tent. The tumult of the scene
Suits not the feelings of a soul like thine.
I have some friends among the warlike lines,
That threaten us around. I still may raise
Their virtue in my favor, turn the scale
Of fate, and save the first of womankind.

O V I S A.

Stay, Timur, stay—

T I M U R.

The moment's on the wing
That may preserve us both.—

O V I S A.

I know thy purpose.
Thou plan'st some desperate deed, and wilt retire
From thy misfortunes in the way thou lov'st.

And

And wilt thou leave me in the midst of foes,
Depriv'd, perhaps, of means to end my grief?
It must not be,—a soul oppress'd like mine,
Throws off a woman's weakness, and demands
My share of danger—with the man I love.

T I M U R.

It shall be so, sultana of my soul,
I will remain.

Enter Z E N A, with guards.

Z E N A.

Go soldiers,—seize the prince,
It is the will of Zingis.

T I M U R.

Faithless man;

Dost thou presume?—Dost thou not fear this
sword?

Provoke me not.—With blood so base as thine,
It has not been dishonor'd.

Z E N A.

Prince, forbear.—

I will not answer unavailing rage:

Now to resist, were folly.—Thousands gird

This place with an impenetrable line:

Resign thy sword.—Suspicious darkly pass

Along the soul of Zingis,—he commands,

That, for this night, his son may be confin'd

Among the warlike Kergis.

O V I S A.

Timur, yield—

Alas, they are an army. Let me not

Behold the hope of Asia in his blood.

K.

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

My spirit yields not,—but thy tears prevail.
 Nadir, advance ; I saw thee in the field
 Act well a soldier's part : receive my sword,
 It is a present which I scorn to give
 To any but a soldier. Chief of Kergis,
 Thy honourable service is perform'd,
 Conduct me hence.—

Z E N A.

The orders of the king
 Extend to fair Ovifa ;—thro' the night,
 I must convey her to the camp of Octar ;
 So Zingis has commanded.

T I M U R.

He who dares
 To touch this goddess, with unhallowed hands,
 Shall perish in her presence.—Ha ! my sword,—
 'Tis gone,—the moment of revenge is past,
 Unhappy Timur cannot die with fame.
 And shall she thus be severed from my heart ?
 Ovifa !

O V I S A.

Timur,—fate has done its worst,
 And we must part.—Lead Omrah, lead me hence.—
 Detain me not, [to Timur.] alas, to strive is vain,—
 Farewel, my lord,—thou soon shalt hear of me.—
 Perhaps thy cruel father will relent,
 When he shall hear his rigor laid me low ;
 Perhaps he then may listen to thy grief,
 And give what was Ovifa, to thy tears.
 O place me by my father,—let his hand,

Cold

Cold as it is, support his daughter's head,
Thro' her long slumbers in the peaceful grave.
[*Exeunt Zena and guards, with Ovifa.*]

TIMUR, alone.

Where am I?—whither shall I turn my steps?
I'm here in darkness,—the fair light is gone,
That gilded o'er my melancholy state.—
I must resolve, she shall not thus be torn
From Timur's side.—I'll wake his armies round,
Proclaim my wrongs,—demand their aid aloud,
And save Ovifa, or my life resign. [Going.]

Enter CUBLA.

CUBLA.

'Twas nobly spoke, at length thou hast resolv'd.—
This is the time to right thyself,—thy love ;—
To gain the scepter wrested from thy hand,—
To save Ovifa.—

TIMUR.

Let us hence, with speed——
She shall be rescued, or this arm shall fail.—

CUBLA.

Stop, son of Zingis,—know, the queen is safe.
The mounted squadrons wait thy last resolves,
Ere they convey her hence.—Brave Zena still
Is Timur's friend,—if Timur will be bold.
He sends thy sword to testify his zeal.
Thou wer't irresolute,—and he perform'd
Thy father's orders,—will obey him still,
Shouldst thou thy tame morality pursue.—

K 2

TIMUR.

T I M U R.

It shall be so,—all further thought away.
 Haste, arm the tribes,—let all the gallant chiefs
 Who draw the sword for Timur, straight convene
 Before Ovifa's tent.—The fire that long
 Within this bosom pent, convuls'd my frame,
 Shall burst in thunder forth,—and shake the world.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

Enter TIMUR.

TIMUR.

TH' appointed time draws near. —The silent
moon,

Now, cold and wan, rolls down the hazy west,
And hastes to hide her half-enlighten'd orb.

At such a dreary, undistinguish'd hour,
The guilty ought to perpetrate such crimes
As ill can bear the splendid eye of day.

Yet I am urg'd with such uncommon force—
By love, by wrongs, by all a father's crimes—
To use the sword—that, partial to my state,
Mankind will pity, where they can't approve.

Enter CUBLA, ZENA, and Conspirators.

Hail, gallant chiefs. Are all the tribes in arms?

CONSPIRATORS.

All under arms.

CUBLA.

We only wait to know
The post assign'd to each.—Thy high commands,
To point the line of action thro' the night.

TIMUR.

Our daring enterprize, my friends, demands
Conduct as well as valor.—On that hill
No feeble foe securely dreams in night.
To wrest the world from Zingis, is a deed
As full of peril as it is of fame.

Cubla,

Cubla, the haughty Nirons, who are form'd
 Before the royal square—and boast the blood
 Of Zingis, must be vanquish'd by the spear.
 To the bold Tomats, who defend the pass
 Along the river—Zena, we oppose
 Thy hardy tribe.—To bold Jessugi's sword
 Assign the stubborn Vigurs on the left.
 To thee, Togai, the noble task we give
 To break the Munguls, marshall'd in the rear.
 Araptan, strike confusion and dismay
 Thro' all the nations that extend their lines
 Towards the mountains.—Timur draws the sword
 Against the chosen Toman *, that aloft
 Look forward from their shields thro' dusky night,
 And guard their sovereign with a wall of steel.

C U B L A.

What is the signal?

T I M U R.

When you thrice shall hear
 The midnight watch resounding from the rock
 Where Zingis stands in arms—on every side
 Exalt the shout of war—assail at once
 Th' embattl'd Nirons.—Thro' the storms we raise;
 Ascend victorious; or by noble deaths
 Avoid dishonour.

A L L.

Victory and Timur! [*Exeunt Conspir.*]

T I M U R.

'Tis done—Amidst his armies Zingis falls.
 But yet, to sit upon the Tartar throne,
 Red with a father's blood, and to derive

* A body of ten thousand men.

My title from rebellion—is a state
My soul approves not.—

Enter O V I S A.

Bright sultana, come,
And, like a sunbeam seen before a storm,
Diffuse a pleasing melancholy light
Along a mind that's shadow'd o'er with woe.

O V I S A.

Alas, Ovifa is the guilty cause
Of all the griefs that shadow o'er thy soul.
'Twas I disgrac'd thee : 'twas the adverse fate
Of the devoted line, that, like a blast,
Pass'd o'er thy blighted honors—laid thee low,
To wither in thy prime. To ruin Timur
Was not enough—I made a parricide
Of him I lov'd.

T I M U R.

Forbear, my soul's delight !
I blame thee not, thou first of womankind !
Fate urg'd me on—a concourse of events
Decrees his fall—

O V I S A.

The tyrant should have dy'd
But by these hands—the last—the poor remains
Of Aunac's house—his murder'd sovereign's race
Should rid the world of Zingis—should revenge
The treachery, the treasons, and the blood
By which he rose into the Tartar throne.
I have offended—he's thy father, Timur ;
Forgive the rage, the madness, the despair
Of one, so broken with uncommon woes. [*Weeps.*]

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

O harrafs not a foul fo foft as thine
 With dire viciffitudes of grief and rage.—
 All may be well—becalm thy mind awhile ;
 Our time is fhort—this hour—

O V I S A.

May be the laft

We ere fhall meet—I know it, fon of Zingis ;
 And have resolv'd.—The fpirit of our race
 Has not forfaken this diftracted breaft.
 Should Timur fall—and my foreboding heart
 Still dreads the worft—why fhould I ftay behind ?
 To lofe again my father, brother, friends,
 All thefe art thou to defolate Ovifa.

T I M U R.

How fhall I footh to reft thy mournful mind ?
 Let heaven difpofe of me—

[The first watch founds.

That calls me hence—

This one embrace—it fhall not be the laft.
 Compoze thy foul, my love ;—O let not grief
 Diffolve thee thus—convulfe thy tender frame—
 Again— *[Second found.*

Be not too rafh.—This dreary place—
 The deed a doing, and the gloom of night
 Replete with horrors, may awake defpair.
 O think on Timur—think upon his woes.
 Should he behold— *[Third found.*

I come—I come—Farewell. *[Exit.*

O V I S A.

He's gone—for ever vanifh'd from my eyes !
 O king—O father—if thy fpirit ftrays

On

On the dark winds that whistle round my head—
 Are these thy passing steps that sound aloft
 Along the rustling branches of that oak ?
 Look on Ovifa.—Have I not reveng'd
 Thy murder—thy slain son—thy kingdom lost—
 The ruin'd glories of a line of kings ?
 I arm'd his son against thy cruel foe ;
 Plung'd into guilt, for thee, the first of men ;
 And risk'd a life much dearer than my own.
 Art thou not satisfy'd—

Enter M I L A.

M I L A.

Alas, Ovifa, we are left alone.
 The hill is bare of troops.—The waning moon
 Has disappear'd—the melancholy blast
 Of midnight, mixing with the Altay's roar,
 Sounds thro' the lonely tents. The night is dark—
 With horror fill'd—

O V I S A.

It suits my state of mind.
 Mila, the long disasters of our house
 Are drawing to conclusion.—I observ'd
 A brother's present in thy bosom hid—
 Thy queen demands it.—

M I L A.

Ha ! what means Ovifa !

O V I S A.

That dagger, Mila—

[*Snatching a dagger from Mila's bosom.*

My superior woes,

L

My

My rank commands priority in death—

[*Noise at a distance.*

The dreadful strife is swelling in the wind—

[*Kneeling.*

Thou soul divine, that dost pervade the world,
If from thy awful dwelling in the skies,
Where round thy throne the murm'ring thunder
walks,

The ready minister of thy commands,
Thou look'st thro' the breaches of thy storms,
At times, on earth. O turn thine eyes on Timur :
Ward off the hand of death—

[*The noise increases ; Ovifa starts up.*

Perhaps his soul

This very instant issued thro' his wounds.

M I L A.

Alas, my queen, what horrors shake thy frame !
What wildness flashes from Ovifa's eyes !
All may be well—forbear—

O V I S A.

I shall be firm—

Firm as the son of Aunac—he who fell
Amidst his ruin'd armies—On that rock
Which bends its mossy forehead o'er the stream,
There stands a tree ; it murmurs to the wind.
Shrill in its top, last night, I heard the voice
Of passing Zangon—thou shalt find me there.
Go, bid my slaves, if any yet attend
The desolate Ovifa, to observe
The progress of events—to mark the time
When Timur falls—If Asia's hope must die.
That thro' the dreary horrors of the night,
My soul may join the lord of my desires. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE changes to the Royal Pavilion.

Enter ZINGIS, NEVIAN, Officers and Attendants.

Shouts at a Distance.

ZINGIS.

This is the feeble effort of despair.
Zemouca seeks for death. His haughty soul,
Bereft of hope, awakes this tumult round,
And in a daring action longs to leave
The world it fail'd to rule—

Enter an OFFICER in haste.

OFFICER.

Zemouca, Zena,

The Soigarates—the Kergis—all in arms,
Attack the troops upon the Altay's banks,
And rush upon the line—the guards o'erwhelm'd,
From post to post roll back upon the square;
The gallant prince, Caredi, with his tribe,
Stems the rude torrent—but he soon must fall,
Unless supported—This from him to Zingis.

ZINGIS, to an Officer.

Balin, this instant hasten and repel
This impotent attack—But since mankind
Are slaves to fear, and armies by surprise
Have fall'n before a despicable foe,
We shall not fail in prudence—Sound to arms.

[Trumpet sounds.]

L 2

OFFICER.

O F F I C E R.

We are begirt with foes—On every side
 Bold treason walks thro' night—Confusion, fear,
 Run thro' our lines—I heard the dreadful voice
 Of Timur thundring thro' the horrid gloom ;
 While Cubla from amidst the war replies—
 Half of the tribes are rebels—Up the hill,
 Thro' men and arms, they hew their bloody way
 Towards the royal tents.

Z I N G I S.

Thy fears, young man,
 Have magnify'd the danger.—Let our guards
 Stand to their arms within the royal square.
 The son of Zingis must not be despis'd.
 Timur is brave—he only durst attempt
 A deed so great. Demand his father forth,
 And in the bosom of the midnight cloud
 Contend with him for Asia.

Enter S I D A S C O, wounded.

S I D A S C O.

All is lost—
 The line is broke—within the royal square
 Death ravages at large—Our bravest chiefs,
 The firm supporters of the fame of Zingis,
 Are struck with fear, and fly.

Z I N G I S.

Away—'tis time
 For Zingis to appear.

S I D A S C O.

It is too late—

N E V I A N

The camp of Ostar—

Z I N G I S.

Z I N G I S.

What of Ootar's camp ?

N E V I A N.

Let us retreat——

Z I N G I S.

Presumptuous man—no more—

Foe to my fame—dost thou—shall Asia's lord
 Shrink from the face of danger—blood shall swell
 The Altay's stream—the East—the world shall
 groan

Beneath the shock of armies, ere from war
 The backward step of Zingis shall be seen.

[*Exeunt, except Sidasco.*]

Enter TIMUR, CUBLA, and other Conspirators,
 with drawn Swords.

T I M U R.

The tent of Zingis !—Spare the hero's life ;
 The conqueror of Asia must not fall.
 Stain not with horrid parricide the fame
 We have acquir'd.—Sidasco, in his blood !
 On thee the death of Aunac is reveng'd.
 Relentless, cruel Omrah.—Where is Zingis ?

S I D A S C O.

Fled to the camp of Ootar.

T I M U R.

Thou betray'ft
 Thy sovereign's fame—my father never fled.
 If, in the carnage of this dreadful night,
 Some spot is cover'd with uncommon heaps
 Of slaughter'd warriors, there the king of Nirons
 Lies

Lies pale upon his slain.—Convey him hence.
 We war not with the vanquish'd.—Haste, Togai,
 And with the music of the Tomans bring
 The bright Ovifa : she shall rule the East.

C U B L A.

The troops must have a king—they look aloft
 To him who pull'd the tyrant from his sphere.
 This land of heroes to the sword alone
 Will yield obedience. How can female hands
 Ere wield the scepter Zingis could not hold !

C H I E F S.

Let Timur reign !

C U B L A.

The moment's on the wing.
 Then seize it prince, ere wild dissentions rise.
 Mankind are struck with novelty, and he,
 Who, thro' the rude disorders of the night,
 Has courage to ascend the Tartar throne,
 Will be supported,—Timur king of Tartars !

C H I E F S.

Timur, king of Tartars !

T I M U R.

Since then the public voice—

Enter Z E M O U C A, with his Party, hastily,
 with his sword drawn.

Z E M O U C A.

The man who dares
 To mount this throne, shall perish in his crime.
 The race of Aunac shall the Tartars rule.
 Ovifa only has a right to reign.

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

Prefumptuous man, who in this thin disguise
Of loyalty, dost hide thy own designs,
Thy insolence forbear,—or else this sword—

Z E M O U C A.

Vain are thy threats,—the base usurping Niron,
Who rais'd himself, as every villain may,
By perfidy, by treason, and by blood,
Is now removed, thou parricide, by thee.—
Nor shall the tyrant's race—

T I M U R.

Audacious, slave !

Thus Timur answers— *[They fight,*

Z E M O U C A.

Niron, at thy heart——

Thus perish all—Ha ! still his adverse fate
Pursues Zemouca—Faithless to my hand,
[Throwing away his sword.

Hadst thou but done my purpose.—Unreveng'd
I die.— *[Falls.*

The Niron's fortune still prevails.

The world, for which I fought and toil'd so long,
Is now secur'd to Timur.—Bright Ovifa,
She too is his.—The kingdoms of my fathers
Are fall'n for ever. But my soul is free.— *[Dies.*

C U B L A.

Why totter thus thy weak, unsteady steps ?
What paleness, Timur, wanders o'er thy face ?
How fares it with the prince ?

T I M U R.

Does Zingis live ?

C U B L A.

C U B L A.

What means my lord ?

T I M U R.

Go grasp his royal knees,
If yet he wanders thro' his ruin'd lines,—
He may forgive you. Heaven reveng'd his wrongs
On his rebellious son.

C U B L A.

He bleeds to death——

T I M U R.

If, midst his hosts, the lord of Asia fell,
Repair to Octar,—he alone can hold
The scepter of his father. Let him not—
I knew him generous, let not Octar use
His pow'r against Ovifa—Let her will
Be free amidst the horrors of her state.

Enter an OFFICER hastily.

All, all his lost !

C U B L A.

Explain thy fears,

O F F I C E R.

The king——

Zingis, advancing with his Niron guards,
Broke our victorious troops, and pour'd their flight
Down the steep hill. A while the valiant Zena
Flam'd in the front of war, and stop'd the foe
Till slain by Zingis.—Round the royal square
Each pass is seiz'd.

C U B L A

C U B L A, to Timur.

Thy presence may recal
The flying tribes.

T I M U R.

What now remains of life,
Cannot convey me hence.—My adverse fate
Lies heavy on my friends. Retire with speed,
Avoid the lord of Asia in his rage.

[*Exeunt conspirators, except Cubla.*]

C U B L A.

Let them avoid who fear him—Hapless prince ;
I did advise thee to this daring deed,
And will support thee to the last extrem.—
This to my fame I owe, and this to thee,
And to a spirit that disdains to yield.

Enter ZINGIS and his Party.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Z I N G I S.

Pursue the traitors. Thou rebellious youth,
That durst call forth thy father—shake his throne,
And make him anxious for the world he rul'd.
Ha ! dost thou tremble ? Art thou only bold
When fortune favors in the gloom of night ?
Degenerate boy ! We sooner could forgive
Thy crimes than fears.—

T I M U R falling.

My father is reveng'd.—

Z I N G I S.

Ha ! is it thus.—Has the rude chance of war
O'ertaken Timur in a deed like this ?

M Hadst

Hadst thou with fame, with honor cover'd o'er
Thy latter field,—In other wars expir'd,
These tears would flow from a more noble cause
Than pity for a son.

T I M U R.

Will Zingis grant
My last request.—Yet I have known so long
Th' unalter'd rigor of a father's will,
That Timur has no hopes.—I leave my friends,
Whom their affections list'd in my cause,
Involv'd in ruin.—Spare them—O protect
A poor disastrous mourner in her tears.—
Daughter of Aunac ! Let thy pride forgive
The feelings of a heart that's wholly thine.
I'll not solicit.—No,—Ovifa, no.
I will not wound thy dignity of soul,
By a request to foes. Yet Timur now
Can not defend—Ovifa—Oh—farewel. [Dies,

Z I N G I S.

I was to blame.—He ought to rule the East ;
For when my spirit should forsake the world,
His milder genius would have reconcil'd
The vanquish'd nations to the house of Zingis.

Enter O V I S A, led by T O G A I.

O V I S A.

I am betray'd—Perfidious man ! Is this—
Is this the king to whom thou lead'st Ovifa ?

Z I N G I S.

Remove the princess.

O V I S A.

Yes.—This scene of death.

Becomes this presence—Was it not enough,
 O thou destroyer of Ovifa's race!
 To slay my brother—In his failing years
 To murder Aunac.—Could not nature hold
 Thy hand from Timur?—Murderer of thy son!—
 Ah! whither wanders my distracted soul?
 By me he fell—'Twas my ill-fated love
 Brought him to this—made all this ruin here.—
 O Timur, Timur! [*Throwing herself on Timur's body.*]

No thou shalt not force

Her lord from poor Ovifa.—I resign
 My claim to Asia.—Does thy iron heart
 Deny me this—a portion of his grave?

Z I N G I S.

Nevian, convey her hence.—This scene of blood
 Disturbs her reason. [*Ovifa starting up.*]

O V I S A.

Tyrant, do thy worst.—

This world is thine.—There is a place beyond
 The limits of thy empire.—It becomes
 The last remains of Aunac's royal line.
 Thus—thus—to free herself— [*Stabs herself.*]

Z I N G I S.

Prevent her Nevian.—

N E V I A N.

It is too late——

O V I S A.

O thou for whom alone
 I could have borne to live—it was not kind

M 2

To

To leave me lonely thus : My murder'd lord—
 If still thy spirit hovers in the wind,
 O let me hear thy voice—Awhile delay—
 My soul is fluttering on its parting wings—
 I see thee faintly, Timur !—Ha !—that cloud
 Comes in between—O—leave me not my love.—
[Dies.

Z I N G I S.

Nevian convene our chiefs within the square,
 We have commands to give.—We must restore
 From this rude storm that has pass'd o'er our camp,
 Our intermitted pow'r. Tomorrow war
 Shall roll this scene of sorrow from our mind.—
 And Zingis, like the sun thro' cloudless heaven,
 Shall urge his course to conquest. Chief of Eluths,
[To Cubla.

It was not well to arm our son against us.
 But there's enough of blood.—Go—hence—away.—
 And yet the generous passions of the soul,
 Those homely virtues of a private life,
 Suit not our great designs.—We sit aloft,
 In thunder and in clouds, to awe the world,
 And first must conquer, ere we bless mankind.

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. GARRICK,

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

I'M sent good folks, to speak the Epilogue,
But 'tis so dull—I'll cheat the scribbling rogue;
Among ourselves, your loss will be but small,—
YOU'RE * too polite for Epilogue to call; [** to the Boxes.*
But as for You †,—it is your joy and pride,

[*† to the Gallery*]

Ever to call — but never satisfied. —

Will you, ye Criticks, give up Rome and Greece?

And turn Mahometans, and save this Piece?

What, shall our stage receive this Tartar race,

Each whisker'd hero with a copper face?

I hate the Tartars,—hate their vile religion,—

We have no souls forsooth — that's their decision!

These brutes, some horrid prejudice controuls;

Speak, English husbands — have your wives no souls?

Then for our persons—still more shameful work,

A hundred women wed a single Turk!

Again, ye English husbands, what say you?

A hundred wives! you would not wish for *Two*.

Romans and Greeks for me! — O that dear Sparta!

Their women had a noble Magna Charta!

There a young hero, had he won fair fame,

Might from her husband, ask a lovely dame;

The happy husband of the honour vain,

Gave her with joy, took her with joy again;

The chosen dame, no struggles had within,

For to refuse had been a public sin.—

And

E P I L O G U E.

And to their honour, all historians say,
No Spartan lady, ever sinn'd that way.—

Ye Fair, who have not yet thrown out your bait,
To tangle captives in the married state;
Take heed I warn you, where your snares you set,
O let not Infidels come near your net.
Let hand in hand with prudence go your wishes,
Men are in general, the strangest fishes !
Do not for misery your beauty barter,
And, O take heed,—you do not catch a Tartar.



THE
ORPHAN
OF
CHINA,
A
TRAGEDY,

As it is perform'd at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
IN
DRURY-LANE.

*Nuncia fama ruit, matrisque allabitur aures;
Evolat infelix et fæmineo ululatu
Scissa comam, muros amens atque agmina curfu
Prima petit: non illa virum, non illa Pericli.
Telorumque memor: cælum dehinc questibus implet.*

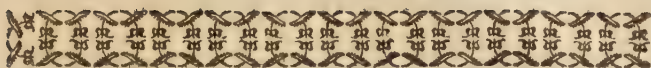
VIRG.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, 1772.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, Earl of BUTE,
GROOM of the STOLE
TO HIS
Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.

MY LORD,

THE generous concern you were pleased to express for the anxieties of a young Author, then wholly unknown to your Lordship, and trembling for his first attempt towards “the gravest, moralest, and most

A 2 “pro-

“profitable of all poems,” as Milton calls a Tragedy, was the distinguishing mark of a mind truly great, and endued with those fine feelings which are the ornaments of even greatness itself. To this your innate partiality for every endeavour in the polite arts I must ascribe it, that the following scenes met with an early approbation from your Lordship; an approbation that was at once the author’s pride, and his strongest assurance of success.

The Public have indeed very far outgone my most sanguine hopes, in their reception of this piece: but now, my Lord, *The Orphan* has another severe trial to go through; he must adventure into the world, unassisted by the advantages of representation: he must enter your Lordship’s closet, and there stand the examination of the most accurate criticism. *In Meti descendat judicis aures.* This cannot but be an alarming circumstance to a writer fully conscious of his own inability; who has not been able entirely to please even his own taste; who despairs of satisfying others of a more exalted relish in the arts, and therefore craves at your

DEDICATION. v

Lordship's hands that protection to his industry, which he is aware cannot be granted to his merit.

I have the honour to remain, with the truest respect, and most grateful acknowledgment,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged,

and most devoted

humble servant,

Lincoln's Inn,
April 30, 1759.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

PROLOGUE.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;
POET-LAUREAT.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more :
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,
Our triumphs languish in the public eye ;
And grave processions, musically slow,
Here pass unheeded,—as a Lord Mayor's shew.

On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light,
To China's eastern realms : and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon ; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece ;
Nor only richer by the spoils become,
But praise th' advent'rous youth, who brings them home.

One dubious character, we own, he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause !
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide ;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.

If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the subject's zeal extend ;
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
And spare his error for his Virtue's sake.

From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
For Britain knows no Right Divine in Kings ;
From freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
And thro' each line from freedom's choice it flows.
Justice, with Mercy join'd, the throne maintains ;
And in his People's HEARTS OUR MONARCH reigns.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

TH R O' five long acts I've wore my sighing face,

Confin'd by critic laws to time and place ;

Yet that once done, I ramble as I please,

Cry London Hoy ! and whisk o'er land and seas——— }

—Ladies, excuse my dress—'tis true Chinese. }

Thus, quit of husband, death, and tragic strain,

Let us enjoy our dear small talk again.

How cou'd this bard successful hope to prove ?

So many heroes,—and not one in love !

No suitor here to talk of flames that thrill ;

To say the civil thing——“ Your eyes so kill !”—— }

No ravisher, to force us——to our will ! }

You've seen their eastern virtues, patriot passions,

And now for something of their taste and fashions.

O Lord ! that's charming——cries my Lady Fidget, }

I long to know it——Do the creatures visit ? }

Dear Mrs. Yates, do, tell us——Well, how is it ? }

First, as to beauty——Set your hearts at rest——

They're all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at best.

And then they lead such strange, such formal lives !——

—A little more at home than English wives :

Lest the poor things shou'd roam, and prove untrue,

They all are crippled in the tinea shoe.

A hopeful scheme to keep a wife from madding !

—We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.

Then they've no cards, no routs, ne'er take their fling,

And pin-money is an unheard-of thing !

Then how d'ye think they write——You'll ne'er divine——

From top to bottom down in one strait line. [Mimicks.

We ladies, when our flames we cannot smother,

Write letters—from one corner to another. [Mimicks.

One mode there is, in which both climes agree ;

I scarce can tell——'Mongst friends then let it be—— }

—The creatures love to cheat as well as we. }

But bless my wits ! I've quite forgot the bard———

A civil soul !—By me he sends this card——

“ Presents respects—to ev'ry lady here——

“ Hopes for the honour——of a single tear.”

The critics then will throw their dirt in vain,

One drop from you will wash out ev'ry stain.

Acquaints you——(now the man is past his fright)

He holds his rout,—and here he keeps his night.

Assures you all a welcome kind and hearty,

The ladies shall play crowns—and there's the shilling party.

[Points to the upper gallery.]

Dramatis Personæ.

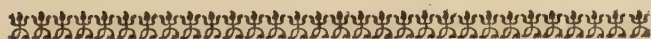
TIMURKAN, Emperor of the Tartars,	}	Mr. HAVARD.
OCTAR, a Tartar General,		Mr. BRANSBY.
ZAMTI, a Mandarin,		Mr. GARRICK.
ETAN, educated as his Son,		Mr. MOSSOP.
HAMET, a youthful Cap- tive,	}	Mr. HOLLAND.
MORAT, a faithful Friend of Zamti,	}	Mr. BURTON.
MIRVAN, a Chinese in the Tartar's service, se- cretly a friend of Zamti,	}	Mr. DAVIES.
ORASMING, }	Two con- }	Mr. PACKER.
ZIMVENTI, }	spirators, }	Mr. AUSTIN.
MANDANE, Zamti's wife,		Mrs. YATES.

Messenger, Guards, &c.

SCENE, PEKIN, Capital of CHINA.



THE
ORPHAN of CHINA.



A C T I.

Enter MANDANE and MIRVAN.

MANDANE.



O, never; Mirvan, never—still this
heart

Must throb with ceaseless woe—All-
gracious heav'n!

Will not this palace drench'd in gore;
the crown

Of China's kings fix'd on the Tartar's brow;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage!
Ah! will not these suffice, without fresh cause
Of bitter anguish in Mandane's breast?—

MIRVAN.

Better suppress these unavailing tears,
This fruitless flood of grief.—

B

MANDANE.

M A N D A N E.

It will not be —

Ev'n 'midst the horrors of this dismal hour,
When fate has all transferr'd from lost Cathai
To vile barbarian hands ;—in such an hour,
This heart, revolting from the public cause,
Bleeds from a private source ; bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's house —

M I R V A N.

Alas ! Mandane,
Amidst the gen'ral wreck, who does not feel
The keen domestic pang ?

M A N D A N E.

Yes, all.—We all
Must feel the kindred-touch ;—daily the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, son, and brother
In vain are sent to heav'n ;—the wasteful rage
Of these barbarians,—these accurs'd invaders,—
Burns with increasing fire ;—the thunder still
Rolls o'er our heads, threatening with hideous crash
To fall at once, and bury us in ruin.

M I R V A N.

And quickly fall it must !—the hand of heav'n
Weighs this great empire down. —

M A N D A N E.

Nay, tax not heav'n !
Almighty justice never bares it's arm
'Gainst innocence and truth.—'Tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian—that insatiate waster —
May curses blast the Tartar !—he—'tis he
Has bore down all, and still his slaughter'ring sword
In yonder field of death, where Corea's troops
Made their last stand for liberty and China,
Crimsons the land with blood.—This battle lost,
Oh ! then farewell to all.—But, Mirvan, say,
How came the tidings ? —

M I R V A N.

The ORPHAN of CHINA.

3

M I R V A N.

From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eyes, straining tow'rd the distant plain,
Sent forth an anxious look, thro' clouds of dust
The savage bands appear'd ; the western sun
Gleam'd on their burnish'd helms ; — and soon a
shout

From the glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan ; elated with new conquest,
The tyrant comes, and where his wrath will stop
Heav'n only knows. —

M A N D A N E.

Oh ! there—there lies the thought
At which imagination starts, appall'd
With horror at the scene her busy workings
Have colour'd to my sight—there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears—alas !
I tremble for my son —

M I R V A N.

Your son !—kind heav'n !
Have you not check'd his ardour ?—with your tears,
Your soft authority, restrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war ? —

M A N D A N E.

Alas, good Mirvan,
Thou little know'st his danger—but that truth
Must never pass these lips. —

M I R V A N.

I hope Mandane
Doubts not my honest zeal—full well you know
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate ;
That under him I lift, and wear this garb
In hopes that some occasion may arrive,
When I may strike an unexpected blow,
And do my country right.

B 2

M A N D A N E.

M A N D A N E.

Thy loyalty,
 Thy truth, and honour have been ever spotless.
 Besides thy wrongs, thy countless wrongs, the wounds
 He gave your injur'd family and name, —

M I R V A N.

Alas ! those wounds must still lie bleeding here,
 Untented by the hand of time—Not all
 His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
 Shall cool the burning anguish of my soul.
 What he, that slew my father ! dragg'd my sister,
 Blooming in years, to his detested bed !
 Yes, tyrant, yes ;—thy unextinguish'd foe
 Dwells in this bosom.—Surely then to me
 Mandane may reveal her griefs—her wrongs
 Will add new fuel to my hidden fires,
 And make them burn more fiercely.—

M A N D A N E.

Urge no more —
 My woes must rest conceal'd—yet should the tyrant
 Learn from the captives of yon vanquish'd host,
 That China's orphan breathes the vital air,
 And to himself unknown, within his breast
 Unconscious bears the gen'rous glowing flame
 Of all the virtues of his royal line ;
 Oh ! should they know that the dear youth survives,
 That for his righteous cause this war began,
 Their fury then would kindle to a blaze,
 Might wrap the world in flames, and in the ruin
 My blameless son must perish.

M I R V A N.

Seek not thus
 To multiply the ills that hover round you ;
 Nor from the stores of busy fancy add
 New shafts to fortune's quiver.—Zamti's care
 Hath still deceiv'd suspicion's wakeful eye ;

And

And o'er the Mandarin his manners pure,
And sacred function have diffused an air
Of venerable awe, which e'en can teach
These northern foes to soften into men.

M A N D A N E.

Yes, Mirvan, yes—Religion wears a mien
In Zamti's person so severely mild,
That the fierce Scythian rests upon his spear,
And wonders what he feels.—Such is the charm
Of heart-felt virtue; such is nature's force
That speaks abroad, and in rude northern hearts
Can stamp the image of an awful God.
From that source springs some hope:—Wretch that
I am!

Hope idly flutters on my trembling tongue,
While melancholy brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waste the mind with horror and despair.
—What noise is that?—

M I R V A N.

Compose this storm of grief;
In ev'ry sound your fancy hears the Tartar—
Your husband this way bends—

M A N D A N E.

Celestial pow'rs!
What lab'ring sighs heave in his breast?—what
terror
Rolls in the patriot's eye?—haste, Mirvan, hence;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumstance of ruin.

[Exit Mirvan.

Enter Z A M T I,

M A N D A N E.

Zamti!

Z A M T I.

Mandane!

B 3

M A N D A N E.

M A N D A N E.

Ah ! what hast thou seen ?

What hast thou heard ?—tell me,—has fate decreed
The doom of China !

Z A M T I.

China is no more ;—

The eastern world is lost—this mighty empire
Falls with the universe beneath the stroke
Of savage force—falls from it's tow'ring hopes ;
For ever, ever fall'n !

M A N D A N E.

Yet why, ye pow'rs !

Why should a tyrant, train'd to lust and murder,
A lawless ravager from savage wilds,
Where chearful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring heav'n
For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds ;
Why should a monster thus usurp the world,
And trample fair simplicity from ill
Beneath his ruffian feet ?—

Z A M T I.

Far hence, Mandane,

Those happy days, alas ! are fled, when peace
Here nurs'd her blooming olives, and shed round
Her soft'ring influence,—In vain the plan
Of sacred laws, by hoary elders taught,
Laws founded on the base of public weal,
Gave lessons to the world.—In vain Confucius
Unlock'd his radiant stores of moral truth ;
In vain bright science, and each tender muse,
Beam'd ev'ry elegance on polish'd life——
Barbarian pow'r prevails. — Whate'er our sages
taught,Or genius could inspire, must fade away,
And each fair virtue wither at the blast
Of northern domination,

M A N D A N E.

M A N D A N E.

Fatal day !

More fatal e'en than that, which first beheld
This race accurs'd within these palace walls,
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably lost. —

Z A M T I.

Name not the day,
Which saw this city sack'd—fresh stream my eyes,
Fresh bleeds my heart, whene'er the sad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind.—Why, cruel pow'rs!
Why in that moment could not Zamti fall ?

M A N D A N E.

Thy sanctity, the symbol of thy God,
Made ev'n the conqueror suspend his blow,
And murmur soft humanity. — High heav'n
Protected thee for its own great designs ;
To save the royal child, the new-born babe,
From the dire slaughter of his ancient line.

Z A M T I.

Yes, my Mandane, in that hour of carnage,
For purposes yet in the womb of time,
I was reserv'd. — I was ordain'd to save
The infant boy ; the dear, the precious charge,
The last of all my kings ;—full twenty years
I've hid him from the world, and from himself,
And now I swear — Kneel we together here ;
While in this dreadful pause our souls renew
Their solemn purpose. — *Both kneel.*

Thou all-gracious Being,
Whose tutelary care hath watch'd the fate
Of China's Orphan, who hast taught his steps
The paths of safety, still envelop him
In sev'nfold night, till your own hour is come ;
Till your slow justice see the dread occasion
To rouse his soul, and bid him walk abroad

8 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

Vicegerent of your pow'r;—and if thy servant,
Or this his soft associate, e'er defeat
By any word or deed the great design,
Then straight may all your horrible displeasure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin dash us both together,
The blasted monuments of wrath. —

M A N D A N E.

That here
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cause,
Be it enroll'd in the records of heav'n! *Both rise.*

Z A M T I.

And now my heart more lightly beats; methinks
With strength redoubled I can meet the shock
Of adverse fate.

M A N D A N E.

And lo! the trial comes —
For see where Etan mourns—See where the youth,
Unknowing of the storm that gathers o'er him,
Brings some new tale of woe. —

Enter E T A N.

E T A N.

My honour'd father,
And you, my helpless mother,—ah! where now,
Illustrious wretched pair, where will ye fly?
Where will your miseries now find a shelter?

Z A M T I.

In virtue—I and this dear faithful woman,
We ask no more. —

M A N D A N E.

Ah! quickly, Etan, say
What means that pallid look?—what new event
Brings on the work of fate? —

Z A M T I.

ZAMTI.

Say, does the tyrant
Return unglutted yet with blood? —

ETAN.

He does ;
Ev'n now his triumph moves within the gates
In dread barbaric pomp :—the iron swarms
Of Hyperboreans troop along the streets,
Reeking from slaughter; while, from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen, an uproar wild
Of joy ferocious thro' th' astonish'd air
Howls like a northern tempest :—O'er the rest,
Proud in superior eminence of guilt,
The tyrant rides sublime.—Behind his car
The refuse of his sword, a captive train
Display their honest scars, and gnash their teeth
With rage and desperation.—

MANDANE,

Cruel fate !

ETAN.

With these a youth, distinguish'd from the rest,
Proceeds in fullen march.—Heroic fire
Glow in his cheek, and from his ardent eye
Beams amiable horror. —

MANDANE,

What of this youth ?

ZAMTI.

Be not alarm'd, Mandane—What of him ?

ETAN.

On him all eyes were fix'd with eager gaze,
As if their spirits, struggling to come forth,
Would strain each visual nerve, — while thro' the
crowd

A busy murmur ran—" If fame say right,
" Beneath that habit lurks a prince; the last

" Of

76 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

“ Of China’s race.” — The rumour spreads abroad
From man to man ; and all with loud acclaim
Denounce their vengeance on him. —

MANDANE.

Ha ! what say’st thou, Etan ?
Heav’ns how each black’ning hour in deeper horror
Comes charg’d with woe !

ZAMTI.

It cannot be.—Ye vain,
Ye groundless terrors hence. —

Afide.

MANDANE.

My honour’d lord,
Those eyes upturn’d to heav’n, alas ! in vain,
Declare your inward conflict. —

ZAMTI.

Lov’d Mandane,
I prithee leave me—but a moment leave me.—
Heed not the workings of a sickly fancy,
Wrought on by every popular report.
Thou know’st with Morat I convey’d the infant
Far as the eastern point of Corea’s realm ;
There where no human trace is seen, no sound
Assails the ear, save when the foaming surge
Breaks on the shelving beach, that there the youth
Might mock their busy search. — Then check thy
fears —

Retire, my love, awhile ; I’ll come anon,—
And fortify thy soul with firm resolve,
Becoming Zamti’s wife. —

MANDANE.

Yes, Zamti’s wife
Shall never act unworthy of her lord.
Then hence I’ll go, and satisfy each doubt
This youthful captive raises in my heart,

Quick panting with its fears.—And O ye pow'rs!
Protect my son, my husband, and my king!

[*Exit Mandane.*]

ZAMTI *and* ETAN.

ZAMTI.

Come hither, Etan—thou perceiv'st the toils
That now incircle me——

ETAN.

Alas! too well

I see th' impending storm.—But surely, sir,
Should this young captive prove the royal Orphan,
You'll never own th' important truth.——

ZAMTI.

Dream not, young man,
To stand secure, yet blooming into life,
While vengeance hovers o'er your father's head.
The stock once fallen, each scyon must decay.

ETAN.

Then let me perish;—witness for me, heav'n,
Could Etan's fall appease the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And ask no greater boon of heav'n.

ZAMTI.

This zeal

So fervid in a stranger's cause——

ETAN.

A stranger! he!

My king a stranger!—Sir, you never meant it—
Perhaps you would explore the fiery seeds
Of Etan's temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's sacred name.—Perish the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of human kind, or bravely die,

Who

Who then to glory dead can shrink aghast,
And hold a council with his abject fears.

Z A M T I.

These tow'rings of the soul, alas ! are vain.
I know the Tartar well—should I attempt
By any virtuous fraud to veil the truth,
His lion-rage again shall stalk abroad,
Again shall quaff the blood of innocence ;
And for Zaphimri all the poor remains
Of China's matrons, and her hoary fires,
Her blooming virgins, and her lisping babes,
Shall yield their throats to the fell murd'rer's knife,
And all be lost for ever——

E T A N.

Then at once
Proclaim him to the world ; each honest hand
Will grasp a sword, and, 'midst the circling guards,
Reach the usurper's heart—or should they fail,
Should overwhelming bands obstruct the deed,
They'll greatly dare to die !—better to die
With falling liberty, than basely lead
An ignominious life.—Zaphimri lost,
Ne'er shall fair order dawn, but thro' the land
Slav'ry shall clank her chains, and violation,
Rapine, and murder riot at the will
Of lust and lawless pow'r.

Z A M T I.

Thou brave young man,
Indulge my fond embrace—Thy lovely ardor
It glads me thus to see.—To ease at once
Thy gen'rous fears,—the prince Zaphimri's safe ;
Safe in my guardian care——

E T A N.

This pris'ner, sir,
He does not then alarm you ?

Z A M T I.

Z A M T I.

No! from thence
I've nought to fear.——

E T A N.

Oh! fir, inform your fon
Where is the royal heir?

Z A M T I.

Seek not too soon
To know that truth—now I'll difclose the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring foul
Has long been fafhioning.—Ev'n at this hour
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accursed race——

E T A N.

Ruin!

Z A M T I.

I'll tell thee——

When Timurkan led forth his favage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then feiz'd
The hour, to tamper with a chosen few,
Who have resolv'd, when the barbarians lie
Buried in fleep and wine, and hotly dream
Their havock o'er again,—then, then, my fon,
In one collected blow to burft upon 'em;
Like their own northern clouds, whose midnight
horror

Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vaunt lightning's blaze, in ftorms and thunder
Thro' all the red'ning air, till frighted nature
Start from her couch, and waken to a fcene
Of uproar and deftruction.——

E T A N.

Oh! my father,
The glorious enterprize!

Z A M T I.

Z A M T I.

Mark me, young man. —

Seek thou my friends, Orasming and Zimventi.

In the dim holy cloisters of yon temple

Thou'lt find them musing—near Osmingti's tomb

I charge they all convene ; and there do thou

Await my coming.—Bid them ne'er remit

Their high heroic ardor ; let them know,

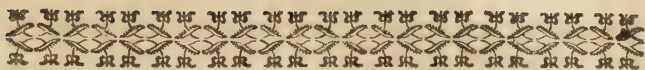
Whate'er shall fall on this old mould'ring clay,

The tyrant never shall subdue my mind.

End of the First Act.



A C T



A C T II.

Enter ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

***REAM on, deluded tyrant ; yes, dream on
* D * In blind security :—whene'er high heav'n
* * Means to destroy, it curses with illusion,
*** With error of the mind.—Yes, wreak
thy fury

Upon this captive youth ;—whoe'er he is,
If from his death this groaning empire rise,
Once more itself, resplendent, rich in arts
That humanize the world,—he pays a debt
Due to his King, his Country, and his God.
His father,—wherefoe'er he dwell,—in tears
Shall tell the glory on his boy deriv'd ;
And ev'n his mother, 'midst her matron shrieks,
Shall bless the childbed pang that brought him forth
To this great lot, by fate to few allow'd ! —
What would'st thou, Mirvan ? —

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Eagerly without
A rev'rend stranger craves access to Zamti —
His head hoary with age, with galling tears
His eyes suffus'd ; his ev'ry look impatience —

ZAMTI.

Give him admittance —
— How my spirits rush

[*Exit Mirvan.*]

Tumultuous

Tumultuous to my heart—what may this mean?
Lo! where he comes——

Enter MORAT.

MORAT.

Zamti! ——

ZAMTI.

Ha!—thro' the veil
Of age, that face—that mien—Morat!

MORAT.

Oh! Zamti!
Let me once more embrace thee ——

ZAMTI.

Good old man! *They embrace*
But wherefore art thou here?—what of my boy?

MORAT.

Ah! what indeed?—Ev'n from the ocean's margin,
Parch'd with the sun, or chill'd with midnight damps,
O'er hills, and rocks, and dreary continents,
In vain I've follow'd——

ZAMTI.

Why didst let him forth?

MORAT.

Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed.
His valour was the cause; and soon as fame
Proclaim'd the prince alive, the mighty din
Of preparation thro' all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breast—Indignant of controul
He burst his covert, and now, hapless youth——

ZAMTI.

Ah!—dead!—in battle fall'n!——

MORAT.

Alas ! ev'n now
He drags the conqu'ror's chain.—

ZAMTI.

Mandane then
May still embrace her son.—My boy may live,
To know the sweets of freedom, ere he die.

MORAT.

Alas ! the measure of your woes is full.
Unconscious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The prince his pris'ner in your son.—

ZAMTI.

Ah !—Morat !

MORAT.

Wild thro' the streets the foe calls out on Zamti.
Thee they pronounce the author of this fraud ;
And on your Hamet threaten instant vengeance.

ZAMTI.

There was but this—but this, ye cruel pow'rs,
And this you've heap'd upon me.—Was it not
Enough to tear him from his mother's arms,
Doom'd for his prince to wander o'er the world ?
—Alas ! what needed more ?—Fond foolish eyes
Stop your unbidden gush—tear, tear me piecemeal—
—No, I will not complain—but whence on him
Could that suspicion glance ?—

MORAT.

This very morn,
Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful messenger,
Who thro' the friendly gloom of night had held
His darkling way, and pass'd the Tartar's camp,
Brought me advices from the Corean chief,—
That soon as Hamet join'd the warlike train,
His story he related.—Straight the gallant leader
C With

With open arms receiv'd him — knew him for thy
son,

In secret knew him, nor reveal'd he aught
That touch'd his birth.—But still the busy voice
Of fame, increasing as she goes, thro' all the ranks
Babbled abroad each circumstance.—By thee
How he was privately convey'd—sent forth
A tender infant to be rear'd in solitude,
A stranger to himself!—The warriors saw
With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
An early hero! deem'd him far above
The common lot of life—deem'd him Zaphimri,
And all with reverential awe beheld him.
This, this, my Zamti, reach'd the tyrant's ear,
And rises into horrid proof. —

Z A M T I.

If so,

Oh! what a sacrifice must now be made! *Aside.*

M O R A T.

But when the secret shall be known —

Z A M T I.

Oh! Morat!

Does thy poor bleeding country still remain
Dear to thy heart?—Say, dost thou still revere
That holy pow'r above, Supreme of beings,
Mistaken by the Bonzée, whom our fathers
Worship'd in happier days! —

M O R A T.

He,—only he

For twenty years hath given me strength in exile.

Z A M T I.

Then bending here, before his awful throne,
Swear what I now unfold, shall ever lie
In sacred silence wrapp'd—

M O R A T.

MORAT.

I swear! —

ZAMTI.

Now mark me —

Morat—my son—(*turning aside*) Oh! cruel, cruel task,

To conquer nature while the heart-strings break.—

MORAT.

Why heave those sighs? — and why that burst of grief?

ZAMTI.

My son—his guiltless blood—I cannot speak—

Bursts into tears.

MORAT.

Ha!—Wilt thou shed his blood? —

ZAMTI.

Thou wretched father! —

Half aside.

MORAT.

Oh! had you known the virtues of the youth;
His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind —

ZAMTI.

I prithee urge no more—here nature's voice
Speaks in such pleadings:—Such reproaches, Morat,
—Here in my very heart—give woundings here,
Thou can'st not know—and only parents feel—

MORAT.

And wilt thou, cruel in thy tears —

ZAMTI.

Nay cease,
In pity to a father cease.—Think, Morat,
Think of Zaphimri —

MORAT.

Ah! how fares the prince?

C 2

ZAMTI.

Z A M T I.

He fares, my Morat, like a God on earth;
 Unknowing his celestial origin:
 Yet quick, intense, and bursting into action;
 His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
 Prodigious deeds!—Deeds, which ere long shall
 rouze,
 Astonish, and alarm the world.—

M O R A T.

What mean
 Those mystic sounds?

Z A M T I.

Revenge, conquest, and freedom!—

M O R A T.

Conquest and freedom!

Z A M T I.

Ay!—Conquest and freedom!
 The midnight hour shall call a chosen band
 Of hidden patriots forth; who, when the foe
 Sinks down in drunken revelry, shall pour
 The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him,
 And vindicate the eastern world.—

M O R A T.

By heav'n!
 The news revives my soul.—

Z A M T I.

And can'st thou think,
 To save one vulgar life, that Zamti now
 Will marr the vast design?—No; let him bleed,
 Let my boy bleed:—in such a cause as this
 I can resign my son—with tears of joy
 Resign him,—and one complicated pang
 Shall wrench him from my heart.—
 The conqu'ror comes! *Warlike music within.*

This

This is no hour for parlying—Morat, hence,
And leave me to my fix'd resolve. —

MORAT.

Yet think,
Think of some means to save your Hamet. —

ZAMTI.

Oh!

It cannot be—the soul of Timurkan
Is bold and stirring—when occasion calls,
He springs aloft, like an expanding fire,
And marks his way with ruin.—Now he knows
Zaphimri lives, his fear will make him daring
Beyond his former crimes—for joy and riot
Which this day's triumph brings, remorseless rage
And massacre succeed—and all our hopes
Are blasted, for an unimportant boy.

A second Flourish.

MORAT.

That nearer sound proclaims his dread approach—
Yet once more, Zamti, think —

ZAMTI.

No more—I'll send
Those shall conduct thee where Orasming lives—
There dwell, unseen of all.—But, Morat, first
Seek my Mandane.—Heav'ns! how shall I bear
Her strong impetuosity of grief,
When she shall know my fatal purpose?—Thou
Prepare her tender spirit; sooth her mind,
And save, oh! save me from that dreadful conflict.

[*Exeunt.*

*Two large Folding-gates in the Back-scene are
burst open by the Tartars, and then enter
TIMURKAN, with his Train,*

TIMURKAN.

Hail to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace !
Where this inventive race have lavish'd all
Their elegance ;—ye gay apartments hail !
Beneath your storied roof, where mimic life
Glow to the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls ;
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher scenes, where stern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx ; till this warlike arm
Hurl'd desolation on his falling ranks,
And now the monster, in yon field of death,
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin.—

OCTAR.

There he fell,
No more to stalk thy realm ; the eastern world
From this auspicious day, beneath your feet
Lies bound in adamant chains. —

TIMURKAN,

Thus, Octar,
Shall Timurkan display his conqu'ring banners,
From high Samarcand's walls, to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the sea. —

OCTAR.

But first this captive prince. —

TIMURKAN.

Yes, Octar, first
Zaphimri gluts my rage—bring him before us—first
We'll crush the seeds of dark conspiracy—
For Zamti—he, that false insidious slave,
Shall dearly pay his treasons. —

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Zamti's crimes

'Twere best to leave unpunished :—vers'd in wiles
Of fly hypocrisy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude.—'Twould seem,
Should we inflict that death his frauds deserve,
As if we meant destruction to their faith :
When a whole people's minds are once inflam'd
For their religious rights, their fury burns
With rage more dreadful, as the source is holy.—

TIMURKAN.

Octar, thou reason'st right :—henceforth my art
To make this stubborn race receive the yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their softer manners,
Their vesture, laws, and customs : thus to blend
And make the whole one undistinguish'd people.
The boy comes forth in sullen mood—what passions
Swell in his breast in vain ! —

Enter HAMET, in Chains.

TIMURKAN.

Thou art the youth,
Who mow'd our battle down, and fleh'd your sword
In many a slaughter'd Tartar. —

HAMET.

True ;—I am. —

TIMURKAN.

Too well I mark'd thy rage, and saw thee hew
A wasteful passage thro' th' embattled plain.

HAMET.

Then be thou witness for me, in that hour
I never shunn'd your thickest war ;—and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen
In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it. —

C 4 . . . TIMURKAN,

TIMURKAN.

Say, what motive
Unsheath'd thy rebel blade, and bad thee seek
These wars?—

HAME T.

The love of honourable deeds;
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

TIMURKAN.

Ha!—take heed, rash youth—I see
This lesson has been taught thee.—Ostar, haste,
Seek me the Mandarin—let him forthwith
Attend me here. (*Exit Ostar.*)—Now tremble at
my words!

Thy motive to these wars is known—thou art
Zaphimri.—

HAME T.

I Zaphimri!

TIMURKAN.

False one, yes;
Thou art Zaphimri — thou! — whom treach'rous
guile

Stole from my rage, and sent to distant wilds,
Till years and horrid counsel should mature thee
For war and wild commotion.—

HAME T.

I the prince!

The last of China's race! nay mock not majesty,
Nor with the borrow'd robes of sacred kings
Dress up a wretch like me—were I Zaphimri,
Think'st thou thy trembling eye could bear the shock
Of a much-injur'd king?—could'st thou sustain it?
Say, could'st thou bear to view a royal Orphan,
Whose father, mother, brother, sisters, all
Thy murd'rous arm hath long since laid in dust?
Whose native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'st dishonour?—whose wide-wasted country
Thy arms have made a wilderness?—

TIMURKAN.

TIMURKAN.

I see

Thou hast been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By some sententious pedant.—Soon these vain,
These turgid maxims shall be all subdued
By thy approaching death.—

HAMET.

Let death come on ;
Guilt, guilt alone shrinks back appall'd—the brave
And honest still defy his dart ; the wise
Calmly can eye his frown ;—and misery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.—

TIMURKAN.

Thy woes, presumptuous youth, with all my fears,
Shall soon lie buried.

Enter ZAMTI.

TIMURKAN.

Now, pious false one, say, who is that youth ?

ZAMTI.

His air, his features, and his honest mien
Proclaim all fair within.—But, mighty sir,
I know him not.—

TIMURKAN.

Take heed, old man, nor dare,
As thou do'st dread my pow'r, to practise guile
Beneath a mask of sacerdotal perfidy :
Priestcraft, I think, calls it a pious fraud.

ZAMTI.

Priestcraft and sacerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown.—Religion's garb
Here never serves to consecrate a crime ;
We have not yet, thank heav'n, so far imbib'd
The vices of the north.—

TIMURKAN.

TIMURKAN.

Thou vile impostor !
 Avow Zaphimri, whom thy treach'rous arts
 Conceal'd from justice; or else desolation
 Again shall ravage this devoted land.

ZAMTI.

Alas ! full well thou know'st, that arm already
 Hath shed all royal blood. —

TIMURKAN.

Traitor, 'tis false; —
 By thee, vile slave, I have been wrought to think
 The hated race destroy'd—thy artful tale
 Abus'd my cred'lous ear.—But know, at length
 Some captive slaves, by my command impal'd,
 Have own'd the horrid truth;—have own'd they
 fought
 To seat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
 Hear me, thou froward boy ;—dar'st thou be honest,
 And answer who thou art? —

HAME T.

Dare I be honest? —
 I dare ;—a mind grown up in native honour
 Dares not be otherwise—then if thy troops
 Ask from the lightning of whose blade they fled,
 Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's. —

ZAMTI.

'Tis—it is my son —
 My boy,—my Hamet —

Aside.

TIMURKAN.

Where was your abode? —

HAME T.

Far hence remote, in Corea's happy realm —
 Where the first beams of day with orient blushes
 Tinge the salt wave—there on the sea-beat shore

A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat.——

ZAMTI.

Oh ! ill-fated youth !

Aside.

HAMET.

The pious hermit in that moss-grown dwelling
Found an asylum from heart-piercing woes,
From slav'ry, and that restless din of arms
With which thy fell ambition shook the world.
There too the sage nurtur'd my greener years ;
With him and contemplation have I walk'd
The paths of wisdom ; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught,—whate'er the wife,
Still wooing knowledge in her secret haunts,
Disclos'd of nature to the sons of men,
My wond'ring mind has heard—but above all
The hermit taught me the most useful science,
That noble science, to be Brave and Good.——

ZAMTI.

Oh ! lovely youth—at ev'ry word he utters,
A soft effusion mix'd of grief and joy
Flows o'er my heart.

Aside,

TIMURKAN,

Who, said he, was your father ?

HAMET.

My birth, the pious sage,—I know not why——
Still wrapp'd in silence ; and when urg'd to tell,
He only answer'd that a time might come,
I should not blush to know my father,——

TIMURKAN.

Now

With truth declare, hast thou ne'er heard of Zamti ?

HAMET.

Of Zamti ?—oft enraptur'd with his name

My

My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praises of the godlike man.——

TIMURKAN.

Thou slave, *To Zamti.*
Each circumstance arraigns thy guilt.——

HAMET.

Oh! heav'ns!
Can that be Zamti!

TIMURKAN.

Yes, that is the traitor——

HAMET.

Let me adore his venerable form,
Thus on my knees adore——

ZAMTI.

I cannot look upon him,
Lest tenderness dissolve my feeble pow'rs,
And wrest my purpose from me—— *Aside.*

TIMURKAN.

Hence, vain boy!
Thou specious traitor, thou false hoary moralist!
To Zamti.

Confusion has o'erta'en thy subtle frauds.
To make my crown's assurance firm, that none
Hereafter shall aspire to wrench it from me,
Now own your fancied king; or, by yon heav'n,
To make our vengeance sure, thro' all the east
Each youth shall die, and carnage thin mankind,
Till in the gen'ral wreck your boasted Orphan
Shall undistinguish'd fall.—Thou know'st my word
Is fate.—Ostar, draw near—when treason lurks,
Each moment's big with danger—thou observe
These my commands——

Talks apart to Ostar.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Now virtuous cruelty repress my tears.

—Cease your soft conflict, 'nature. —Hear me,
Tartar.——

That youth—his air—his ev'ry look, unmans me
quite.——

TIMURKAN.

Wilt thou begin, dissembler?

ZAMTI.

Down, down, down——

It must be so, or all is lost—That youth,—
I've dealt by him—as ev'ry king could wish
In a like case his faithful subjects would.

TIMURKAN.

Do'st thou then own it?—Triumph, Timurkan,
And in Zaphimri's grave lie hush'd my fears.
Brave Ostar, let the victim straight be led
To yonder sacred fane; there, in the view
Of my rejoicing Tartars, the declining sun
Shall see him offered to our living Lama,
For this day's conquest:—thence a golden train
Of radiant years, shall mark my future sway. [*Exit.*]

ZAMTI.

Flow, flow my tears, and ease this aching breast.

HAMET.

Nay, do not weep for me, thou good old man.
If it will close the wounds of bleeding China,
That a poor wretch like me must yield his life,
I give it freely.—If I am a king,
Tho' sure it cannot be, what greater blessing
Can a young prince enjoy, than to diffuse,
By one great act, that happiness on millions,
For which his life should be a round of care?
Come, lead me to my fate.— *Exit with Ostar, &c.*

ZAMTI.

Hold, hold my heart !

—My gallant, gen'rous youth !—Mandane's air,
His mother's dear resemblance rives my soul.MANDANE *within.*Oh ! let me fly, and find the barb'rous man—
Where—where is Zamti ?—

ZAMTI.

Ha !—'tis Mandane—

Wild as the winds, the mother all alive
In ev'ry heartstring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy —*Enter* MANDANE.

MANDANE.

And can it then be true ?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breast ?
Art thou indeed so barb'rous ?

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane,

Fix not your scorpions here—a bearded shaft
Already drinks my spirits up.—

MANDANE.

I've seen

The trusty Morat—Oh ! I've heard it all.—

He would have shunn'd my steps ; but what can
'scape

The eye of tenderness like mine ?—

ZAMTI.

By heav'n

I cannot speak to thee.—

MANDANE.

Think'st thou those tears,

Those false, those cruel tears, will choak the voice

Of

Of a fond mother's love, now stung to madness?
 Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,
 Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast,
 Turn all connubial joys to bitterness,
 To fell despair, to anguish and remorse,
 Unless my son—

Z A M T I.

Thou ever faithful woman,
 Oh! leave me to my woes.—

M A N D A N E.

Give me my child,
 Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son;
 Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
 And let me strain him to my heart. —

Z A M T I.

Heav'n knows
 How dear my boy is here.—But our first duty
 Now claims attention—to our country's love,
 All other tender fondnesses must yield;
 —I was a subject ere I was a father.

M A N D A N E.

You were a savage bred in Scythian wilds,
 And humanizing pity never reach'd
 Your heart.—Was it for this—oh! thou unkind one,
 Was it for this—oh! thou inhuman father,
 You woo'd me to your nuptial bed?—So long
 Have I then clasp'd thee in these circling arms,
 And made this breast your pillow?—Cruel, say,
 Are these your vows?—are these your fond endear-
 ments?

Nay, look upon me—if this wasted form,
 These faded eyes have turned your heart against me,
 With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

Z A M T I.

Why wilt thou pierce my heart?

M A N D A N E.

M A N D A N E.

Alas ! my son,
 Have I then bore thee in these matron arms,
 To see thee bleed ?—Thus do'st thou then return ?
 This could your mother hope, when first she sent
 Her infant exile to a distant clime ?
 Ah ! could I think thy early love of fame,
 Would urge thee to this peril ?—thus to fall,
 By a stern father's will—by thee to die !—
 From thee, inhuman, to receive his doom !—
 —Murder'd by thee !—Yet hear me, Zamti, hear
 me—

Thus on my knees—I threaten now no more—
 'Tis nature's voice that pleads ; nature alarm'd,
 Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost feel-
 ing,
 When force would tear her tender young ones from
 her.

Z A M T I.

Nay, seek not with enfeebling fond ideas
 To swell the flood of grief—it is in vain—
 He must submit to fate.—

M A N D A N E.

Barbarian ! no— *She rises hastily.*
 He shall not die—rather—I prithee, Zamti,
 Urge not a grief-distracted woman :—Tremble
 At the wild fury of a mother's love.

Z A M T I.

I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
 But thou break thine.—Bathe your perfidious hands
 In this life-blood, betray the righteous cause
 Of all our sacred kings.

M A N D A N E.

Our kings !—our kings !
 What are the scepter'd rulers of the world ?—
 Form'd of one common clay, are they not all
 Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,
 To

To drink the cup of human woe?—alike
 All levell'd by affliction?—Sacred kings!
 'Tis human policy sets up their claim.——
 Mine is a mother's cause — mine is the cause
 Of husband, wife, and child;—those tend'rest ties!
 Superior to your right divine of kings!——

Z A M T I.

Then go, Mandane—thou once faithful woman,
 Dear to this heart in vain;—go, and forget
 Those virtuous lessons, which I oft have taught thee,
 In fond credulity, while on each word
 You hung enamour'd.—Go, to Timurkan
 Reveal the awful truth.—Be thou spectatress
 Of murder'd majesty.—Embrace your son,
 And let him lead in shame and servitude
 A life ignobly bought.—Then let those eyes,
 Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
 With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,
 To brighten slavery, and beam their fires
 On the fell Scythian murderer.

M A N D A N E.

And is it thus,
 Thus is Mandane known?—My soul disdains
 The vile imputed guilt.—No—never—never—
 Still am I true to fame. Come lead me hence,
 Where I may lay down life to save Zaphimri,
 —But save my Hamet too.—Then, then you'll find
 A heart beats here, as warm and great as thine.

Z A M T I.

Then make with me one strong, one glorious effort;
 And rank with those, who, from the first of time,
 In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,
 For conqu'ring all the dearest ties of nature,
 To serve the gen'ral weal.——

MANDANE.

That savage virtue
 Loses with me its horrid charms.—I've sworn
 To save my king.—But should a mother turn
 A dire assassin—oh! I cannot bear
 The piercing thought.—Distraction, quick di-
 straction
 Will seize my brain.—Think thou behold'st my
 Hamet,
 The dear, the lovely youth, my blooming hero,—
 Think thou behold'st him—See!—My child!—
 My child!

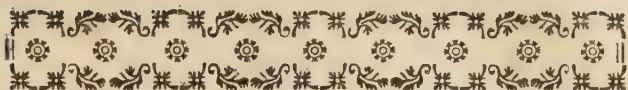
By guards furrounded, a devoted victim.—
 Barbarian hold!—Ah! see, he dies! he dies!—
She faints into Zamti's arms.

ZAMTI.

Where is Arface?—Fond maternal love
 Shakes her weak frame—(*Enter Arface.*) Quickly,
 Arface, help
 This ever-tender creature.—Wand'ring life
 Rekindles in her cheek.—Soft, lead her off
 To where the fanning breeze in yonder bow'r,
 May woo her spirits back.—Propitious heav'n!
 Pity the woundings of a father's heart;
 Pity my strugglings with this best of women;
 Support our virtue:—kindle in our souls
 A ray of your divine enthusiasm;
 Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts
 Th' impassion'd mind to that sublime of virtue,
 That even on the rack it feels the good,
 Which in a single hour it works for millions,
 And leaves the legacy to after times.

[*Exit, leading off Mandane.*]


End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

SCENE *a Temple. Several tombs up and down the stage.*

Enter MORAT.


 HIS is the place — these the long
 winding isles,
 The solemn arches, whose religious awe
 Attunes the mind to melancholy musing,
 Such as befits free men reduc'd to slaves——
 Here Zamti meets his friends——amid these tombs,
 Where lie the sacred manes of our kings,
 They pour their orisons——hold converse here
 With the illustrious shades of murder'd heroes,
 And meditate a great revenge——(*a groan is heard*)
 a groan !

The burst of anguish from some care-worn wretch
 That sorrows o'er his country——ha ! 'tis Zamti !

ZAMTI comes out of a tomb.

ZAMTI.

Who's he, that seeks these mansions of the dead ?

MORAT.

The friend of Zamti and of China.——

ZAMTI.

Morat !

Come to my arms, thou good, thou best of men——
 I have been weeping o'er the sacred reliques

Of a dear murder'd king——Where are our friends?
Hast seen Orasming?

M O R A T.

Thro' these vaults of death
Lonely he wanders,——plung'd in deep despair.—

Z A M T I.

Hast thou not told him?—hast thou nought reveal'd
Touching Zaphimri?

M O R A T.

There I wait thy will.—

Z A M T I.

Oh! thou art ever faithful——on thy lips
Sits pensive silence, with her hallow'd finger
Guarding the pure recesses of thy mind.—
But, lo! they come.

Enter ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, and others.

Z A M T I.

Droop ye, my gallant friends?

O R A S M I N G.

Oh! Zamti, all is lost——Our dreams of liberty
Are vanish'd into air.——Nought now avails
Integrity of life.——Ev'n heav'n, combin'd
With lawless might, abandons us and virtue——

Z A M T I.

Can your great souls thus shrink within ye? thus
From heroes will ye dwindle into slaves?

O R A S M I N G.

Oh! could you give us back Zaphimri!——then
Danger would smile, and lose its face of horror.

Z A M T I.

What,——would his presence fire ye!

O R A S M I N G.

ORASMING.

'Twould by heav'n!

ZIMVENTI.

This night should free us from the Tartar's yoke.

ZAMTI.

Then mark the care of the all-gracious Gods!
 This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold.
 Is not Zaphimri.—

ORASMING, ZIMVENTI.

Not Zaphimri!

ZAMTI.

No!

Unconscious of himself, and to the world unknown,
 He walks at large among us——

ORASMING.

Heav'nly pow'rs!

ZAMTI.

This night, my friends, this very night to rise
 Refulgent from a blow, that frees us all,——
 From the usurper's fate!——the first of men,
 Deliv'rer of his country!

ORASMING.

Mighty Gods!

Can this be possible?——

ZAMTI.

It is most true——

I'll bring him to ye straight—(*calling to Etan within
 the tomb*) what ho!——come forth——

You seem transfix'd with wonder—oh! my friends,
 Watch all the motions of your rising spirit,
 Direct your ardor, when anon ye hear
 What fate, long pregnant with the vast event,
 Is lab'ring into birth.——

ETAN comes out of the tomb.

ETAN,

Each step I move

A deeper horror sits on all the tombs ;

Each shrine,—each altar seems to shake ; as if
Conscious of some important crisis.—

ZAMTI.

Yes ;

A crisis great indeed, is now at hand !—

Heav'n holds its golden balance forth, and weighs
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's destiny,

While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.

Hast thou beheld that picture ?

ETAN.

Fix'd attention

Hath paus'd on ev'ry part ; yet still to me

It shadows forth the forms of things unknown ;—

All imag'ry obscure, and wrapp'd in darkness.

ZAMTI.

That darkness my informing breath shall clear,

As morn dispels the night. Lo ! here display'd

This mighty kingdom's fall.—

ETAN.

Alas ! my father,

At sight of these sad colourings of woe,

Our tears will mix with honest indignation.

ZAMTI.

Nay, but survey it closer—see that child,

That royal infant, the last sacred relict

Of China's ancient line—see where a mandarine

Conveys the babe to his wife's fost'ring breast,

There to be nourish'd in an humble state ;

While their own son is sent to climes remote ;

That, should the dire usurper e'er suspect

The

The prince alive, he in his stead might bleed,
And mock the murd'rer's rage.—

ETAN.

Amazement thrills
Thro' all my frame, and my mind, big with wonder,
Feels ev'ry pow'r suspended.—

ZAMTI.

Rather say
That strong imagination burns within thee.—
Do'st thou not feel a more than common ardor?—

ETAN.

By heav'n my soul dilates with some new impulse;
Some strange inspir'd emotion——would the hour
Of fate were come——this night my dagger's hilt
I'll bury in the tyrant's heart.—

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou?

ETAN.

By all the mighty dead, that round us lie,
By all who this day groan in chains, I will.

ZAMTI.

And when thou dost——then tell him 'tis the prince
That strikes.—

ETAN.

The prince's wrongs shall nerve my arm
With tenfold rage.

ZAMTI.

Nay, but the prince himself!

ETAN.

What says my father?—

ZAMTI.

Thou art China's Orphan;
The last of all our kings——no longer Etan,
But now Zaphimri!

D 4

ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha!

ORASMING.

O wond'rous hand
Of heav'n!

ZAPHIMRI.

A crowd of circumstances rise——
Thy frequent hints obscure——thy pious care
To train my youth to greatness.—Lend your aid
To my astonish'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected shock of royalty.

ZAMTI.

Thou noble youth, now put forth all your strength,
And let heav'n's vengeance brace each sinew.——

ZAPHIMRI.

Vengeance!——
That word has shot its light'ning thro' my soul.—
But tell me, Zamti—still 'tis wonder all——
Am I indeed the Royal Orphan?——

ZAMTI.

Thou;——
Thou art the king, whom as my humble son,
I've nurtur'd in humanity and virtue.
Thy foes could never think to find thee here,
Ev'n in the lion's den; and therefore here
I've fix'd thy safe asylum, while my son
Hath dragg'd his life in exile.—Oh! my friends,
Morat will tell ye all,—each circumstance——
Mean time——there is your king!——

All kneel to him.

ORASMING, ZIMVENTI.

Long live the Father of the eastern world!

ZAMTI.

Sole governor of earth!——

ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

All-ruling pow'rs! —

Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding China; are the fame and fate
Of all posterity included here

Within my bosom? —

They all rise.

ZAMTI.

Yes; they are; the shades

Of your great ancestors now rise before thee,
Heroes and demi-gods! — Aloud they call
For the fell Tartar's blood —

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh! Zamti; all

That can alarm the pow'rs of man, now stir
In this expanding breast. —

ZAMTI.

Anon to burst

With hideous ruin on the foe. — My gallant heroes,
Are our men station'd at their posts?

ORASMING.

They are. —

ZAMTI.

Is ev'ry gate secur'd?

ORASMING.

All safe. —

ZAMTI.

The signal fix'd? —

ORASMING.

It is: — Will Mirvan join us?

ZAMTI.

Doubt him not. —

In bitterness of soul he counts his wrongs,
And pants for vengeance — would have join'd ye
here,

But,

But, favour'd as he is, his post requires him
About the Tartar's person.—The assault begun,
He'll turn his arms upon th' astonish'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

Z A P H I M R I.

Now, bloody spoiler, now thy hour draws nigh,
And ere the dawn thy guilty reign shall end,

Z A M T I.

How my heart burns within me !—Oh ! my friends,
Call now to mind the scene of desolation,
Which Timurkan, in one accursed hour,
Heap'd on this groaning land.—Ev'n now I see
The savage bands, o'er reeking hills of dead,
Forcing their rapid way.—I see them urge
With rage unhallow'd to this sacred temple,
Where good Osmingti, with his queen and children,
Fatigu'd the Gods averse.—See where Arphisa,
Rending the air with agonizing shrieks,
Tears her dishevell'd hair : Then, with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief choaks its passage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breast
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathless she faints
Within her husband's arms.—Adown his cheek,
In copious streams fast flow'd the manly sorrow ;
While clust'ring round his knees his little offspring,
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outstretch'd,
Sue for parental aid. —

Z A P H I M R I.

Go on—the tale
Will fit me for a scene of horror.—

Z A M T I.

Oh ! my prince,
The charge, which your great father gave me, still
Sounds in my ear.—Ere yet the foe burst in,
“ Zamti,” said he—Ah ! that imploring eye !—
That

That agonizing look !——

“ Preserve my little boy, my cradled infant——

“ Shield him from ruffians——Train his youth to
“ virtue :——

“ Virtue will rouse him to a great revenge ;

“ Or failing—Virtue shall still make him happy.”

He could no more—the cruel spoiler seiz’d him,

And dragg’d my king—my ever honour’d king,—

The father of his people,—basely dragg’d him

By his white rev’rend locks, from yonder altar,

Here,—on the blood-stain’d pavement ; while the
queen,

And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,

Died in each other’s arms.——

Z A P H I M R I.

Revenge ! Revenge !

With more than lion’s nerve I’ll spring upon him,

And at one blow relieve the groaning world.

Let us this moment carry sword and fire

To yon devoted walls, and overwhelm him down

In ruin and dismay.——

Z A M T I.

Zaphimri no.——

By rashness you may marr a noble cause.——

To you, my friends, I render up my charge——

To you I give your king.—Farewell, my sov’reign.——

Z A P H I M R I.

Thou good, thou godlike man—a thousand feelings

Of warmest friendship—all the tendencies

Of heart-felt gratitude are struggling here,

And fain would speak to thee, my more than father.

—Farewell ;—sure we shall meet again.——

Z A M T I.

We shall——

Z A P H I M R I.

Farewell—Zamti, farewell. (*Embraces him*) Ora-
ming, now

The

The noblest duty calls us.—Now remember
 We are the men, whom from all human kind
 Our fate hath now selected, to come forth
 Asserters of the public weal ;—to drench our swords
 In the oppressor's heart ;—to do a deed
 Which heav'n, intent on its own holy work,
 Shall pause with pleasure to behold.—

[*Exit, with conspirators.*]

Z A M T I.

May the Most High
 Pour down his blessings on him ; and anon,
 In the dead waste of night, when awful justice
 Walks with her crimson steel o'er slaughter'd heaps
 Of groaning Tartars, may he then direct
 His youthful footsteps thro' the paths of peril ;
 Oh may he guide the horrors of the storm,
 An Angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
 On ev'ry guilty head.—Then,—then 'twill be
 enough,

When you have broken the oppressor's rod,
 Your reign will then be manifest—Mankind will see
 That truth and goodness still obtain your care——

A dead march.

What mean those deathful sounds ?—Again ! ——
 They lead

My boy to slaughter—Oh ! look down, ye heavens !
 Look down propitious !—Teach me to subdue
 That nature which ye gave.— [Exit.

*A dead march. Enter HAMET, OCTAR,
 guards, &c.*

O C T A R.

Here let the victim fall, and with his blood
 Wash his forefathers' tomb. — Here ends the hated
 race.——

The eastern world thro' all her wide domain,
 Shall

Shall then submissive feel the Scythian yoke,
And yield to Timurkan. —

H A M E T. *Standing by the tomb.*

Where is the tyrant?—I would have him see,
With envy see, th' unconquer'd pow'r of virtue;
How it can calmly bleed, smile on his racks,
And with strong pinion soar above his pow'r,
To regions of perennial day. —

O C T A R.

The father
Of the whole eastern world shall mark thee well,
When at to-morrow's dawn thy breathless corse
Is born thro' all our streets for public view.
It now befits thee to prepare for death.

H A M E T.

I am prepar'd.—I have no lust or rapine,
No murders to repent of.——Undismay'd
I can behold all-judging heav'n, whose hand
Still compassing its wond'rous ends, by means
Inextricable to all mortal clue,
Hath now inclos'd me in its awful maze.
Since 'tis by your decree that thus beset
Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
Be your great bidding done. —

O C T A R.

The fabre's edge
Thirsts for his blood—then let its light'ning fall
On his aspiring head. —— *Guards seize Hamet.*

M A N D A N E, *within.*

Off,—set me free.—Inhuman, barb'rous ruffians.—

O C T A R.

What means that woman with dishevell'd hair,
And wild extravagance of woe? —

M A N D A N E.

My griefs

Scorn all restraint—I must—I will have way.——

She enters, and throws herself on her knees.

Me,—me, on me convert your rage—plunge deep,

Deep in this bosom your abhorred steel,

But spare his precious life.——

O C T A R.

Hence, quickly bear

This wild, this frantic woman.——

M A N D A N E.

Never, never——

You shall not force me hence. Here will I cling

Fast to the earth, and rivet here my hands,

In all the fury of the last despair.

He is my child,——my dear, dear son.——

O C T A R.

How, woman !

Saidst thou your son?——

M A N D A N E.

Yes, Ootar, mine ;—my son,

My boy,—my Hamet (*she rises, and embraces him.*)

Let my eager love

Fly all unbounded to him — oh ! my child !—my
child !——

O C T A R.

Suspend the stroke, ye ministers of death,

Till Timurkan hear of this new event.

Mean time, thou Mirvan, speed in quest of Zamti,

And let him answer here this wond'rous tale. [*Exit.*

M I R V A N.

The time demands his presence ; or despair

May wring each secret from her tender breast. *Aside.*

And then our glorious, fancied pile of freedom,

At one dire stroke, shall tumble into nought.

[*Exit.*

M A N D A N E.

MANDANE.

Why did'st thou dare return?—ah! rather why
Did'st thou so long defer with ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry growing virtue, thus to raise
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?

HAMET.

Loft

In the deep mists of darkling ignorance,
To me my birth's unknown—but sure that look,
Those tears, those shrieks, that animated grief
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's strugglings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy the transport of a son.——

MANDANE.

Thou art, thou art my son—thy father's face,
His ev'ry feature, blooming in his boy.
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how hast thou liv'd
With faithful Morat?—how did he support
In dreary solitude thy tender years?——
How train thy growing mind?—oh! quickly tell
me,
Oh! tell me all, and charm me with thy tongue.

HAMET.

Myfterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to this,
In th' hour of peril thus to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majestic in distress,
At length to feel unutterable bliss
In her dear circling arms—— *They embrace.*

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, &c.

TIMURKAN.

Where is this wild
Outrageous woman, who with headlong grief
Suspends

Suspends my dread command—tear 'em asunder,—
 Send her to some dark cell to rave and shriek
 And dwell with madness—and let instant death
 Leave that rash youth a headless trunk before me.

M A N D A N E.

Now by the ever-burning lamps that light
 Our holy shrines, by great Confucius' altar,
 By the prime source of life, and light, and being,
 That is my child, the blossom of my joys—
 Send for his cruel father,—he—'tis he
 Intends a fraud—he, for a stranger's life,
 Would yield his offspring to the cruel ax,
 And rend a wretched mother's brain with madness.

Enter Z A M T I.

Sure the sad accents of Mandane's voice
 Struck on my frightened sense. —

T I M U R K A N.

Once more, thou slave! —
 Who is that stubborn youth?

Z A M T I.

Alas! what needs
 This iteration of my griefs?

M A N D A N E.

Oh! horror!—horror!
 Thou marble-hearted father!—'tis your child,
 And would'st thou see him bleed? —

Z A M T I.

On him! — on him
 Let fall your rage, and ease my soul at once
 Of all its fears. —

M A N D A N E.

Oh! my devoted child!

She faints.

H A M E T.

H A M E T.

Support her, heav'n! support her tender frame—
 Now, tyrant, now I beg to live—(*kneels*) lo! here
 I plead for life;—not for the wretched boon
 To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints;—
 But oh! to ease a mother's pains;—for her,
 For that dear object,—oh! let me live for her.

T I M U R K A N.

Now by the conquests this good sword has won,
 In her wild vehemence of grief I hear
 The genuine voice of nature.

M A N D A N E, *recovering*.

Ah!—where is he?
 He is my son—my child—and not Zaphimri—
 Oh! let me clasp thee to my heart—thy hard,
 Thy cruel father shall not tear thee from me.—

T I M U R K A N.

Hear me, thou frantic mourner, dry those tears—
 Perhaps you still may save this darling son.—

M A N D A N E.

Ah! quickly name the means.—

T I M U R K A N,

Give up your king,
 Your phantom of a king, to fate my vengeance.

H A M E T.

Oh! my much honour'd mother, never hear
 The base, the dire proposal—let me rather
 Exhaust my life-blood at each gushing vein.
 Mandane then,—then you may well rejoice
 To find your child,—then you may truly know
 The best delight a mother's heart can prove,
 When her son dies with glory.—

E

T I M U R K A N.

TIMURKAN.

Curfes blaft

The stripling's pride—— *Talks apart with Ostar.*

ZAMTI.

Ye venerable host,

Ye mighty shades of China's royal line,

Forgive the joy that mingles with my tears,

When I behold him still alive.—Propitious pow'rs!

You never meant entirely to destroy

This bleeding country, when your kind indulgence

Lends us a youth like him.——

Oh! I can hold no more—let me infold

That lovely ardor in his father's arms——

My brave,—my gen'rous boy!—— *Embraces him.*

TIMURKAN.

Dost thou at length

Confess it, traitor?——

ZAMTI.

Yes, I boast it, tyrant;

Boast it to thee, —to earth and heav'n I boast,

This,——this is Zamti's son.——

HAMET.

At length the hour,

The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,

“When Hamet shall not blush to know his father.”

Kneels to him.

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou intrepid youth!—what bright reward

Can your glad fire bestow on such desert?——

The righteous Gods, and your own inward feelings

Shall give the sweetest retribution.—Now,

Mandane, now my soul forgives thee all,

Since I have made acquaintance with my son;

Thy lovely weakness I can now excuse;

But oh! I charge thee by a husband's right——

TIMURKAN.

TIMURKAN.

A husband's right!—a traitor has no right——
 Society disclaims him—Woman, hear——
 Mark well my words——discolour not thy soul
 With the black hue of crimes like his——renounce
 All hymeneal vows, and take again
 Your much lov'd boy to his fond mother's arms,
 While justice whirls that traitor to his fate.

MANDANE.

Thou vile adviser!——what, betray my lord,
 My honour'd husband——turn a Scythian wife!
 Forget the many years of fond delight,
 In which my soul ne'er knew decreasing love,
 Charm'd with his noble, all-accomplish'd mind!
 No, tyrant, no;——with him I'll rather die,
 With him in ruin more supremely blest,
 Than guilt triumphant on its throne.——

ZAMTI.

Now then,
 Inhuman Tartar, I defy thy pow'r——
 Lo! here, the father, mother, and the son!
 Try all your tortures on us——here we stand
 Resolv'd to leave a tract of bright renown
 To mark our beings——all resolv'd to die
 The votaries of honour!——

TIMURKAN.

Then die ye shall—what ho!—guards, seize the
 slaves,
 Deep in some baleful dungeon's midnight gloom
 Let each apart be plung'd—and Etan too—
 Let him be forthwith found—he too shall share
 His father's fate.——

MIRVAN.

Be it my task, dread sir,
 To make the rack ingenious in new pains,

Till even cruelty almost relent
At their keen, agonizing groans. ———

TIMURKAN.

Be that,
Mirvan, thy care.—Now by th' immortal Lama
I'll wrest this myst'ry from 'em—else the dawn
Shall see me up in arms—'gainst Corea's chief
I will unfurl my banners—his proud cities
Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
Their smoaking ramparts—o'er his verdant plains
And peaceful vales I'll drive my warlike carr,
And deluge all the east with blood. ——— [Exit.

OCTAR.

Mirvan, do thou bear hence those miscreant slaves.
Thou, Zamti, art my charge—*Laying hold of him.*

ZAMTI.

Willing I come— *Shakes him off.*
The steady mind can scorn your mansions drear,
And brighten horror with its noon-tide ray.
Mandane, summon all thy strength.—My son,
Thy father doubts not of thy fortitude.

[Exit, guarded by Octar.

MANDANE.

Allow me but one last embrace— *To the guards.*

HAMET.

Oh! mother,
Would I could rescue thee. ———

MANDANE.

Lost, lost again!

HAMET.

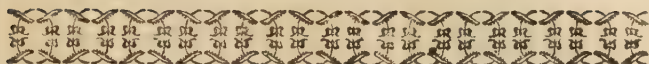
Inhuman, bloody Tartars.

Both together.

Oh! farewell. ——— [Exeunt, on different sides.

End of the Third Act.

ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Prison.* HAMET *in chains.*

Enter ZAPHIMRI (disguised in a Tartar dress) with MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

HERE stretch'd at length on the dank
ground he lies;
Scorning his fate.—Your meeting must
be short.——

ZAPHIMRI.

It shall.——

MIRVAN.

And yet I tremble for th' event;——
Why would'st thou venture to this place of danger?

ZAPHIMRI.

And can'st thou deem me then so mean of spirit,
To dwell secure in ignominious safety;
With cold insensibility to wait
The ling'ring hours, with coward patience wait 'em,
Deliberating on myself, while ruin
Nods over Zamti's house?

MIRVAN.

Yet whilst thou'rt here,
Thy fate's suspended on each dreadful moment.

ZAPHIMRI.

I will hold converse with him! ev'n tho' death
Were arm'd against the interview.—[*Exit* Mirvan.

H A M E T, *fall on the ground.*

—What wouldst thou, Tartar?

Z A P H I M R I.

Rise, noble youth,—no vulgar errand mine——

H A M E T, *comes forward.*

Now speak thy purpose.——

Z A P H I M R I.

Under this disguise——

H A M E T.

If under that disguise, a murd'rer's dagger
Thirst for my blood——thus I can meet the blow.
Throwing himself open.

Z A P H I M R I.

No ruffian's purpose lurks within this bosom.
To these lone walls, where oft the Scythian stabber
With murd'rous stride hath come; these walls that
oft

Have seen th' assassin's deeds; I bring a mind
Firm, virtuous, upright.——Under this vile garb,
Lo! here a son of China.—— *Opens his dress.*

H A M E T.

Yes, thy garb
Denotes a son of China; and those eyes
Roll with no black intent.——Say on——

Z A P H I M R I.

Inflam'd with admiration of heroic deeds,
I come to seek acquaintance with the youth,
Who for his king would bravely die.——

H A M E T.

Say then,
Dost thou applaud the deed?——

Z A P H I M R I.

By heav'n, I do.——

Yes,

Yes, virtuous envy rises in my soul——
Thy ardor charms me, and ev'n now I pant
To change conditions with thee.——

H A M E T.

Then my heart
Accepts thy proffer'd friendship ;—— in a base,
A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force,
And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
And sunk our native genius ;——thou retain'st
A sense of ancient worth.——But wherefore here,
To this sad mansion, this abode of sorrow,
Com'st thou to know a wretch that soon must die ?

Z A P H I M R I.

By heav'n, thou shalt not die——I come to speak
The gladsome tidings of a happier fate.——
By me Zaphimri sends——

H A M E T.

Zaphimri sends !
Kind pow'rs !——Where is the king ?——

Z A P H I M R I.

His steps are safe ;
Unseen as is the arrow's path.——By me he says,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue.——
By me he swears, rather than thou should'st fall,
He will emerge from dark obscurity,
And greatly brave his fate.——

H A M E T.

Ha !——die for me !
For me, ignoble in the scale of being ;
An unimportant wretch !——Whoe'er thou art,
I prithee, stranger, bear my answer back——
Oh ! tell my sov'reign that here dwells a heart
Superior to all peril.——When I fall,
A worm,—an insect dies !——But in his life
Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,

56 THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

The liberties of China!—Then let him
Live for his people—Be it mine to die.

ZAPHIMRI.

Can I bear this, ye pow'rs, and not dissolve
In tears of gratitude and love?—— *Aside.*

HAMET.

Why streams
That flood of grief?—and why that stifled groan?
Thro' the dark mist his sorrow casts around him,
He seems no common man.—Say, gen'rous youth,
Who, and what art thou?——

ZAPHIMRI.

Who, and what am I!——
Thou lead'st me to a precipice, from whence
Downward to look, turns wild the mad'ning brain,
Scar'd at th' unfathomable deep below.——
Who, and what am I!—Oh! the veriest wretch
That ever yet groan'd out his soul in anguish.
One lost, abandon'd, hopeless, plung'd in woe
Beyond redemption's aid.——To tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the last distress,
In one accumulated term of horror,——
——Zaphimri!——

HAMET.

Said'st thou!——

ZAPHIMRI.

He!——that fatal wretch;
Exalted into misery supreme,
Oh! I was happy, while good Zamti's son
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and strove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd fire.
But now——

HAMET.

Yes now—if thou art He——as sure

'Tis

'Tis wond'rous like—rais'd to a state, in which
A nation's happiness on thee depends.

ZAPHIMRI.

A nation's happiness!—There, there I bleed—
There are my pangs.—For me this war began ——
For me hath purple slaughter drench'd yon fields—
I am the cause of all.—I forg'd those chains——
For Zamti and Mandane too—Oh! heav'ns! ——
Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom.——
These are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign.——
—I am the tyrant! —— I ascend the throne
By trampling on the neck of innocence;
By base ingratitude; by the vile means
Of selfish cowardice, that can behold
Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
All lost, all murder'd, that I thence may rise
Inglorious to a throne! ——

HAMET.

Alas! thy spirit,
Thy wild disorder'd fancy pictures forth
Ills, that are not ——or, being ills, not worth
A moment's pause ——

ZAPHIMRI.

Not ill! ——thou can'st not mean it.——
Oh! I'm environ'd with the worst of woes; ——
The angry fates, amidst their hoards of vengeance,
Had nought but this——they meant to render me
Peculiarly distress'd. —— Tell me, thou gallant
youth, ——
—A soul like thine knows ev'ry fine emotion, ——
Is there a nerve, in which the heart of man
Can prove such torture, as when thus it meets
Unequal'd friendship, honour, truth, and love,
And no return can make? ——Oh! 'tis too much,
Ye mighty Gods, too much—thus, thus to be
A feeble prince, a shadow of a king,

Without

Without the pow'r to wreak revenge on guilt, ——
 ——Without the pow'r of doing virtue right. ——

H A M E T.

That power will come. ——

Z A P H I M R I.

But when? ——when thou art lost, ——
 When Zamti and Mandane are destroy'd ——
 Oh! for a dagger's point, to plunge it deep,
 Deep in this — ha! — Deep in the tyrant's heart. ——

H A M E T.

There your revenge should point. ——For that great
 deed
 Heav'n hath watch'd all thy ways; and wilt thou
 now

With headlong rage spurn at its guardian care,
 Nor wait the movements of eternal Justice! ——

Z A P H I M R I.

Ha! ——whither has my phrenzy stray'd? ——Yes,
 heav'n

Has been all-bounteous. ——Righteous pow'rs! ——
 To you my orisons are due —— But oh!

Complete your goodness: —— Save this valiant
 youth; ——

Save Zamti's house; and then, ——if such your will,
 That from the Tartar's head my arm this night
 Shall grasp the crown of China —— teach me then
 To bear your dread vicegerency —— I stand
 Resign'd to your high will. ——

H A M E T.

And heav'n, I trust,
 Will still preserve thee; in its own good time
 Will finish its decrees. ——

Z A P H I M R I.

Yes, Hamet, yes;
 A gleam of hope remains. ——Should Timurkan
 Defer his murder to the midnight hour,

Then will I come,—then burst these guilty walls,
Rend those vile manacles, and give thee freedom.

H A M E T.

Oh ! no—you must not risk——

Z A P H I M R I.

A band of heroes
For this are ready ; honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights.—— Thy father's care
Plann'd and inspir'd the whole.—— Among the troops,
Nay in his very guards, there are not wanting
Some gallant sons of China, in that hour,
Who will discover their long-pent-up fury,
And deal destruction round.——

H A M E T.

What—all conven'd,
And ev'ry thing dispos'd ?

Z A P H I M R I.

Determin'd ! —— Now
In silent terror all intent they stand,
And wait the signal in each gale that blows.

H A M E T.

Why did'st thou venture forth ?

Z A P H I M R I.

What, poorly lurk
While my friends die ! — that thought — but, gene-
rous youth,
I'll not think meanly of thee — No — that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.

H A M E T.

But think, my prince,
On China's wrongs, the dying heroes' groans ;
Think on thy ancestors. ——

Z A P H I M R I.

My ancestors !
What is't to me a long-descended line,
A race of worthies, legislators, heroes, ——
—— Unless I bring their virtues too ? — No more —
Thy

Thy own example fires me.—Near this place
 I'll take my stand, and watch their busy motions,
 Until the gen'ral roar;—then will I come,
 And arm thee for th' assault.—

H A M E T.

Oh! if thou do'st,
 Yet once again I'll wield the deathful blade,
 And bear against the foe.—

Z A P H I M R I.

Yes, thou and I
 Will rush together thro' the paths of death,
 Mow down our way, and with sad overthrow
 Pursue the Tartar—like two rushing torrents,
 That from the mountain's top, 'midst roaring caves,
 'Midst rocks and rent-up trees, foam headlong down,
 And each depopulates his way.—

A flourish of trumpets.

H A M E T.

What means
 That sudden and wild harmony?—

Z A P H I M R I.

Even now
 The conqu'ror, and his fell barbaric rout,
 For this day's victory indulge their joy;
 Joy soon to end in groans—for all conspires
 To forward our design—and lo! the lights
 That whilom blaz'd to heav'n, now rarely seen
 Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe secure
 Sinks down in deep debauch; while all awake,
 The genius of this land broods o'er the work
 Of justice and revenge.—

H A M E T.

Oh! revel on,
 Still unsuspecting plunge in guilty joy,
 And bury thee in riot.—

ZAPHIMRI.

Ne'er again
 To wake from that vile trance—for ere the dawn,
 Detested spoiler, thy hot blood shall smoke
 On the stain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
 I'll scatter to the dogs of China. —

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Break off your conf'rence—OCTAR this way comes;

ZAPHIMRI.

This garb will cloak me from each hostile eye;
 Thou need'st not fear detection. —

Enter OCTAR.

MIRVAN.

There's your pris'ner. — *Pointing to Hamet.*

OCTAR.

Lead him to where Mandane's matron grief
 Rings thro' yon vaulted roof. —

HAMET.

Oh! lead me to her;
 Let me give balm to her afflicted mind;
 And soften anguish in a parent's breast.

[Exit, with Mirvan.]

ZAPHIMRI.

What may this mean? — I dread some lurking
 mischief. — *[Exit on the opposite side.]*

OCTAR.

When the boy clings around his mother's heart
 In fond endearment, then to tear him from her,
 Will once again awaken all her tenderness,
 And in her impotence of grief, the truth

At

At length will burst its way.—But Timurkan
Impatient comes. ———

Enter TIMURKAN.

OCTAR.

Thus with disorder'd looks,
Why will my sov'reign shun the genial banquet,
To seek a dungeon's gloom ?

TIMURKAN.

Oh ! valiant Octar,
A more than midnight gloom involves my soul.
Hast thou beheld this stubborn Mandarin ?

OCTAR.

I have ; and tried by ev'ry threaten'd vengeance
To bend his soul : Unconquer'd yet by words
He smiles contempt ; as if some inward joy,
Like the sun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth its glad'ning unresisted beams,
Chearing the face of woe. ———

TIMURKAN.

What of Mandane ? ———

OCTAR.

At first with tears and bitter lamentations
She call'd on Hamet lost ;—but when I urg'd,
She still might save her boy, and save herself,
Would she but give Zaphinri to your wrath,
Her tears forgot to flow ;—her voice, her look,
Her colour sudden chang'd, and all her form
Enlarging with th' emotions of her soul,
Grew vaster to the sight.—With blood-shot eyes
She cast a look of silent indignation,
Then turn'd in sullen mood away.

TIMURKAN.

Perdition
O'erwhelm her pride. ———

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Might I advise you, sir,
 An artful tale of love should softly glide
 To her afflicted soul — a conqueror's sighs
 Will waft a thousand wishes to her heart,
 Till female vanity aspire to reach
 The eastern throne ; and when her virtue melts
 In the soft tumult of her gay desires,
 Win from her ev'ry truth, then turn to shame
 The weak, deluded woman.

TIMURKAN.

Octar, no —

I cannot stoop with love-sick adulation
 To thrill in languishing desire, and try
 The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
 Enur'd to rougher scenes, far other arts
 My mind employ'd, — to sling the well-stor'd quiver
 Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
 At the fleet rain-deer, sweeping down the vale,
 Or up the mountain, straining ev'ry nerve ;
 To vault the neighing steed, and urge his course
 Swifter than whirlwinds — thro' the ranks of war
 To drive my chariot-wheels, smoaking with gore :
 These are my passions, this my only science,
 Above the puling sicknesses of love.
 Bring that vile slave, the hoary priest, before me.

[Exit Octar.]

TIMURKAN.

By heav'n their fortitude erects a fence
 To shield 'em from my wrath, more pow'rful far
 Than their high-boasted wall, which long hath stood
 The shock of time, of war, of storms, and thunder,
 The wonder of the world ! —
 What art thou, Virtue, who can'st thus inspire
 This stubborn pride, this dignity of soul,
 And still unfading, beauteous in distress,
 Can'st taste of joys, my heart hath never known ?

Enter

Enter ZAMTI, in Chains.

TIMURKAN.

Mark me, thou traitor, thy detested fight
Once more I brook, to try if yet the sense
Of deeds abhorr'd as thine, has touch'd your soul.
Or clear this myst'ry, or by yonder heav'n
I'll hunt Zaphimri to his secret haunt,
Or spread a gen'ral carnage round the world.

ZAMTI.

Thy rage is vain——far from thy ruthless pow'r
Kind heav'n protects him, till the awful truth
In some dread hour of horror and revenge
Shall burst like thunder on thee.——

TIMURKAN.

Ha! ——beware,
Nor rouse my lion-rage—yet, ere 'tis late,
Repent thee of thy crimes.——

ZAMTI.

The crime would be
To yield to thy unjust commands.——But know,
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed;
The voice of all my kings!—forth from their tombs
Ev'n now they send a peal of groans to heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long since gone up,
And stand in dread array against thee.

TIMURKAN.

Murders!

Ungrateful Mandarin! ——say, did not I,
When civil discord lighted up her brand,
And scatter'd wide her flames; when fierce conten-
tion

'Twixt Xohohamti and Zaphimri's father
Sorely convuls'd the realm; did not I then

Lead

Lead forth my Tartars from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order rise?

Z A M T I.

Bid order rise!

Hast thou not smote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art has died, and ev'ry science
Gone out at thy fell blast—art thou not come
To sack our cities, to subvert our temples,
The temples of our Gods, and with the worship,
The monstrous worship of your living Lama,
Profane our holy shrines?

T I M U R K A N.

Peace, insolent,
Nor dare with horrid treason to provoke
The wrath of injur'd majesty.——

Z A M T I.

Yes, tyrant,

Yes, thou hast smote us with a hand of wrath;
Full twenty years hast smote us; but at length
Will come the hour of heav'n's just visitation,
When thou shalt rue——hear me, thou man of
blood——

Yes, thou shalt rue the day, when thy fell rage
Imbrued those hands in royal blood—now tremble—
The arm of the Most High is bar'd against thee—
And see!—the hand of fate describes thy doom
In glaring letters on yon rubied wall!——
Each gleam of light is perish'd out of heav'n,
And darkness rushes o'er the face of earth.

T I M U R K A N.

Think'st thou, vile slave, with visionary fears
I e'er can shrink appal'd?—thou moon-struck seer!
No more I'll bear this mockery of words——
Or strait resolve me, or, by hell and vengeance,
Unheard-of torment waits thee——

F

Z A M T I.

ZAMTI.

Know'st thou not
 I offer'd up my boy?—and after that,
 After that conflict, think'st thou there is aught
 Zamti has left to fear?—

TIMURKAN.

Yes, learn to fear
 My will—my sov'reign will—which here is law,
 And treads upon the neck of slaves.——

ZAMTI.

Thy will
 The law in China!—Ill-instructed man!—
 Now learn an awful truth,——Tho' ruffian pow'r
 May for a while suppress all sacred order,
 And trample on the rights of man;——the soul,
 Which gave our legislation life and vigour,
 Shall still subsist—above the tyrant's reach.—
 —The spirit of the laws can never die——

TIMURKAN.

I'll hear no more.—What ho!—(*Enter Ostar, and
 guards*)—Bring forth Mandane——
 Ruin involves ye all—this very hour
 Shall see your son impal'd.—Yes, both your sons.—
 Let Etan be brought forth.——

OCTAR.

Etan, my liege,
 Is fled for safety.——

TIMURKAN.

Thou pernicious slave! *To Zamti.*
 Him too would'st thou withdraw from justice?——
 —him

Would'st thou send hence to Corea's realm, to brood
 O'er some new work of treason?—By the pow'r's
 Who feel a joy in vengeance, and delight
 In human blood, I will unchain my fury

On

On all, who trace Zaphimri in his years;
But chief on thee, and thy devoted race.

Enter MANDANE and HAMET.

Mirvan guarding them, &c.

TIMURKAN.

Woman, attend my words—instant reveal
This dark conspiracy, and save thyself.—
If wilful thou wilt spurn the joys that woo thee,
The rack shall have its prey. —

MANDANE.

It is in vain. —

I tell thee, Homicide, my soul is bound
By solemn vows; and wouldst thou have me break
What angels wafted on their wings to heav'n?

TIMURKAN.

Renounce your rash resolves, nor court destruction.

MANDANE.

Goddeſs of vengeance, from your realms above,
Where near the throne of the Moſt High thou
dwell'ſt,

Inſpher'd in darkneſs, amidſt hoards of thunder,
Serenely dreadful, 'till dire human crimes
Provoke thee down; now, on the whirlwind's wing
Deſcend, and with your flaming ſword, your bolts
Red with almighty wrath, let looſe your rage,
And blaſt this vile ſeducer in his guilt.

TIMURKAN.

Blind frantic woman!—think on your lov'd boy.—

MANDANE.

That tender ſtruggle's o'er—if he muſt die,
I'll greatly dare to follow. —

TIMURKAN.

Then forthwith

I'll put thee to the proof—Drag forth the boy
To instant death.—— *They seize Hamet.*

HAME T.

Come on then—Lead me hence
To some new world where justice reigns, for here
Thy iron hand is stretch'd o'er all.——

[Exit, guarded.]

TIMURKAN.

Quick, drag him forth.

MANDANE.

Now by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, seize me first;
Oh! spare my child, and end his wretched mother.

TIMURKAN.

Thou plead'st in vain.——

*Enter a Messenger in haste.**Messenger.*

Etan, dread sir, is found.——

ZAMTI.

Ah! China totters on the brink of ruin. *Aside.*

TIMURKAN.

Where lurk'd the slave?

Messenger.

Emerging from disguise,
He rush'd amid the guards that led forth Hamet;
“Suspend the stroke,” he cry'd; then crav'd admittance

To your dread presence, on affairs, he says,
Of highest import to your throne and life.

ZAMTI.

Z A M T I.

Ruin impends. (*aside*) Heed not an idle boy.——
To Timurkan.

T I M U R K A N.

Yes, I will see him—bring him straight before me.

Z A M T I.

Angels of light, quick on the rapid wing
Dart from the throne of grace, and hover round
him.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, guards following him.

T I M U R K A N.

Thou com'st on matters of importance deep
Unto my throne and life.——

Z A P H I M R I.

I do.——This very hour
Thy death is plotting.——

T I M U R K A N.

Ha!——by whom?

Z A P H I M R I.

Zaphimri!

Z A M T I.

What means my son? ——

T I M U R K A N.

Quick, give him to my rage,
And mercy shall to thee extend.——

Z A P H I M R I.

Think not

I meanly come to save this wretched being.——

Pity Mandane—Save her tender frame—*Kneels.*

Pity that youth—oh! save that godlike man.——

Z A M T I.

Wilt thou dishonour me, degrade thyself,

F 3

Thy

Thy native dignity by basely kneeling?——
Quit that vile posture.——

TIMURKAN.

Rash intruder, hence.—— *To Zamti,*
Hear me, thou stripling;—or unfold thy tale,
Or by yon heav'n they die—Would'st thou appease
my wrath?

—Bring me Zaphimri's head.——

ZAPHIMRI.

Will that suffice?

ZAMTI.

Oh! heavens!

Aside.

TIMURKAN.

It will——

ZAPHIMRI.

Then take it, tyrant.

Rising up, and pointing to himself.

ZAMTI. HAMET.

Ah!

ZAPHIMRI.

I am Zaphimri—I your mortal foe.——

ZAMTI.

Now by yon heav'n! it is not.——

ZAPHIMRI.

Here——strike here——

Since nought but royal blood can quench thy thirst.——

Unsluice these veins,——but spare their matchless
lives.——

TIMURKAN.

Would'st thou deceive me too?

ZAMTI.

He would——

ZAPHIMRI.

No——here,

Here on his knees, Zaphimri begs to die.

ZAMTI,

ZAMTI.

Oh! horror, 'tis my son—by great Confucius,
That is my Etan, my too gen'rous boy,
That fain would die to save his aged fire. —

MANDANE.

Alas! all's ruin'd—freedom is no more. — *Aside.*

ZAPHIMRI.

Yet hear me, Tartar—hear the voice of truth—
I am your victim—by the gods, I am. ———

Laying hold of Timurkan.

TIMURKAN.

Thou early traitor!—by your guilty fire
Train'd up in fraud—no more these arts prevail.—
My rage is up in arms, ne'er to know rest,
Until Zaphimri perish.—Off, vile slave —
This very moment sweep 'em from my sight.

MANDANE.

Alas! my husband—Oh! my son, my son—

ZAMTI.

May all the host of heav'n protect him still!

*[Exeunt Zamti and Mandane,
guarded by Octar, &c.]*

ZAPHIMRI, *struggling with Timurkan, on his
knees.*

Ah! yet withhold—in pity hold a moment —
I am Zaphimri—I resign my crown——

TIMURKAN.

Away, vain boy!—go see them bleed—behold
How they will writhe in pangs; —pangs doom'd
for thee,

And ev'ry stripling thro' the east.— Vile slave,
away! *Breaks from him, and exit.*

F 4

ZAPHIMRI,

ZAPHIMRI, *lying on the ground; officers and guards behind him.*

Oh! cruel!——yet a moment——Barbarous Scythians!——

Wilt thou not open earth, and take me down,
Down to thy caverns of eternal darkness,
From this supreme of woe?——Here will I lie,
Here on thy flinty bosom,——with this breast
I'll harrow up my grave, and end at once
This pow'rless wretch,——this ignominious king!——
——And sleeps almighty Justice? Will it not
Now waken all its terrors?——arm yon band
Of secret heroes with avenging thunder?
By heaven that thought (*rising*) lifts up my kindling soul

With renovated fire (*aside.*) My glorious friends,
(Who now convene big with your country's fate,)
When I am dead,——oh! give me just revenge——
Let not my shade rise unatton'd amongst ye;——
Let me not die inglorious;——make my fall
With some great act of yet unheard-of vengeance,
Resound throughout the world; that farthest Scythia
May stand appall'd at the huge distant roar
Of one vast ruin tumbling on the heads
Of this fell tyrant, and his hated race.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, *the Palace.*

Enter OCTAR; ZAMTI and MANDANE, following him.

Z A M T I.

*****HY dost thou lead us to this hated
 { W } mansion?
 Must we again behold the tyrant's
 frown?
 *****Thou know'st our hearts are fix'd.—

O C T A R.

The war of words
 We scorn again to wage — hither ye come
 Beneath a monarch's eye to meet your doom.
 The rack is now preparing—Timurkan
 Shall soon behold your pangs, and count each groan
 Ev'n to the fullest luxury of vengeance.
 Guard well that passage (*to the guards within*), see
 these traitors find
 No means of flight; while to the conqueror
 I hasten, to receive his last commands.
 [*Exit Octar, on the opposite side.*]

Z A M T I and M A N D A N E.

Z A M T I.

Thou ever faithful creature —

M A N D A N E.

Can'st thou, Zamti,
 Still call me faithful? — by that honour'd name
 Wilt

Wilt thou call her, whose mild maternal love
Hath overwhelm'd us all?—

ZAMTI.

Thou art my wife,
Whose matchless excellence, ev'n in bondage,
Hath chear'd my soul; but now thy ev'ry charm,
By virtue waken'd, kindled by distress
To higher lustre, all my passions beat
Unutterable gratitude and love.
And must—oh! cruel!—must I see thee bleed?—

MANDANE.

For me death wears no terror on his brow —
Full twenty years hath this resounding breast
Been smote with these sad hands; these haggard eyes
Have seen my country's fall; my dearest husband,
My son,—my king,—all in the Tartar's hands:
What then remains for me?—Death,—only death.

ZAMTI.

Ah! can thy tenderness endure the pangs
Inventive cruelty ev'n now designs?—
Must this fair form—this soft perfection bleed?
Thy decent limbs be strain'd with cruel cords,
To glut a ruffian's rage?—

MANDANE.

Alas! this frame,
This feeble texture never can sustain it.
But this—this I can bear— *Shews a dagger.*

ZAMTI.

Ha!

MANDANE.

Yes! — this dagger! —
Do thou but lodge it in this faithful breast;
My heart shall spring to meet thee. —

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Oh!

MANDANE.

Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taught'st me ev'ry virtue,
Afford this friendly, this last human office,
And teach me now to die. ———

ZAMTI.

Oh! never—— never——
Hence let me bear this fatal instrument——

Takes the dagger.

What, to usurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own beings!—'Tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril——
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd savage; ——
Be it the practice of the gloomy north.——

MANDANE.

Must we then wait a haughty tyrant's nod,
The vassals of his will?—no—let us rather
Nobly break thro' the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And view the deed with wonder and applause.——

ZAMTI.

Distress too exquisite!——ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare, self-impell'd,
Rush to your awful presence;—oh!—it is not
When the distemper'd passions rage! when pride
Is stung to madness; when ambition falls
From his high scaffolding;—oh! no—if aught
Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
Has nothing left to do;——when liberty
No more can breathe at large;—'tis with the groans
Of our dear country when we dare to die.

M A N D A N E.

Then here at once direct the friendly steel.

Z A M T I.

One last adieu!—now!—ah! does this become
 Thy husband's love?—thus with uplifted blade
 Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
 With other looks than these—oh! my Mandane—
 I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?—

M A N D A N E.

Alas! the loves that hover'd o'er our pillows
 Have spread their pinions, never to return,
 And the pale fates surround us——
 Then lay me down in honourable rest;
 Come, as thou art, all hero, to my arms,
 And free a virtuous wife——

Z A M T I.

It must be so——

Now then prepare thee—my arm flags and droops
 Conscious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.

Dashes down the dagger.

By heav'n once more I would not raise the point
 Against that hoard of sweets, for endless years
 Of universal empire.

M A N D A N E.

Ha! the fell ministers of wrath——and yet
 They shall not long insult us in our woes.
 Myself will still preserve the means of death.

*Takes up the dagger.**Enter* T I M U R K A N *and* O C T A R.

T I M U R K A N.

Now then, detested pair, your hour is come—
 Drag forth these slaves to instant death and torment.
 I hate this dull delay; I burn to see them
 Gasping in death, and welt'ring in their gore.

M A N D A N E.

MANDANE.

Zamti, support my steps—with thee to die
Is all the boon Mandane now would crave.

[*Exeunt.*]TIMURKAN *and* OCTAR.

TIMURKAN.

Those rash, presumptuous boys, are they brought
forth?

OCTAR.

Mirvan will lead the victims to their fate.

TIMURKAN.

And yet what boots their death?—the Orphan lives,
And in this breast fell horror and remorse
Must be the dire inhabitants.—Oh! Octar,
These midnight visions shake my inmost soul.—

OCTAR.

And shall the shad'wings of a feverish brain
Disturb a conqu'ror's breast? —

TIMURKAN.

Octar, they've made
Such desolation here—'tis drear and horrible! —
On yonder couch, soon as sleep clos'd my eyes,
All that yon mad enthusiastic priest
In mystic rage denounc'd, rose to my view;
And ever and anon a livid flash,
From conscience shot, shew'd to my aching sight
The colours of my guilt——
Billows of blood were round me; and the ghosts,
The ghosts of heroes, by my rage destroy'd,
Came with their ghastly orbs; and streaming wounds;
They stalk'd around my bed;—with loud acclaim
They call'd Zaphimri! 'midst the lightning's blaze
Heav'n roll'd consenting thunders o'er my head;
Straight from his covert the youth sprung upon me,
And shook his gleaming steel—he hurl'd me down,
Down

Down headlong, down the drear——hold, hold!
 where am I?

Oh! this dire whirl of thought—my brain's on fire—

OCTAR.

Compose this wild disorder of thy soul,
 Your foes this moment die.——

Enter MIRVAN.

TIMURKAN.

What would'st thou, Mirvan?

MIRVAN.

Near to the eastern gate, a slave reports,
 As on his watch he stood, a gleam of arms
 Cast a dim lustre thro' the night; and straight
 The steps of men thick founded in his ear;
 In close array they march'd.

TIMURKAN.

Some lurking treason!——

What, ho! my arms—ourselves will sally forth.——

MIRVAN.

My liege, their scanty and rash-levied crew
 Want not a monarch's sword—the valiant Octar,
 Join'd by yon faithful guard, will soon chastise them.

TIMURKAN.

Then be it so—Octar, draw off the guard,
 And bring their leaders bound in chains before me.

[*Exit Octar.*]

TIMURKAN *and* MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

With sure conviction we have further learn'd
 The long-contended truth—Etan's their king—
 The traitor Zamti counted but one son;

And

And him he sent far hence to Corea's realm,
That should it e'er be known the prince surviv'd,
The boy might baffle justice——

TIMURKAN.

Ha! this moment
Ourself will see him fall.——

MIRVAN.

Better, my liege,
At this dead hour you sought repose—mean time
Justice on him shall hold her course.—Your foes
Else might still urge that you delight in blood.
The semblance of humanity will throw
A veil upon ambition's deeds—'tis thus
That mighty conqu'rors thrive;—and ev'n vice,
When it would prosper, borrows virtue's mien.

TIMURKAN.

Mirvan, thou counsel'st right: beneath a shew
Of public weal we lay the nations waste.
And yet these eyes shall never know repose,
Till they behold Zaphimri perish. Mirvan,
Attend me forth.

MIRVAN.

Forgive, my sov'reign liege,
Forgive my over-forward zeal——I knew
It was not fitting he should breathe a moment:
The truth once known, I rush'd upon the victim,
And with this sabre cleft him to the ground.

TIMURKAN.

Thanks to great Lama!—treason is no more,
And their boy king is dead—Mirvan, do thou
This very night bring me the stripling's head.
Soon as the dawn shall purple yonder east,
Aloft in air all China shall behold it,
Parch'd by the sun, and weltring to the wind:
Haste, Mirvan, haste, and sate my fondest wish.

MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

This hour approves my loyalty and truth. [*Exit.*

TIMURKAN.

Their deep-laid plot hath miss'd its aim, and Timurkan

May reign secure——no longer horrid dreams
Shall hover round my couch—the prostrate world
Henceforth shall learn to own my sov'reign sway.

Enter MIRVAN.

TIMURKAN.

Well, Mirvan, hast thou brought the wish'd-for
pledge?

MIRVAN.

My liege, I fear 'twill strike thy soul with horror?

TIMURKAN,

By heav'n the sight will glad my longing eyes.
Oh! give it to me.—

Enter ZAPHIMRI (*a sabre in his hand*) and
plants himself before the tyrant.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! then all is lost.

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody Tartar, now then know Zaphimri.

TIMURKAN.

Accursed treason!—to behold thee thus
Alive before me, blasts my aching eye-balls:
My blood forgets to move——each pow'r dies in
me——

ZAPHIMRI.

Well may'st thou tremble, well may guilt like thine
Shrink back appall'd ;—for now avenging heav'n
In me sends forth its minister of wrath,
'To deal destruction on thee. —

TIMURKAN.

Treach'rous slave !
'Tis false !—with coward-art, a base assassin,
A midnight ruffian on my peaceful hour
Secure thou com'st, thus to assault a warrior,
Thy heart could never dare to meet in arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not meet thee, Tartar !—Ha !—in me thou see'st
One on whose head unnumber'd wrongs thou'st
heap'd —

Else could I scorn thee, thus defenceless.—Yes,
By all my great revenge, could bid thee try each
shape,

Assume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of destructive guilt ; —
But now a dear, a murder'd father calls ;
He lifts my arm to rivet thee to earth,
Th' avenger of mankind.

MIRVAN.

Fall on, my prince.

TIMURKAN.

By heav'n, I'll dare thee still ; resign it, slave,
Resign thy blade to nobler hands.

Snatches Mirvan's sabre;

MIRVAN.

O ! horror !

What ho ! bring help.—Let not the fate of China
Hang on the issue of a doubtful combat.

TIMURKAN.

Come on, presumptuous boy.

G

ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

Inhuman regicide !

Now, lawless ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his vengeance on thee. [*Exeunt fighting.*

MIRVAN, *solus.*

Oh ! nerve his arm, ye pow'rs, and guide each
blow !

To him, enter HAMET.

MIRVAN.

See there !—behold—he darts upon his prey.——

ZAPHIMRI, *within.*

Die, bloodhound, die——

TIMURKAN, *within.*

May curses blast my arm

That fail'd so soon ! ——

HAMET.

The Tartar drops his point.—

Zaphimri now ——

TIMURKAN, *within.*

—Have mercy ! ——mercy !—oh !

ZAPHIMRI, *within.*

Mercy was never thine—This, fell destroyer,

This, for a nation's groans.——

MIRVAN.

The monster dies ; ——

He quivers on the ground——Then let me fly

To Zamti and Mandane with the tidings,

And call them back to liberty and joy.

[Exit Mirvan.]

HAMET remains ; to him ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, Hamet, now oppression is no more :

This smoking blade hath drunk the tyrant's blood.

HAMET.

China again is free ;—there lies the corse
That breath'd destruction to the world.

ZAPHIMRI.

Yes, there,
Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
The wages of thy sins. —

Enter MORAT.

MORAT.

Where is the king ?
Revenge now stalks abroad.—Our valiant leaders,
True to the destin'd hour, at once broke forth
From ev'ry quarter on th' astonish'd foe ;
Ostar is fall'n ;—all cover'd o'er with wounds
He met his fate ; and still the slaughter'ring sword
Invades the city, sunk in sleep and wine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Lo ! Timurkan lies levell'd with the dust !
Send forth, and let Orasning strait proclaim
Zaphimri king ;—my subjects rights restor'd.
[Exit Morat.

Now, where is Zamti ? where Mandane ?—ha ! —
What means that look of wan despair ?

Enter MIRVAN.

Oh ! dire mischance !
While here I trembled for the great event,
The unrelenting slaves, whose trade is death,
Began their work.—Nor piety, nor age,
Could touch' their felon-hearts — they seiz'd on
Zamti,
And bound him on the wheel — all frantic at the
sight,
Mandane plung'd a poniard in her heart,
And at her husband's feet expir'd. —

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H A M E T.

Oh! heav'ns!
My mother! —

Z A P H I M R I.

Fatal rashness! — Mirvan, say,
Is Zamti too destroy'd? —

M I R V A N.

Smiling in pangs,
We found the good, the venerable man:
Releas'd from anguish, with what strength remain'd,
He reach'd the couch, where lost Mandane lay;
There threw his mangled limbs; — there, cling-
ing to the body,
Prints thousand kisses on her clay-cold lips,
And pours his sad lamentings, in a strain
Might call each pitying angel from the sky,
To sympathize with human woe. —

The great folding doors open in the back scene.

Z A P H I M R I.

And see,
See on that mournful bier he clasps her still;
Still hangs upon each faded feature; still
To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguish.
Heart-piercing sight! —

H A M E T.

Oh! agonizing scene!

*The corpse is brought forward, Zamti lying on
the couch, and clasping the dead body.*

Z A M T I.

Ah! stay, Mandane, stay, — yet once again
Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes —
Gone, gone, for ever, ever gone — those orbs
That ever gently beam'd, must dawn no more.

Z A P H I M R I.

Are these our triumphs? — these our promis'd joys?

ZAMTI.

The music of that voice recalls my soul.

[Rises from the body, and runs eagerly to embrace Zaphimri; his strength fails him, and he falls at his feet.]

My prince! my king!

ZAPHIMRI.

Soft, raise him from the ground.

ZAMTI.

Zaphimri!—Hamet too!—oh! bless'd event!

I could not hope such tidings—thee, my prince,

Thee too, my son—I thought ye both destroy'd.

My flow remains of life cannot endure

These strong vicissitudes of grief and joy.

And there—oh! heav'n!—see there, there lies
Mandane!

HAMET.

How fares it now, my father?

ZAMTI.

Lead me to her——

Is that the ever dear, the faithful woman?

Is that my wife?——and is it thus at length,

Thus do I see thee then, Mandane?——cold,

Alas! death-cold——

Cold is that breast, where virtue from above

Made its delighted sojourn, and those lips

That utter'd heav'nly truth,—pale! pale!—dead,
dead! *Sinks on the body.*

Pray ye entomb me with her?——

ZAPHIMRI.

Then take, ye pow'rs, then take your conquests back;

Zaphimri never can survive——

ZAMTI, *raising himself.*

I charge thee live;——

A base desertion of the public weal

Can ne'er become a king——alas! my son,——

By that dear tender name if once again

Zamti may call thee)—tears will have their way—
 Forgive this flood of tenderness——my heart
 Melts even now——thou noble youth—this is
 The only interview we e'er shall have.——

ZAPHIMRI.

And will ye then, inexorable pow'rs,
 Will ye then tear him from my aching heart?——

ZAMTI.

The moral duties of the private man
 Are grafted in thy soul——oh! still remember
 The mean immutable of happiness,
 Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,
 Is virtue——each bad action of a king
 Extends beyond his life, and acts again
 Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.
 To error mild, severe to guilt, protect
 The helpless innocent; and learn to feel
 The best delight of serving human kind.
 Be these, my prince, thy arts; be these thy cares.
 And live the father of a willing people.

HAMET.

Oh! cruel!—see—ah! see!—he dies——his lips
 Tremble in agony—his eye-balls glare——
 A death-like paleness spreads o'er all his face.

ZAPHIMRI.

Is there no help to save so dear a life?

ZAMTI.

It is too late——I die——alas! I die——
 Life harass'd out, pursu'd with barb'rous art
 Thro' ev'ry trembling joint,—now fails at once—
 Zaphimri——oh! farewell!——I shall not see
 The glories of thy reign——Hamet!—my son—
 Thou good young man, farewell—Mandane, yes,
 My soul with pleasure takes her flight, that thus
 Faithful in death, I leave these cold remains
 Near thy dear honour'd clay.——

Dies.

ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

And art thou gone,
Thou best of men?—then must Zaphimri pine
In ever-during grief, since thou art lost;
Since that firm patriot, whose parental care
Should raise, should guide, should animate my virtues,
Lies there a breathless corse.—

HAME T.

My liege, forbear,—
Live for your people; madness and despair
Belong to woes like mine.—

ZAPHIMRI.

Thy woes, indeed,
Are deep, thou pious youth—yes, I will live,
To soften thy afflictions; to assuage
A nation's grief, when such a pair expires.
Come to my heart:—in thee another Zamti
Shall bless the realm—now let me hence to hail
My people with the sound of peace; that done,
To these a grateful monument shall rise,
With all sepulchral honour—frequent there
We'll offer incense;—there each weeping muse
Shall grave the tributary verse;—with tears
Embalm their memories; and teach mankind,
Howe'er Oppression stalk the groaning earth;
Yet heav'n, in its own hour, can bring relief;
Can blast the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the Orphan's guardian to the last.

F I N I S.

T O
M. D E V O L T A I R E.

S I R

A Letter to you from an English author will carry with it the appearance of corresponding with the enemy, not only as the two nations are at present involved in a difficult and important war, but also because in many of your late writings you seem determined to live in a state of hostility with the British nation. Whenever we come in your way, “we are ferocious, we are islanders, we are the people whom your country has taught, we fall behind other nations in point of taste and elegance of composition; the same cause that has withheld from us a genius for painting and music, has also deprived us of the true spirit of Tragedy; and, in short, barbarism still prevails among us.”

But, notwithstanding this vein of prejudice, which has discoloured almost all your *fugitive pieces*, there still breathes throughout your writings such a general spirit of Humanity and zeal for the honour of the Republic of Letters, that I am inclined to imagine the author of the English Orphan of China (an obscure islander) may still address you upon terms of amity and literary benevolence.

As I have attempted a Tragedy upon a subject that has exercised your excellent talents, and thus have dared to try my strength in the Bow of ULYSSES, I hold myself in some sort accountable to M. De VOLTAIRE for the departure I have made from his plan, and the substitution of a new fable of my own.

My first propensity to this story was occasioned by the remarks of an admirable critic * of our own, upon the ORPHAN OF THE HOUSE OF CHAU, preserved to us by the industrious and sensible P. DU HALDE, which, as

* Mr. Hurd, in his Commentary upon Horace.

our learned commentator observes, amidst great wildness and irregularity, has still some traces of resemblance to the beautiful models of antiquity. In my reflections upon this piece, I imagined I saw a blemish in the manner of saving the Orphan, by the tame resignation of another infant in his place; especially when the subject afforded so fair an opportunity to delineate the strugglings of a parent, on so trying an occasion. It therefore occurred to me, if a fable could be framed, in which the Father and the two Young Men might be interwoven with probability and perspicuity, and not embarrassed with all the perplexities of a riddle, as, you know, is the case of the HERACLIUS of CORNEILLE, that then many situations might arise, in which some of the nearest affections of the heart might be awakened: but even then I was too conscious that this must be executed in its full force, by a genius very different from myself.

In this state of mind, sir, I heard with pleasure that M. De VOLTAIRE had produced at Paris his L'ORPHELIN DE LA CHINE: I ardently longed for a perusal of the piece, expecting that such a writer would certainly seize all the striking incidents which might naturally grow out of so pregnant a story, and that he would leave no source of passion unopened. I was in some sort, but not wholly disappointed: I saw M. De VOLTAIRE rushing into the midst of things at once; opening his subject in an alarming manner; and, after the narrative relating to GENGISKAN is over, working up his first act like a poet indeed.

Meum qui pectus inaniter angit

Ut Magus.

In the beginning of the second act, he again touches our affections with a master-hand; but, like a rower who has put forth all his strength, and suddenly slackens his exertion, I saw, or imagined I saw, him give way all at once; the great tumult of the passions is over; the

interest wears away; GENGISKAN talks politics; the tenderness of a mother, flying with all the strong impulses of nature to the relief of her child, is thrown into cold unimpassioned narrative; the *role pour l'amoureux* must have its place, and the rough conqueror of a whole people must instantly become *Le Chevalier* GENGISKAN, as errant a lover as ever sighed in the Thuilleries at Paris. Your own words, sir, strongly expressive of that manly and sensible taste, which distinguishes you throughout Europe, occurred to me upon this occasion:

“Quelle place pour la galanterie que le parricide &
 “l’inceste, qui désolent une famille, & la contagion qui
 “ravage un pais? Et quel exemple plus frappant du ridicule de
 “notre theatre, & du pouvoir de l’habitude,
 “que Corneille d’un côté, qui fait dire à Thésée.—
 “Quelque ravage affreux qu’étale ici la Peste;

“L’absence aux vrais amans est encore plus funeste.
 “Et moi, qui, soixante ans apres lui, viens faire parler
 “une vieille Jocaste d’un viel amour: & tout cela pour
 “complaire au goût le plus fade & le plus faux qui ait
 “jamais corrompu la literature.” Indeed, sir, GENGISKAN, in the very moment of overwhelming a whole nation, usurping a crown, and massacring the royal family, except one infant, whom he is in quest of, appeared to me exactly like the amorous ŒDIPUS in the midst of a destructive plague. “Nunc non erat his locus.”—How would that noble performance, that *Chef-d’œuvre* of your country, the *ATHALIE* of RACINE, have been defaced by the gallantry of an intrigue, if a tyrant had been introduced to make love to the wife of the high-priest? or if JOAD, entertaining a secret affection for *ATHALIE*, and being asked what orders he would give relating to the delivery of his country, should answer, “aucune,” none at all.—And yet this is the language of a northern conqueror, whining for a Mandarin’s wife, who has no power of resisting, and hav-

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

ing no relation to the royal family, could not, by an intermarriage, strengthen his interest in the crown. But to you, who have told us that Love should reign a very tyrant in Tragedy, or not appear there at all, being unfit for the second place ; to you, who have said that NERO should not hide himself behind a tapestry to overhear the conversation of his mistress and his rival ; to you, sir, what need I urge these remarks ?—To fill up the long career of a tragedy with this episodic love must certainly have been the motive that led you into this error ; an error I take the liberty to call it, because I have observed it to be the hackneyed and ineffectual stratagem of many modern writers. Within the compass of my reading, there is hardly a bad man in any play, but he is in love with some very good woman : the scenes that pass between them, I have always remarked, are found dull and unawakening by the audience, even though adorned with all the graces of such composition as yours, of which it is but justice to say, that it bestows embellishments upon every subject.

For me, sir, who only draw in crayons, who have no resource to those lasting colours of imagination with which you set off every thing ; a writer such as I am, sir, could not presume to support that duplicity of passion which runs through your piece. I could not pretend, by the powers of style, to suborn an audience in favour of those secondary passages, from which their attention naturally revolts. A plainer and more simple method lay before me. I was necessitated to keep the main object as much as possible before the eye ; and therefore it was that I took a survey of my subject, in order to catch at every thing that seemed to me to result with order and propriety from it. A scantiness of interesting business seemed to me a primary defect in the construction of the French ORPHAN OF CHINA, and that I imagined had its source in the early date of your

play. By beginning almost “*gemino ab ovo*,” by making the Orphan and the Mandarin’s son children in their cradles, it appeared to me that you had stripped yourself of two characters, which might be produced in an amiable light, so as to engage the affections of their auditors, not only for themselves, but consequentially for those also to whom they should stand in any degree of relation. From this conduct I proposed a further advantage, that of effacing the very obvious resemblance to the *ANDROMACHE*, which now strikes every body in your plan. This last remark I do not urge against accidental and distant coincidences of sentiment, diction, or fable. Many of the Greek plays, we know, had a family-likeness, such as an *CEDIPUS*, an *ELECTRA*, an *IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS*, in *AULIS*, a *MEROPE*, &c. But what is a beauty in *RACINE*, seems in his great successor to be a blemish. In the former, nothing depends on the life of *ASTYANAX* but what was very natural, the happiness of the mother: in the latter, the fate of a kingdom is grafted upon the fortunes of an infant; and I ask your own feelings, (for no body knows the human heart better) Whether an audience is likely to take any considerable interest in the destiny of a babe, who, when your *Zamti* has saved him, cannot produce any change, any revolution in the affairs of China? No, sir; the conquered remain in the same abject state of vassalage, and the preservation of the infant king becomes therefore almost uninteresting, certainly unimportant: whereas when the Orphan is grown up to maturity, when he is a moral agent in the piece, when a plan is laid for revenging himself on the destroyers of his family, it then becomes a more pressing motive in the Mandarin’s mind; nay, it is almost his duty, in such a case, to sacrifice even his own offspring for the good of his country. In your story, sir, give me leave to say, I do not see what end can be answered by *ZAMTI*’s loyalty: his prospect

is at least so distant, that it becomes almost chimerical. And therefore, as history warrants an expulsion of the Tartars ; as it was not upon the first inroad, but in process of time and experience, that they learned to incorporate themselves with the conquered, by adopting their laws and customs, I had recourse to my own preconceived notions. Whether I was partially attached to them, or whether my reasonings upon your fable were just, you, sir, and the public, will determine.

You will perceive, sir, in the English Orphan some occasional insertions of sentiment from your elegant performance. To use the expression of the late Mr. DRYDEN, when he talks of BEN JOHNSON's imitation of the ancients, *you will often track me in your snow*. For this I shall make no apology, either to the public or to you : none to the public, because they have applauded some strokes for which I am indebted to you ; and none certainly to you, because you are well aware I have in this instance followed the example of many admired writers ; BOILEAU, CORNEILLE, and RACINE, in France ; and in England, MILTON, Mr. ADDISON, and Mr. POPE. It was finely said by you, (I have read the story, and take it upon trust) when it was objected to the celebrated abbè METASTASIO, as a reproach, that he had frequent transfusions of thought from your writings, " Ah ! le cher voleur ! il m'a bien embelli." This talent of embellishing I do not pretend to ; to avail myself of my reading, and to improve my own productions, is all I can pretend to ; and that I flatter myself I have done, not only by transplanting from you, but also from many of the writers of antiquity. If the authorities I have abovementioned were not sufficient, I could add another very bright example, the example of M. De VOLTAIRE, whom I have often tracked, to use the same expression again, in the *snow of Shakespear*. The snow of SHAKESPEAR is but a cold expression ; but perhaps it will be

more agreeable to you, than a word of greater energy, that should convey a full idea of the astonishing powers of that great man; for we islanders have remarked of late, that M. De VOLTAIRE has a particular satisfaction in descanting on the faults of the most wonderful genius that ever existed since the æra of HOMER, and that too, even then, when he is under obligations to him; intomuch that a very ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance tells me, that whenever you treat the English bard as a drunken savage in your *avant propos*, he always deems it a sure prognostic that your play is the better for him.

If the great scenes of SHAKESPEAR, sir; if his boundless view of all nature, the lawn, the wilderness, the blasted heath, mountains, and craggy rocks, with thunder and lightning on their brows; if these cannot strike the imagination of M. De VOLTAIRE, how can I expect that the studied regularity of my little shrubbery should afford him any kind of pleasure? To drop the metaphor, if the following tragedy does not appear to you a MONSTROUS FARCE, it is all I can reasonably expect. But whatever may be your opinion of it, I must beg that you will not make it the criterion by which you would decide concerning the taste of the English nation, or the present state of literature among us. What you have humbly said of yourself, in order to do honour to your nation, I can assert with truth of the author of the English ORPHAN, that he is one of the worst poets now in this country. It is true, indeed, that the play has been received with uncommon applause; that so elegant a writer as the author of CREUSA and THE ROMAN FATHER was my critic and my friend; and that a great deal of very particular honour has been done me by many persons of the first distinction. But, give me leave to say, they all know the faults of the piece as well as if it had been discussed by the academy of *Belles Let-*

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

tres.—We are a generous nation, sir; and even the faintest approaches to merit, always meet here the warmest encouragement. One thing further I will assure you, in case you should discover any traces of barbarism in the style or fable, That if you had been present at the representation, you would have seen a theatrical splendor conducted with a *bienfaisance* unknown to the *scene Francoise*; the performers of ZAPHIMRI and HAMET, by their interesting manner, would have made you regret that you had not enriched your piece with two characters, to which a colourist, like you, would have given the most beautiful touches of the pencil, had the idea struck your fancy; and, though a weak state of health deprived the play of so fine an actress as Mrs. CIBLER, you would have beheld in MANDANE a figure that would be an ornament to any stage in Europe, and you would have acknowledged that her Acting promises to equal the elegance of her person: moreover, you would have seen a ZAMTI, whose exquisite powers are capable of adding Pathos and Harmony even to our great SHAKESPEAR, and have already been the chief support of some of your own scenes upon the English stage.

Upon the whole, sir, I beg you will not imagine that I have written this Tragedy in the fond hope of eclipsing so celebrated a writer as M. De VOLTAIRE: I had an humbler motive, *propter amorem quod te imitari augeo*. Could I do that in any distant degree, it would very amply gratify the ambition of,

Sir, your real admirer,
and most humble servant,

London, April 30, 1759.

The AUTHOR of
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Is still as ready full to blast our Bays;
But should we please the Rest, alas! tis odds—
We never shall find Favour with the Gods;
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And sometimes threaten the poor Player's Eye:
We find it, be our Play or good or bad,
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With such Success some favourite Bards have writ,
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ORD, *Sir William*, your Indifference surprizes me; if you don't take great Care you will certainly lose my Mistress. I may be mistaken, but I'm afraid you'll find it too true.

Sir W I L L I A M.

I am as much afraid as you, *Phillis*; but how is it possible for me to prevent the Misfortune which threatens me?

S P E E D.

So the bad News is confirm'd, *Mrs. Phillis*.

P H I L L I S.

Confirm'd! ay, I can answer for that: *Sir Arthur* never stirs from her a Moment; he diverts her, he flatters her, he speaks to her in whispers, she smiles; and he may win her Heart at last if he has not won it already. This, *Sir William*, gives me great Uneasiness, as I have a
B particular.

particular Esteem for you. Besides, Sir *William*, you know 'tis to be a Match between *Speed* and I, and if you should not marry my Mistress we'll be in a terrible Quandary.

S P E E D.

Mrs. *Phillis*, there you're right, 'twould be a great Concern to me if my Master and I should be forced to keep different Houses; he is so worthy a Gentleman that I'm uneasy whenever I'm obliged to quit him, if 'tis but to go a Street's length.

P H I L L I S.

But what puts me quite to a Nonplus is, that I see my Lady shuns me.

S P E E D.

A very bad Sign indeed, Mrs. *Phillis*; and what does that impudent Rogue *Shiftwell* say?

P H I L L I S.

He makes love to me, I assure you, but I take Care to keep the Fellow at a Distance.

Sir W I L L I A M.

I am in the utmost Despair; I shall die, I can never sur vive it.

S P E E D.

Lord, Sir, don't talk of dying, that would spoil all, let's rather think of some Stratagem.

P H I L L I S.

I see my Lady coming, she's alone, leave me a Moment, Sir *William*, I am resolv'd to sound her, and when I know her real Sentiments I'll give a faithful Account of them.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Phillis, I depend upon your Address and Fidelity.

S P E E D.

Mrs. *Phillis*, be sure to give that Rogue *Shiftwell* his own.

P H I L.

LOVE A-LA-MODE. 3

PHILLIS.

[Exit Speed.

Oh leave that to me.

SCENE II. Enter LADY CHANGELOVE.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I was looking for you, *Phillis* ; who were you speaking to ? I thought I saw somebody go out.

PHILLIS.

'Twas Sir *William*, Madam, he has just left me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

He's the very Man I was going to enquire about ; what does he say, *Phillis* ?

PHILLIS.

Why, Madam, he says he has no Reason to be satisfied with your Ladyship's Treatment of him, and I believe he's in the right, Madam, what does your Ladyship think ?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

So he still loves me.

PHILLIS.

Love you, Madam, your Ladyship knows he was never inconstant ; don't you love him, Madam ?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord how you talk, *Phillis* ; do you think I ever loved him in sober Sadness ? I esteem'd him with a Preference, and to esteem a Man with a Preference is not loving him ; it may perhaps lead to Love, but it is by no means Love, downright Love, *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

And yet I have heard your Ladyship say, that he was the finest Gentleman in the World.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

That may be.

B 2

PHIL-

P H I L L I S.

I have seen you impatient for his coming.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

That's because I am naturally of an impatient Temper.

P H I L L I S.

I have known you express great Uneasiness at his not coming.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

All that's very true, I told you already, and I tell you again that I distinguish'd him; but I had no Sort of Engagement with him, and as I know he talks with you sometimes, and that you think I love him, I came to desire you to exert your Address, in Order to make him quit me, without giving himself any unnecessary Trouble.

P H I L L I S.

And your Ladyship does all this in Favour of Sir *Arthur*, who has no Merit but a little Levity, and some unmeaning Sallies that divert you. Lord, how inconstant your Ladyship is! how can you be false! all the World will reproach you with it.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Well, let the World call me false if it will, I am very easy about that. Let People upbraid me as much as they please with Inconstancy and Falsehood, such Words are only Scarecrows to terrify weak Minds, and have obtain'd in the World only because People never took the Trouble to enquire into their Meaning.

P H I L L I S.

Lord, Madam, what Doctrine is this? why this is professing a perfect Libertine: O Lord, is it nothing to break an Engagement, to be false and inconstant?

Lady

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Lord, *Phillis*, what an Idiot you are ! I tell you that in Love-Affairs, the Heart that makes a thousand deceitful Vows does its Duty ; and when it breaks a thousand Vows, it does its Duty again. It is actuated by a natural Instinct, and could not possibly have other Sentiments. What a strange Lecture have you made ? Inconstancy is so far from being a Crime, that when a Woman finds herself dispos'd to change, she should do it without hesitating a Moment, for otherwise she would be obliged to impose upon her Lover by a counterfeit Passion.

P H I L L I S.

Your Ladyship reasons so well upon the Subject, that I really begin to think you are in the right ; I almost think Inconstancy may be a Duty.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Almost think ! you should be convinc'd of it, *Phillis*. Nothing is more certain than that Inconstancy is as essential to Love-Affairs as to every Thing else, without it we should never enjoy the Pleasures of Novelty.

P H I L L I S.

I am so well satisfied with your Ladyship's Reasonings, that I begin to deliberate whether I shall not be oblig'd to be guilty of a Breach of Faith myself.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Sir *William* is a strange sort of a Man to think, that because he loves me I must look at Nobody but himself : Must Nobody else be allow'd to see that I am beautiful and young ? Must I be a Centenarian in the Eyes of every Man besides ? Must I bury all my Charms and confine myself to a sad Sterility of Pleasure ?

P H I L L I S.

P H I L L I S.

No doubt, Madam, this is what he aims at.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Thus these Gentlemen would have us live ; if we were to be ruled by them we should persuade ourselves that there is but one Man in the Universe ; all the rest should be dead to us, and we should be dead to them ; and though our natural Vanity does not find its Account in this, they never trouble their Heads about that. They think it sufficient for our Pride to have a single Captif, we should take up with one and have Patience. What an Abuse is this. Go, go, *Phillis*, no more of your Scruples, talk to Sir *William*, and let him know my Sentiments ; when the Men have a Mind to forsake us, they do it without Ceremony. Does not every Day give us glaring Proofs of their Constancy ? Should they be more priviledg'd in this Respect than we ? You jest when you talk so much of Sir *Arthur*, he loves me but I don't like him ; I shall do no Sort of Violence to my Inclinations.

P H I L L I S.

Very well, Madam, now that I have receiv'd your Ladyship's Instructions, I'll leave forsaken Lovers to lament their Misfortunes alone, I am perfectly cured of my Compassion for them.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

'Tis not but that I esteem Sir *William*, but what we esteem often grows tiresome. Here he comes, I'll avoid the Complaints that I know he is preparing for me ; avail yourself of this Opportunity to deliver me from his troublesome Addresses.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Sir WILLIAM, Lady CHANGELOVE, PHILLIS,
and SPEED.*

[Sir William stopping Lady Changelove.

What, Madam, do you fly me?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! Sir *William*, is it you? I did not avoid you, I was just going.

Sir WILLIAM.

I intreat you, Madam, to give me one Moment's Audience.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

It must then be but an Instant, for I expect Company.

Sir WILLIAM.

If any comes, you will be inform'd, in the mean Time give me Leave to talk of my Passion.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is that all? Lord, Sir *William*, I have your Passion by rote; pray what would your Passion be at?

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, from the Manner in which you hear me, I see very plainly that my coming is disagreeable to you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I deal plainly, your Prelude is not very promising.

Sir WILLIAM.

How unhappy am I! I have lost your Heart, you reduce me to Despair.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William*, When will you lay aside that whining Tone, and that dismal Air?

Sir WILLIAM.

Must I still love you, notwithstanding the cruel Answers which you make me?

Lady

Lady CHANGELOVE.

With what an Air you pronounce that? Sir *William*, you would have made an admirable Hero of a Romance.

Sir WILLIAM.

What Ingratitude is this!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You'll find this Stile will hardly reclaim me.

[Speed sighs.

Your Melancholy, Sir *William*, is so contagious that it has infected even your Footman. I hear him groan.

SPEED.

Indeed your Lady I can't but condole with my Master's Misfortune.

Sir WILLIAM.

Nothing but the Greatness of my Respect could prevent me from expressing the utmost Indignation.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And what may be the Occasion of this Anger, Sir *William*? Pray what do you complain of? is it of your Passion for me? I am not accountable for this, 'tis not a Crime to appear amiable to you; or is it of the Passion which you would have me inspired with, and which I do not feel? I am not blameable in this either; if Love did not come of itself you might wish it should, but to come and reproach me for not loving you, is by no Means reasonable. The Sentiments of your Heart should not prescribe a Law to mine. Consider the Thing well; you look upon a Return of Love as a Debt, but 'tis by no Means such. You may sigh, Sir *William*, as much as you please. I have no Right to hinder you, but don't insist upon my sighing in my Turn. Consider that your Sighs don't oblige me to accompany them
with

with mine, nor even to take Pleasure in them. I formerly could endure them, but I must tell you that they are beginning to grow tiresome, so regulate your Conduct accordingly. Sir *William*, your Servant.

Sir W I L L I A M.

One Word more, Madam. You have then ceas'd to love me.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Ha, ha, ha. That's pleasant. I really don't remember that I ever did love you.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Indeed then I promise you that I will forget that you ever did.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

If you do you will forget but a Dream.

S C E N E IV.

Sir WILLIAM, SPEED, and PHILLIS.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Perfidious Woman! Stay, *Phillis*.

S P E E D.

The Lady's Example, I must own, is very edifying.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Phillis, you have spoke of me to your Mistress; I know her Sentiments but too well; but no Matter, what did she say to you in private?

P H I L L I S.

I have not Time to inform you, Sir, my Lady expects Company, and perhaps she may want me.

S P E E D.

Mind her Answer, Sir.

Sir W I L L I A M.

What, *Phillis*, do you abandon me too?

C

S P E E D.

S P E E D.

What, Mrs. *Phillis*, are you a Jilt too?

Sir W I L L I A M.

Speak, what Reason does she give?

P H I L L I S.

Oh, very strong ones, Sir, I must own; Fidelity, it seems, is no Virtue, and 'tis better to be without it. Beauty, at this Rate, is of no Worth; a Woman must have Eyes but for one Man, and all others must be dead to her. This is burying one's self alive,—this is burying one's self alive. Vanity does not find its Account in it; one might as well be a Centinarian. 'Tis not but her Ladyship esteems you; but what one esteems sometimes grows tiresome.

Sir W I L L I A M.

What strange Discourse this is!

S P E E D.

These Words bode us no Good.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Explain yourself, *Phillis*.

P H I L L I S.

What, don't you understand me? why then, Sir *William*, my Lady esteems you with a Preference.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Do you mean that I am belov'd?

P H I L L I S.

By no Means; that may conduct to Love, but it is not Love.

Sir W I L L I A M.

I can make nothing of all this: Does your Lady love Sir *Arthur*?

P H I L L I S.

He is a very agreeable Man.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

And what does your Lady say of me?

PHILLIS.

That you are a very agreeable Man too: Do you understand me now?

Sir WILLIAM.

I am distracted.

SPEED.

And pray, Mrs. *Phillis*, how do I stand in your Favours?

PHILLIS.

I esteem you with a Preference.

SPEED.

What must you give yourself these airs too, Mrs. *Phillis*?

SCENE V.

Sir WILLIAM, SPEED, and Lady MANNERS.

SPEED.

We have got both of us odd Sort of Mistresses; is not it so, Master?

Sir WILLIAM.

I am almost in Despair.

SPEED.

I believe I shall hang myself.

[*Lady Manners entering.*

You seem to be under great Concern, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, I am betray'd, abandon'd, esteem'd with a Preference.

Lady MANNERS.

I suppose, Sir *William*, that you have Lady *Changelove* in View.

Sir WILLIAM.

Your Ladyship is in the right.

Lady MANNERS.

I should be glad to have a little private Conversation with you, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

With all my Heart, I even wanted to talk with you upon what has just happen'd.

Lady MANNERS.

Order your Servant to wait at a Distance, that he may apprize us, if any one should come.

Sir WILLIAM.

Speed, go and take Care to give us Notice if any one should come this Way.

SPEED.

Lord help us! we are all at our Wit's End, for Sir *Arthur*, Madam, it seems, is no better than Lady *Changelove* and Mrs. *Phillis*, and so our three Hearts are out of Place.

Sir WILLIAM.

Go, Sirrah, leave us. [Exit *Speed*.

SCENE VI.

Sir WILLIAM and Lady MANNERS.

Lady MANNERS.

It seems, Sir *William*, we are both forsaken.

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, you see we are.

Lady MANNERS.

Can you think of no Expedient upon this Occasion?

Sir WILLIAM.

No; I don't see that we have any Hopes, we are utterly abandon'd. How ill we placed our Affections, Madam! why was not I your Lover?

Lady MANNERS.

Well, Sir *William*, you may be so still.

Sir

Sir W I L L I A M.

Alas! I wish it was possible.

Lady M A N N E R S.

The Answer is not very obliging, but I might expect it from you in your present Circumstances.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Ah! Madam, I ask your Pardon; but I really don't know what I'm saying, I'm Distracted.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Don't make any Apology, 'tis what I expected.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Madam, you deserve all my Affection, I can't but see it, and I have often regretted that I was not sufficiently sensible to your Charms.

Lady M A N N E R S.

The longer you strive to pay me Compliments, the more you will mortify my Pride.

Sir W I L L I A M.

And yet, Madam, I can have Recourse to nobody but you; I must love you to punish the perfidious Lady *Changelove*.

Lady M A N N E R S.

No, Sir *William*, I know a Method of Revenge in which we will both find our Accounts much more. I have a Mind to punish Lady *Changelove*, but it shall be in such a Manner as to restore you her Affections.

Sir W I L L I A M.

How, Madam; do you think I have any Hopes of recovering the Heart of Lady *Changelove*.

Lady M A N N E R S.

I'll answer for it you shall recover her Affections, and that she will Love you more than ever.

Sir

Sir W I L L I A M.

Can I possibly hope for so great a Happiness?

Lady M A N N E R S.

Yes, yes, you may, and that without the Trouble of loving me.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Well, I'll be directed by you.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Hold, I dispence with your having a Passion for me, but 'tis upon Condition that you Counterfeit one.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Oh! with all my Heart, I consent to all the Conditions you shall think proper to propose.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Had she a sincere Affection for you?

Sir W I L L I A M.

So I thought.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Was she convinc'd that you had an equal Passion for her?

Sir W I L L I A M.

I tell you I adore her, and she is sensible of it.

Lady M A N N E R S.

So much the better.

Sir W I L L I A M.

But with Regard to Sir *Arthur*, who has quitted you for her, what shall we do with him? shall we leave him Time to win the Heart of Lady *Changelove*?

Lady M A N N E R S.

If Lady *Changelove* thinks she loves him she is mistaken, she only wanted to win him from me: if she thinks that she loves you no longer,
she

she is out of the way, and that's more
coquetry.

That may very probably be the Case

Lady MANNERS.

I am perfectly acquainted with my own Sex ;
leave all to me. But, for this time, we
shan't have Time to argue our Sentiments. Be
sure to remember that you are to counterfeit
Love to me, and that in such a Manner as to
appear in earnest. Here comes your Rival, en-
deavour to appear indifferent to him. I have
not Time to say more.

Sir WILLIAM.

You may depend upon me, I'll play my Part
to Perfection. *[Exit Lady Manners.]*

SCENE • VII.

Sir ARTHUR and Sir WILLIAM.

Sir ARTHUR.

Sir *William*, your're the very Man I wanted.

Sir WILLIAM.

Pray Sir *Hardy* be as expeditious as possible,
for I am quite hurried about an Affair that ad-
mits of no Delay.

Sir ARTHUR.

I shan't detain you a Moment, Sir *William*,
you know I am your Friend ; I come to entreat
you to rid me of one Scruple.

Sir WILLIAM.

A Scruple !

Sir ARTHUR.

Yes, here is the Point, 'tis said you Love
Lady *Changelove* ; now 'tis Doubt alone that
causes my Uneasiness and the Cause of Con-
science ;

science; I consult you upon Lies between a Yes and a No.

Sir WILLIAM.

I understand you, Sir *Arthur*, you'd fain have me love her no longer.

Sir ARTHUR.

You say right, Sir *William*, my Delicacy is picqued, and your Indifference for the Lady would be highly acceptable; you must know I love her myself.

Sir WILLIAM.

And does she hear you favourably?

Sir ARTHUR.

I don't want Favour, she only does Justice to my Merit.

Sir WILLIAM.

That's as much as to say she likes you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Since I pay my Addresses to her 'tis unnecessary to enquire farther. Pray, Sir *William*, spare my Modesty.

Sir WILLIAM.

I shan't question your Modesty, as you give such eminent Proofs of it; speak without Reserve, does she love you?

Sir ARTHUR.

I tell you she does, her Eyes have explain'd her Meaning, they sollicit my Heart, they require an Answer, and I wait only for your Consent.

Sir WILLIAM.

You have it if you will give me my Revenge.

Sir ARTHUR.

And who is to be the Object of this Revenge?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

A Lady of your Acquaintance whose Eyes solicit my Heart in like Manner.

Sir ARTHUR

What, the lovely Eyes of Lady *Manners*, solicit your Heart, I suppose.

Sir WILLIAM.

You say right.

Sir ARTHUR.

And does the Connexion you imagine I have with her, check the Progress of your Amours?

Sir WILLIAM.

Undoubtedly.

Sir ARTHUR.

I give up my Pretensions to you; you are at full Liberty to solicit her Heart in your Turn.

Sir WILLIAM.

You may depend upon it, Sir *Arthur*, I'll marry her.

Sir ARTHUR.

Marry her! marry her! you have my free Consent.

Sir WILLIAM.

And so you'll marry Lady *Changelove*.

Sir ARTHUR.

My whole Hopes of Posterity depend upon her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Then you're to be married very shortly.

Sir ARTHUR.

Perhaps To-morrow may be the last Day of our Celibacy.

Sir WILLIAM.

Farewel, I am very glad to hear it.

Sir ARTHUR

Give me your Hand; are we Friends?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, yes, very good Friends.

Sir ARTHUR.

Our Friendship shall equal that of Pylades and Orestes ; I insure you mine for an Age, and when that is over we'll renew the Lease. Farewel. Believe me the most sincere of your Friends.

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, yes, 'till to-morrow.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am your Friend for the present, the past, and the future, and you are equally mine without Doubt.

Sir WILLIAM.

I am, without Doubt. Farewel.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE VIII. Sir ARTHUR and SHIFTWELL.

SHIFTWELL.

I thought it was my best Way to stay 'till he was gone out, Sir.

Sir ARTHUR.

What's your Business ? I am quite impatient to see Lady *Changelove*.

SHIFTWELL.

But this is Business of Importance, Sir ; I spoke to Lady *Manners* according to the Instructions you gave me.

Sir ARTHUR.

Well, did you inform her that I am in Love with Lady *Changelove* ? What did she say to that ? be brief.

SHIFTWELL.

Why, Sir, she says you do very well to follow your Inclinations.

Sir ARTHUR.

I shall take Care to follow her Advice.

SHIFT-

SHIFTWELL.

But, Sir, you should by all Means continue your Courtship of Lady *Manners*; visit her and endeavour to keep her Love alive, otherwise you are dead, buried, and annihilated in her Memory.

Sir ARTHUR.

Ha! ha! ha!

SHIFTWELL.

You laugh at it, Sir, but give me Leave to tell you that 'tis no laughing Matter.

Sir ARTHUR.

What do I mind being annihilated in Lady *Manners's* Memory. If I die in one Memory, I hope for a Resurrection in another; don't I revive in the Memory of Lady *Changelove*?

SHIFTWELL.

Yes, Sir; but I am afraid you'll die in it one of these Days of a sudden Death. Sir *William Painlove* died in it of a mortal Caprice.

Sir ARTHUR.

No, no, he did not die in it of Caprice, 'twas I dispatch'd him. I have dispatch'd many more in the same Manner, *Shiftwell*. Lady *Changelove* has receiv'd me into her Heart, and there she must keep me.

SHIFTWELL.

Love may sometimes encamp in her Heart, but, I believe, he never takes up his Residence there.

Sir ARTHUR.

A Passion that I raise does not quickly end. Hope better of your Master's Fortune. If you knew me well you would not be dissident of my Success.

SHIFTWELL.

Here comes *Phillis*, Sir, I wish you could prevail on her Mistress to espouse my Cause with her.

SCENE IX.

Sir ARTHUR, PHILLIS, and SHIFTWELL.

PHILLIS.

Sir, my Mistress wants you.

Sir ARTHUR.

I Ay, *Phillis*; but try to restore this Dog to his Senses; you have quite turn'd his Brain; he is mad with Love for you.

PHILLIS.

Why does he not make me his Confident?

SHIFTWELL.

Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, I love and adore you; now you know as much of the Matter as I do myself.

PHILLIS.

Take Heart, *Shiftwell*, there is no Love lost; now you know more than you did before. [*To Sir Arthur.*] Sir, I'll return and tell my Mistress that you're coming. Adieu, *Shiftwell*.

SHIFTWELL.

Adieu, dear Mrs. *Phillis*.

SHIFTWELL.

I see you're quite in the right, Sir, you bid fair for Success; if I was as sure of *Phillis* as you are of her Ladyship, I'd think myself an happy Man,

Sir ARTHUR.

Don't doubt of Success, since your Suit is connected with mine.

*No adverse Fate could ever yet controul
The Enterprizes of a daring Soul;
Whilst timid Wretches to their Fears give way,
The bold still gain the Glory of the Day.*


END of the First ACT.



A C T II.

S C E N E I. *Sir WILLIAM and SPEED.*

Sir W I L L I A M.

OME hither, *Speed*, I have something
to say to you.

S P E E D.

I wait your Commands, Sir ?

Sir W I L L I A M.

I see *Speed* that you are very assiduous in your
Courtship of *Phillis*.

S P E E D.

I had need be assiduous, Sir, to win her, for she
shuns me of late.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Tell me, *Speed*, would you rather serve me than
another ?

S P E E D.

Undoubtedly Sir ; I am so much attach'd to
your Interest, Sir, that I would promote it to the
Prejudice of my own.

Sir W I L L I A M.

If you prefer me to another Master, you must
think no more of *Phillis*.

S P E E D.

But, Sir, this is a private Affair of mine, though
I pay my Court to Mrs. *Phillis*, I will not neg-
lect your Service upon that Account.

Sir

Sir W I L L I A M.

No Matter, I forbid you to speak to *Phillis*; 'tis my Pleasure that you quit her, break with her, do you understand me?

S P E E D.

Your Honour's Will is very opposite to mine in this Respect, why don't we agree upon the Point now as we did Yesterday?

Sir W I L L I A M.

Things have taken a new Turn since that Time; Lady *Changelove* might suspect me of watching her Motions, and employing you to engage *Phillis* to discover them; so I desire you will have no farther Connexion with her, I will amply recompence the Sacrifice you make me.

S P E E D.

Alas! Sir, the Sacrifice will do my Business before the Reward comes.

Sir W I L L I A M.

Let me have no Demurs, Mrs. *Betty*, Lady *Manners's* Waiting-Maid is as good as *Phillis*, and you shall have her.

S P E E D.

If I was to have Lady *Manners* herself into the Bargain, I would not be satisfied.

Sir W I L L I A M.

You must however chuse a Discharge, or Mrs. *Betty*.

S P E E D.

I am greatly perplex'd in this Choice.

Sir W I L L I A M.

If you do not follow my Orders, I'll turn you off this very Day, and 'tis only by following them you can make yourself regretted by *Phillis*.

S P E E D.

SPEED.

Regret me ; there your Honour gives me some Hopes.

Sir WILLIAM.

Retire, I see Lady *Manners* coming.

SPEED.

I'll obey your Honour's Commands on Condition of being regretted by Mrs. *Pbillis*.

Sir WILLIAM.

Be sure to observe a profound Secresy concerning these Orders which I give you, with Regard to *Pbillis* ; as you had my Consent to marry her, it would be treating Lady *Changelove* with great Disrespect, to appear to oppose the Match ; all you have to say is, that you love Mrs. *Betty* better than Mrs. *Pbillis*.

SPEED.

I shall take Care to observe your Honour's Commands with the utmost Exactness.

Sir WILLIAM.

Very well, retire. [Exit. Speed.

SCENE II. Lady MANNERS and Sir WILLIAM.

Lady MANNERS.

Have you given proper Instructions to your Servant, Sir *William* ?

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady MANNERS.

This Artifice may be of some Service, it will picque Lady *Changelove* when she comes to hear of it.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have good Hopes, Madam, that we will be successful. Lady *Changelove* already seems very much surprized at my Manner of behaving to her : She was so sure of my Reproaches, that I have
seen

seen her upon the Point of asking me why I did not upbraid her.

Lady MANNERS.

Depend upon it you will see her weep with Anguish, if you act your Part well.

Sir WILLIAM.

But how does Sir *Arthur* behave?

Lady MANNERS.

Don't speak of him, let us unite our Endeavours to baffle him, and then let him act as he thinks proper. But I sent one of my Servants to know whether I could see Lady *Changelove*, and here he comes with her Answer. [*To the Footman.* Well, can I see your Mistress?

FOOTMAN.

Yes, Madam, she's coming.

Sir WILLIAM.

I'll leave you, Madam [*Exit Sir William*]

SCENE III. Lady MANNERS and Lady
CHANGELOVE

Lady CHANGELOVE.

As your Ladyship has sent to desire a private Conversation with me, I suppose you have Business of Importance to impart.

Lady MANNERS.

I have but one Question to ask your Ladyship, and as you are naturally sincere, the Affair will be soon terminated.

Lady CHANGELOVE

I understand you, you think me insincere, but your Panegyrick exhorts me to Sincerity; is it not so?

Lady MANNERS.

Your Ladyship is in the right; but will you be sincere?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

In order to begin, I will own to you that I don't know whether I will or no.

Lady

Lady M A N N E R S.

If I was to ask you whether Sir *Arthur* loves you, would you tell me the Truth ?

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

No, Madam, I don't care to have any Difference with you, and you would hate me if I was to tell you the Truth.

Lady M A N N E R S.

I give you my Word and Honour that I will not.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

You are not able to keep your Word : I should myself dispenſe with your adhering to it : There are Emotions that are too ſtrong for us.

Lady M A N N E R S.

But why ſhould I hate you.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Is it not ſaid that Sir *Arthur* loves you ?

Lady M A N N E R S.

Such a Report has been current.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

And perhaps you yourſelf gave Credit to that Report.

Lady M A N N E R S.

I own it.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

And after that Confession, ſurely you would not adviſe me to tell you that he loves me.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Is that all ? I ſhould be glad to be rid of him ; I wiſh ſincerely that he was in love with you.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Oh ! if that be the Caſe, you may return Thanks to Heaven, your Vows could not be more favourably heard.

Lady MANNERS.

I assure you, I am very glad to hear it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You make me uneasy; 'tis not but Sir *Arthur* is in the wrong, you are so amiable that no Body should have Eyes for another, but perhaps he was less attach'd to you than was generally thought.

Lady MANNERS.

No, he was greatly attach'd to me, but I excuse him; however amiable I may be, you are still more so; and you know better how to make Use of your Charms than any Body else.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I knew you would not keep your Word with me; however your Sarcasm does not displease me, it discovers your Jealousy, and that proves my Merit.

Lady MANNERS.

Does your Ladyship think I am jealous of you?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sure you will not deny that a Compliment which ends by treating me as a Coquette, can proceed from nothing else; 'tis very easy to see it, Madam.

Lady MANNERS.

I don't know that I treated you as a Coquette, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

People often say such Things without knowing it.

Lady MANNERS.

But own the Truth, are not you a little jealous?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! yes to be sure; but don't deny yourself the Pleasure of saying I am excessively so; that will not prevent your being as jealous as I.

Lady

Lady MANNERS.

I do not however give the same Proofs of it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

We never shew it but when we are successful;
the Want of Success conceals much Coquetry.

Lady MANNERS.

I am sure of Success when ever I please; you'll see that, Madam, and perhaps you would not have Sir *Arthur*, if I had made any Account of his Heart.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Such Discourse is always the last Refuge of disappointed Vanity.

Lady MANNERS.

What Wager will you lay that this Adventure will not humble mine?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Do you hope to regain the Heart of Sir *Arthur*? if you do, I cede him to you.

Lady MANNERS.

You love him, no Doubt.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Not much, but I'll endeavour to love him more that he may resist you better. One has Occasion to exert one's Power to the utmost against such a Rival.

Lady MANNERS.

Oh! be under no Apprehensions; I give him up to you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Let's have no Difference about him; but let her that wins his Heart forgive the other.

Lady MANNERS.

So it seems then you're sure of winning him.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I believe I should be a little too hard for you.

Lady MANNERS.

So you would give me Leave to win him if I could.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! take your Revenge; you have my Leave.

Lady MANNERS.

No, I have something better in View.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Indeed! may one presume to ask you what?

Lady MANNERS.

Sir *William Fainlove* is no despicable Conquest,
Madam. Farewel.

SCENE IV.

Lady CHANGELOVE alone.

What does she think of depriving me of Sir *William's* Heart! the Woman is certainly mad; Jealousy has turn'd her Head, I really pity her.

SCENE V.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir WILLIAM.

[*Sir William entering, pretends to take Lady Changelove for Lady Manners.*

What, Madam! will you always urge vain Scruples to me? I ask your Ladyship's Pardon, I really mistook you for *Lady Manners*.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

'Tis no great Matter, Sir *William*. But what is this Scruple you speak of?

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, 'tis the Result of some Conversation which we had together.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

But upon what did this Scruple turn in the Conversation which you had together?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, 'tis a Trifle not worth your Curiosity, I think she wanted to know what Place I held in your Affections.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I hope you had the Discretion not to inform her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Vanity is not one of my Foibles, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, but perhaps Sincerity may; and pray what did she mean by this Question?

Sir WILLIAM.

'Twas meerly the Effect of Curiosity, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I don't know what to make of this scrupulous Curiosity.

Sir WILLIAM.

Perhaps, Madam, when I thought I met her I might have made Use of the Term Scruple, without knowing why.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

This is but an indifferent come off for a Man of your Understanding, Sir *William*, without knowing why! there must be some Mystery at the Bottom of this.

Sir WILLIAM.

I see, Madam, that 'tis in vain for me to attempt to convince you of the contrary.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Your Evasions are pitiful.

Sir WILLIAM.

What! does your Ladyship still dwell upon that Trifle?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I thought, Sir *William*, I had more Influence over your Heart.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, you will always have great Influence over it; but if your Influence is a little diminish'd, it is not my Fault; I'll leave you, however, least I should yield to the little that is left.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I never knew Sir *William* behave to me in such a Manner before.

SCENE VI.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir ARTHUR.

Sir ARTHUR.

You seem thoughtful, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I am, Sir *Arthur*; we were talking of Marriage, but I think we must defer it.

Sir ARTHUR.

Defer it, Madam!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Yes, for about a Fortnight.

Sir ARTHUR.

Lord, Madam! why that's a whole Age; and what can be the Cause of this Delay?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You shall know it another Time.

Sir ARTHUR.

This Uncertainty is enough to distract me; for God's sake, Madam, let me know the Reason.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I would willingly defer it a few Days on Account of Sir *William* and Lady *Manners*; I see they are both under great Concern about it.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*Lady CHANGELOVE, Lady MANNERS, and
Sir ARTHUR.*

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, I am inform'd that you defer your Marriage on my Account. I own the Obligation, but there is no Occasion for any Delay. Conclude it this very Day; I myself press you to it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Tell me the Truth, Lady *Manners*, did you and Sir *William* commence Lovers to oblige me?

Lady MANNERS.

I hope, Madam, you have Reason to be pleas'd at it. [Exit Lady Manners.]

S C E N E VIII.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir ARTHUR.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Ha! ha! ha! she can't stand it; the Raillery is too strong for her. How Vanity makes Women play the strangest Parts! Lady *Manners* counterfeits Satisfaction at the same Time that she is ready to burst with Jealousy.

Sir ARTHUR.

Her Heart palpitates, I see that.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

A Thought comes into my Head; these little Tricks of Lady *Manners* deserve to be punish'd. I'd be glad to see whether Sir *William*, who loves her to such a Degree, will be insensible to what I intend to do. If he speaks the Truth he must be so, and I wish he may; I have devised an infallible Method to know the real Truth. I have nothing to do but order *Phillis* to marry *Shifwell*;

well; she was intended for *Speed*, Sir *William's* Valet, and we were agreed about the Match. If Sir *William* makes no Objection to this, Lady *Manners* has represented Things as they really are, and I am the more at Liberty.

SCENE IX.

Sir WILLIAM, Sir ARTHUR, and Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Come hither, Sir *William*, and let us talk a little of Lady *Manners*.

Sir WILLIAM.

With all my Heart, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Then pray tell me what she is now meditating.

Sir WILLIAM.

What has she done? I can't think there is any Thing amiss in her Proceedings.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I'll soon make that appear evidently to you, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

You know her Prudence, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You're an unceasing Panegyrist, Sir *William*. You must know then, Sir, that this Lady whom you praise so much, being jealous of me because Sir *Arthur* has quitted her, in order to attack me, has Recourse to little Artifices which are by no Means worthy of so incomparable a Lady as you represent her, and does not think it below her to engage a Valet to quit a Chamber-maid, to whom he had made a Promise of Marriage, and this because she knows we intend to marry them, and because I interest myself in the Match. In her Resentment she makes Use of Mrs. *Betty* to prevent

vent it, and what surprizes me most is, to see that you yourself second her in this Design.

Sir WILLIAM.

And do you imagine, Madam, that Lady *Manners* ever once thought that this would offend you? or could you think that I could believe you interested yourself any longer in the Match? No, Madam, *Speed* complain'd of the Infidelity of *Pbillis*; a Master sometimes can't help taking Part in the Misfortune of an honest Servant; and Lady *Manners*, in order to indemnify him, was so good as to offer him her Woman, Mrs. *Betty*; he very thankfully accepted her, and that's all, Madam.

Sir ARTHUR.

This Answer convinces me, I believe they neither had any malicious Purpose.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Hold a Moment, Sir *Arthur*, don't give us your Opinion 'till you are ask'd it. Sir *William*, let me hear no more of this Love-Affair, for it displeases me. I flatter myself that this is saying enough.

Sir WILLIAM.

Hold, Madam, let us call somebody, perhaps my Servant is there. Hallo, *Speed*.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What's your Design?

Sir WILLIAM.

Lady *Manners* is not far off, send to beg the Favour of her to come hither, and you may speak to her yourself.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lady *Manners*! what Business have I with her? Is there any Occasion for your consulting her upon this Subject? I speak to you; I tell you 'tis my Pleasure that this Match should not go forward.

Sir WILLIAM.

But, Madam, I can come to no Resolution without her: Could any Thing be more improper than to force my Servant to refuse a Favour which she granted him, and which he accepted. I can't think of behaving to her in such a Manner.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What! Sir, do you hesitate between Lady *Manners* and me? Think of what you are about.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have determin'd after mature Deliberation.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

In that Case we have nothing farther to say to each other. Sir *Arthur*, give me your Hand.

Sir ARTHUR.

Take it, Madam, and keep it forever.

Sir WILLIAM.

However, Madam, I had one Thing to ask you, if you would be so good as to inform me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord! Sir *William*, I don't know what to say.

Sir WILLIAM.

As you intend to marry Sir *Arthur*, Madam, I would be glad to know when we shall have the Pleasure of seeing you united.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Perhaps, Sir, you may have that Pleasure this very Evening.

Sir ARTHUR.

Dear Lady *Changelove*! Nothing can equal my Transport.

Sir WILLIAM.

Sir *Arthur*, give me Leave to felicitate you upon your Happiness; I do it with the utmost Sincerity, you may be assured.

Lady CHANGELOVE aside.

The unworthy Wretch!

Sir WILLIAM aside.

She blushes!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is that all you have to say, Sir *William*?

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Come, let's go.

SCENE X.

Lady CHANGELOVE, Lady MANNERS, Sir WILLIAM, Sir ARTHUR, and SPEED.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady Changelove, I understand that I have offended you, and I come to ask Pardon for the Fault which I committed innocently, and in order to make you Satisfaction, I have brought Sir *William's* Servant with me. *Speed*, When I promis'd you *Betty* I did not know that her Ladyship would take Offence at it, and now I must tell you that you should not reckon upon it any longer.

SPEED.

Then I acquit your Ladyship of the Obligation.

Lady CHANGELOVE to Sir WILLIAM.

Send away your Servant; and now, Madam, I myself solicit you to keep your Promise with her; I shall even defray the Charges of their Wedding.

Sir WILLIAM to SPEED.

Go your Ways.

Lady MANNERS.

Are we good Friends now, Lady *Changelove*?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! the best in the World.

Sir WILLIAM.

Lady *Manners*, I must inform you of one Thing; and that is, that Lady *Changelove* and Sir *Arthur* will be married this Evening in all likelihood.

Lady MANNERS.

Indeed!

Sir ARTHUR.

The Evening is still far off.

Sir WILLIAM.

Impatience is very proper upon such an Occasion. But as Lady *Changelove* and Sir *Arthur* are so near such Happiness, let us leave them to themselves, and consider what we have to do on our Part.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, let me embrace you before we part. Sir *Arthur*, farewell; I Compliment you upon your good Fortune.

SCENE XI.

Lady CHANGELOVE and Sir ARTHUR.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I see you are much regretted, Sir *Arthur*; Lady *Manners* sets a high Price upon your Heart.

Sir ARTHUR.

Oh! I can dispence with that, when I think of this Evening.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! this is too much!

Sir ARTHUR.

What! do you change your Mind?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Why I waver a little.

Sir ARTHUR.

What do you intend?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I have formed a Design in which you must assist me; I'll let you into it just now. Don't be under any Apprehensions, I am going to meditate upon it. Farewel, don't follow me. [*She goes out and returns.*] 'Tis even proper that you should not see me immediately. I'll give you Notice when ever I have Occasion for you.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am thunderstruck, I see my Favour is upon the Decline. Lady *Changelove* puts me in Mind of what *Hamlet* says, *Frailty, thy Name is Woman.*

END of the Second ACT.

ACT




ACT III.

SCENE I.

Sir ARTHUR, PHILLIS, and SHIFTWELL.

Sir ARTHUR.

 **F**OR God's sake, Mrs. *Phillis*, intreat Lady *Changelove* to let me see her a Moment.

PHILLIS.

I can't speak to her, Sir; she is not stirring.

Sir ARTHUR.

Not stirring at this Time of Day!

SHIFTWELL.

Sir, I am just come from the Terrace, and I saw her walking in the Balcony.

PHILLIS.

What signifies that; every one has a peculiar Way of stirring and not stirring; pray, Sir, what is your Method?

Sir ARTHUR.

It seems you rally me, Mrs. *Phillis*.

SHIFTWELL.

I vow, Sir, I think so too.

PHILLIS.

Not at all, Sir, the Question is very proper, and I propos'd it to you upon mature Deliberation.

Sir ARTHUR.

I even suspect, Mrs. *Phillis*, that you are not in my Interest.

SHIFT-

SHIFTWELL.

I suspected it myself before, Sir, but now I am sure of it.

PHILLIS.

Mr. *Shiftwell*, I admire your Penetration.

Sir ARTHUR.

'Tis just as I said ; Lord why should I wish well to you whilst you are my Enemy ? why should my Disposition be so friendly with regard to you, whilst you refuse me a Return ? Why do our Sentiments thus differ ?

PHILLIS.

I protest I can't say ; I suppose 'tis because Variety has Charms.

SHIFTWELL.

I suppose you love Variety with regard to me likewise.

PHILLIS.

Yes, if you love me still, if not I am for Uniformity.

Sir ARTHUR.

Deal honestly, confess you don't do me good Offices with your Mistress.

PHILLIS.

To tell you the Truth, Sir *Arthur*, I don't espouse your Cause with Zeal.

Sir ARTHUR.

You endeavour then to lessen me in her Esteem.

PHILLIS.

I do, to the utmost of my Power, for I would not have her love you ; I own it, I never deceive any Body.

SHIFTWELL.

This is plain dealing at least.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come, come, Mrs. *Phillis*, let us be Friends.

PHIL-

PHILLIS.

No, Sir *Arthur*, rather follow my Example and hate me in your Turn.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am determin'd you shall be my Friend, I have resolv'd to make you so, and I am sure of Success.

PHILLIS.

You'll find it very difficult to keep your Word with yourself.

SHIFTWELL.

Your Honour should consider that there are Enmities which never cease without paying for it.

Sir ARTHUR.

Mrs. *Phillis*, I'd be glad to know what Sum you Rate your Friendship at.

PHILLIS.

I'd have you to know, Sir *Arthur*, that I don't set my Friendship to sale to be disposed of to the best Bidder. I am not mercenary.

[*Sir Arthur Offers her his Purse.*]

PHILLIS.

Sir *Arthur*, I won't take your Money; it would be robbing you, as I am determin'd not to serve you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come take it, Mrs. *Phillis*, and only tell me how your Mistress stands affected.

PHILLIS.

No, Sir *Arthur*, I'll only tell you how I would have her stand affected. Are you desirous to know that?

SHIFTWELL.

You have already told us that ten times over, Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir ARTHUR.

Has not she form'd some new Design?

PHILLIS.

Lord! who does not form new Designs? People are always forming new Designs. For Example,

ample, I have just form'd a Design of leaving you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come, let's go, *Shiftwell*, I find my Passion beginning to rise.

SCENE II.

Sir WILLIAM and Lady MANNERS.

Lady MANNERS.

I'm inform'd, Lady *Changelove* has sent for you.

Sir WILLIAM.

She has, you see what an Agitation she is in.

Lady MANNERS.

And you are no Doubt impatient to yield to her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Lord! Madam, can I be cruel to her I love?

Lady MANNERS.

We are very near carrying our Point, but we shall certainly fail if you be too hasty. Don't impose upon yourself, the Steps Lady *Changelove* has hitherto taken are far from being decisive; 'tis by no Means certain that they proceed from her Love; she may very probably be rather jealous at seeing me prefer'd, than desirous of recovering your Heart; she perhaps would be glad to triumph over us both, and then laugh at us. We have taken all proper Measures, let us persist till the Settlement, as we have already resolv'd; 'tis that Moment that will shew whether she loves you or not. Love has Symptoms peculiar to itself, and so has Pride; Love mourns its Loss, Pride despises what is deny'd it: let's wait till she sighs at losing you, or scorns you for forsaking her; persevere to this Proof, for the Interest of your love. Mrs. *Phillis* is come, by Lady *Changelove's*

G

Orders,

Orders, to speak with you, dispatch her as soon as possible, and then come to me again.

Sir WILLIAM.

I tremble at the Thoughts of carrying Things so far, however, your Advice is reasonable and I shall follow it.

Lady MANNERS.

I myself act a Part which is by no Means agreeable, and which will be still less so at the Conclusion; for I must endeavour to make up for the little Resolution which you discover. But what will not a Woman do for the sake of Revenge!

*A Woman still enjoys sincere Delight
When she in Love succeeds, or wreaks her Spight.*

SCENE III. d. and Last.

Lady MANNERS, Sir WILLIAM, Lady CHANGE-
LOVE, Sir ARTHUR, SHIFTWELL, and SPEED.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, I see nothing preparatory to your Marriage with Sir *Arthur*! When does your Ladyship intend to compleat his Happiness?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Whenever you think proper Madam; 'tis from you I ask it; his Happiness is at your Direction, you are the Arbiter of his Fate.

Lady MANNERS.

I, Madam, if you would be directed by me, you would marry him this very Evening, and our Marriage shall be celebrated at the same Time with yours.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Your Marriage! with whom, Madam? is there any Body come to marry you?

Lady

Lady MANNERS.

He does not come from far, for there he is.

[*Shewing Sir William.*]

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam, Lady *Manners* honours me with her Hand, and as we happen to be at your House, we ask it as a Favour that you would let the Marriage be celebrated in it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, Sir *William*, tho' tis doing me a great Honour, I have Reason to think that Heaven reserves you for another Fate.

Sir ARTHUR.

Things have taken a Turn entirely new, I am again to fall to Lady *Manners's* Lot, and Lady *Changelove* to Sir *Williams*.

Lady MANNERS.

No, no, Things shall continue in their present State.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Give me Leave to speak, Madam, I desire to be heard, I must now come to an Eclariffment. Sir *Arthur*, 'tis proper to undeceive you, you imagin'd I lov'd you, and indeed the Manner in which I receiv'd you, might make you think I did: But you were impos'd upon by that Reception, I was not in Earnest: My Love for Sir *William* continued the same, and if I counterfeited a Liking for you, it was only to make Trial of the Sincerity of his Passion: You have bestow'd your Heart upon me in vain; you Love me, and I am sorry for it; but your Passion promoted my Design. Lady *Manners*, you have some Reason to complain of Sir *Arthur*; he has been guilty of some Inconstancy towards you, I must confess, but his Fault is excusable; and I do not derive any Va-

nity from having depriv'd you of him for a Time ; he did not yield to my Charms, but to my Address. As for you, Sir *William*, you have but ill requited me for being solicitous to put your Love to the Proof. The Delicacy of Sentiment, which was my Motive, should not have been so hardly interpreted ; but perhaps your Proceeding is more the Effect of Resentment than want of Affection : I, indeed, carried Things a little too far, and perhaps that impos'd upon you ; I don't care to be too secure in my Judgment of you, I shut my Eyes to your Conduct, and grant you a free Pardon.

Lady MANNERS.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! If you'd be advis'd by me, Madam, you'd carry your Generosity a little farther, and forgive Sir *William* the Marriage which is going to unite us.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William*, you lose me for ever if you hesitate a Moment.

Sir ARTHUR.

I beg to be heard in my Turn, I have lost Lady *Manners*, and it would be unreasonable in me to complain. In a Word, I was false, I own it, but I am sincere, and I boast of it. I might, if I pleas'd, make Reprisals, and tell Lady *Changelove*, that my Passion for her was counterfeited, but I scorn such Artifices. However, I must now explain myself ; I lov'd Lady *Changelove*, but I adored Lady *Manners*. Sir *William*, Lady *Changelove* restores you her Affections ; possess her, and thank Heaven for having given you the most amiable of Women ; you have won her ; in losing her I suffer the most immense of Losses ; and, to conclude, I am the most ungrate-
ful,

ful, the most false, and the weakest Man upon Earth.

Lady M A N N E R S.

I shall add nothing to what Sir *Arthur* has said, he has done himself Justice.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

I have sufficiently explain'd myself, Sir *William*.

Lady M A N N E R S.

Sir *William* and I Love one another in good Earnest, there is now no Remedy for it, Lady *Changelove*; and surely two forsaken Lovers have a Right to repair their Loss elsewhere: Endeavour both to forget us, you know how to do it, and you will find it easier now than before. [*To the Notary.*] Come hither, Sir, here is the Contract which we are to sign. Undoubtedly, Sir *William*, Lady *Changelove* will be so good as to witness it.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

What are Things so far advanced!

Lady M A N N E R S.

You see they are, Madam.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

I speak to Sir *William*, Madam.

Sir W I L L I A M.

To me, Madam.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

Is this your Contract with Lady *Manners*?

Sir W I L L I A M.

Yes, Madam.

Lady C H A N G E L O V E.

I could never have thought it!

Lady M A N N E R S.

We flatter ourselves that your Marriage will be celebrated with ours. Sir *Arthur*, won't you witness our Contract too.

Sir

Sir ARTHUR.

I have forgot how to write. [*Lady Manners to the Notary*] Give her Ladyship the Pen.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Give me the Pen, Sir. [*She signs the Contract precipitately, and throws away the Pen.*] Perfidious Man! [*She swoons away in the Arms of Phillis. Sir William throwing himself at her Feet.*] My dear Lady Changelove!

Lady MANNERS.

Sir William, the Farce is at an End, you see you are the favour'd Lover.

SPEED.

This is a happy Conclusion, Mrs. *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

I am perfectly satisfied with it. [*Lady Changelove coming to herself.*] What! Sir William at my Feet!

Sir WILLIAM.

And more in love than ever.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Rise then, you love me still, Sir William.

Sir WILLIAM.

Dear Madam, I never ceas'd to love you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

But what says Lady Manners to this?

Sir WILLIAM.

'Tis to Lady Manners I owe the Recovery of your Heart, this is a Stratagem of hers.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I revive; Lord how much Grief have you occasioned me! how could you counterfeit so long!

Sir WILLIAM.

'Twas Love alone that gave me Power to feign; I hop'd to recover your Affections.

Lady

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Where is Lady *Manners*? Let me embrace her. [*Lady Manners comes up and embraces Lady Changelove.*] Are we good Friends now, Madam?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

To you I am obliged for all my Happiness.
[*Sir William kisses Lady Changelove's Hand.*]

Lady MANNERS.

As for you, Sir *Arthur*, I advise you to pay your Addresses elsewhere; it does not seem probable that any Body present will accept your Hand.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I must prevail upon you to forgive him, Madam, otherwise our Joy would not be compleat.

Lady MANNERS.

I allow him half a Year to make Atonement.

Sir ARTHUR.

I only desired to have a Term allotted, 'tis my Business to avail myself of it.

Sir WILLIAM.

*To try the Lover is a dangerous Part,
They often loose who trifle with a Heart;
Ladies, in Love-Affairs no Mode pursue,
But chuse one Lover and to him be true.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

***H**O W could our Poet treat this threadbare Passion!
Love A-la-Mode; why Loves quite out of Fashion.*

One Thing indeed extenuates his Guilt,

He draws the Picture of an arrant Filt;

His Men and Women both use fraudulent Art,

With Care conceal the Passions of their Heart,

And counterfeit the ardent Lover's Part.

Since such the Plan, the Piece will surely please,

The Ladies hence will learn to change with Ease.

The Men will learn in spite of Female Charms,

To turn against the Fair their dangerous Arms;

Yet least our Piece to grave Men give Offence,

To wit we do not sacrifice good Sense.

Critics must own a useful Moral reigns

Thro' the whole Tenour of our Comic Scenes:

That we obey poetic Justice Laws,

And still are faithful to fair Virtue's Cause.

No Breach of Modesty herein is shewn;

Now Poets praise themselves, but praise alone.

And sure what by the Public is deny'd,

May well be by the Bards Self-love supplied.

P H I L L I S

A T

C O U R T;

A

C O M I C O P E R A

O f T H R E E A C T S.

As it is now performing, with great Applause,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL
In CROW-STREET, DUBLIN.

The Music by

Signior TOMASO GIORDANI.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, at No. 38. next the
Mitre Tavern, Fleet-Street. MDCCLXVII.

[Price One Shilling.]



Advertisement.

IT may be proper to take notice, that the Title given this Piece, at present, is copied from the French of *Monsieur Favart* ; whose *Caprices D'Amour, ou Ninette a la Cour*, the Author, Mr. Lloyd, confesses was the ground-work of his Piece, called the *Capricious Lovers*.

In order to make that Piece entertaining, (and in conformity with the *Italian Burletta*) Musical Dialogues have been added towards the end of each Act ; these are known among the Italians by the word *Finale*, and are deemed indispensably necessary in an entertainment of this sort. It is now presented to the Public with many alterations. Several *Airs* have been added, others again suppressed ; and adapted to the talents of the different performers, some of them being Foreigners.

As it was necessary to alter the Title of this Opera, to that of *Phyllis at Court*, on account of the alterations made in it, and to prevent one copy being taken for the other, 'tis hoped it will meet with the approbation of the Publick.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke,	Mr. <i>Heaphy</i> :
Frederick,	Mr. <i>Palmer</i> .
Hobbinol,	Mr. <i>Vernel</i> .
Damon,	Mr. <i>Massey</i> .
Colin,	Mr. <i>Mahon</i> .

W O M E N.

Princess Emily,	Miss <i>Slack</i> .
Clara,	Miss <i>Ashmore</i> .
Mademoiselle,	Signora <i>Spilletta</i> .
Phillis,	Signora <i>Cremonini</i> .

The action is supposed in Germany, part at a Farm, and part at Court.

D A N C E R S.

Signior *Francesco Giordani*.
Signior a *Felice Marucci*.





PHILLIS

A T

COURT.



ACT I. SCENE I.

An agreeable view of the country, with some cattle grazing at a distance.

Phillis with a spinning wheel; Colin lying on the ground beside her.

A I R.

Phil. **W**HILE the cool and gentle breeze
Breathes its fragrance thro' the trees,
Clad in Robes of lively green
Nature graces all the scene;
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a chearful face.
Sure, I taste of joys sincere,
My true swain for ever near:
When with ceaseless toils oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest,
All my labours to beguile,
Lowe shall wake me with a smile.

Well, Colin to you I am betrothed, and to-morrow is fix'd for our wedding-day, let that thought make you chearful. Away, I prithee, love, your work calls you, remember that the fruit of your toils will soon be bestowed on me.

B

Colin.

Colin. Do you bid me leave you then already? It is not in my power, I am so happy; will you, my dearest, grant me one boon before I go?

Phil. Name it.

Col. Your hand that I may kiss it.

Phil. There—take it.

Col. Now I am alive again. I'll to my labour straight; and, whilst I tie up my flax, you shall delight me with a song.

[Goes to the other side of the stage where
some bundles of flax are lying.]

D U E T T O.

Phil. *Thus of thy tender love possess'd,
My heart is glad, my spirits blest;
Thy cheerful looks, thy soul sincere,
Shall give the smile and wipe the tear.*

Col. *No splendor guilds my homely scene,
My stores are few, my cottage mean,
But, if thy smile rewards my pain,
I'll think myself a wealthy swain.*

B O T H.

*No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No fears alarm, no cares molest,*

Pleas'd with the { *Swain*
 { *Nymph* } *my hopes pursue,*

For { *He*
 { *She* } *is kind and I am true.*

S C E N E II.

Hobbinol and Damon.

Hob. Go your ways, for a pair of fond pidgeons. Ah! Damon, it was just so for all the world when I went a courting to our Cicely, there was such piping, singing, and dancing—ah, these were merry days—well, well—but they are all done and past.

Dam. True, neighbour, true, we have had our day, let the young ones begin now—the very thoughts of their approaching happiness makes my old nerves spring, and I could almost caper for joy, hody o'me, I grow young again at the sight of them.

AIR.

A I R.

*Tho' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest,
Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd by care;
And my heart is as light as the best.*

*When I look on my boys
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see,
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.*

*In the days I was young,
Oh! I caper'd and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace,
But now turn'd of threescore
I can do so no more,
Why, then, let my boy take my place.*

*Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet, why should we repine,
You've had yours, I've had mine,
And, now, let our children begin.*

Hob. What signify the great folk with their lace and their furbelow?—all is not gold that glistens.

Dam. Ay, ay, neighbour, many a found looking sheep is rotten at heart—our pleasures may be as good though not so costly as theirs.

Hob. 'Twas but last summer, Damon, that our squire got himself a wife, a parless fine lady, and a rich one too; yet, a body would believe that they came together only to live afunder—for madam lies in one bed, squire lies in another, and they are now like the two buckets of our town well—when one comes up, to'ther goes down, and if they happen to meet each other, you would think they had never seen one another before; adod, they live like—what do you call it there—the fine toy that your pedlers sell about the country—a weather house, I think they call it, when the woman

steps out, the men pops in. If this be the matrimony of your town folks, give me the country, I say.

Dam. I'll warrant it will not be so with our young coup'e, blessing light upon them; they think of nothing but the feast and the dance, and adod we'll dance at the wedding too.

Hob. Ah, ah--don't you remember, come Lammas 'twill be six and forty years ago, when I met Cicely at our feast.

A I R.

*When the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake;
And, Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tumma's sake.
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout:
O! these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.*

*Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings:
Each lad in his holy-day cloaths,
And the lasses in 'all their best things:
What merriment all the day long,
May the feast of our children prove such:
Odsooks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.*

Dam. Ay, it was that very day his worship was made justice of the peace and coram.

Hob. Yes, Damon, I remember, then Cicely and you came together for the first time. She was a rich wench, then, her cheeks were as fresh as a rose, and as red as a catharine pear. There was your dancing, Damon, when she and I were partners and—

H U N T I N G P I E C E.

Col. Oh, neighbours, neighbours, all our ground is over-run with hories, hounds and huntsmen—they drive through the corn. Plague on all sportsmen, they are born to ruin us. Here, Roger, Tummas, quick, make haste, the gate stands open, shut it fast, for if we don't take care, they'll ravage all.

Phil. We must be patient, Colin, 'tis the Duke's hunt.

Col.

Col. A murrain take all hunts, I say—here are they hunting about every day and all day, and their fine sports, forsooth, must be our ruin: our labour is all in vain.—They are coming this way, I think, get in lads and lassies, these roaring fellows are keen sportsmen when they have our wives and daughters in chase.

[*Exeunt all but Colin.*]

How I am terrified!—what if they should rob me of my Phillis.—'sbloud, the very thought on't sets me mad with rage.

A I R.

*Now Fury, vengeance, fire my mind,
My breast I like a chaldron find,
Thro' every vein now toiling,
Hark how my blood is boiling,
Roaring, rumbling,
Bubling, tumbling,
In the conflict tost
My reason's lost.
Sure no power on earth can ever,
From this heart my fair dis sever.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke and Frederick.

Fred. A country girl, good Sir; and is this the object of your adoration?

Duke. It is, and what is still more extraordinary, her wit charms me as much as her beauty.

Fred. A miracle.

Duke. She is inded a wonder, and I have been told that an old lady whose circumstances obliged her to dwell in retirement, has been the protectress of this sweet creature, and formed and cultivated her mind by an excellent education, leaving her possessed of the most amiable simplicity, a native frankness of temper, and an agreeable vivacity.

Fred. Does not your highness fear some imputation?

Duke. What signifies the blood she springs from? A handsome woman is naturally born above her condition.

Fred. But the princess Emily, Sir, her rank and fortune.

C

Duke.

Duke. I confess them, yet my heart 'spite of myself, is on the point of proving faithless to her; I doat on this little rural innocent, and what is still more extraordinary, with but little hopes of success.

Fred. Is she so coy then? What! can she resist one of the first dukes in all Saxony.

A I R.

*When first a princely lover tries
To pierce the artless female heart,
With panting fear, oppress'd,
Each rising wish suppress'd.
The tim'rous nymph repels the dart,
In vain the soft deceiver sighs,
Till vanity soon lending aid,
The fond deluded fair's betray'd.*

Duke. How romantic must I appear to you, when I own that I adore her; and, yet, which is perhaps the best proof, I have never dared to utter my passion.

Fred. But how can you hope to gain her heart without solicitation.

Duke. For that purpose I have at length retained a female solicitor, Mademoiselle, whom I have sent to exert all her artifice to win her to the court. I have no reliance but upon her skill; but here they come.—Let us retire, and watch their conversation.

S C E N E IV.

Mademoiselle and Phillis.

Mad. Ah! ma chere, how you be so merry, so gay dans un etat si pauvre; you no live in de world.

Phil. The obscurity of my condition is the means of my happiness; what have I to disturb my tranquility?

Mad. Tranquillite, Oh! miserable; come, come, me know someting you'd make dat little heart go pit a pat; you demand vat you please: you be satisfait; der be de carosse, de coach, de diamond, de valets for Madame: you pay de visite, you be carry in de chair up and down, de grand hoop touch your head, and let me see, der be von two, tre, Laquais vid a flambeaux, de crie, by your leave, clear the way there?

Phil.

Phil. Alack-a-day, who will give me all these fine things?

Mad. You know, don't you: be a gentilhomme he come sometimes, pour la chaise, to hunt.

Phil. Oh! that civil gentleman, who calls himself the duke's friend, he has promised to speak a word for us at court; and, to be sure, he'll do us real services, for he professes great regard.

Mad. Ah! Morbleu! your beauté command de l'amour de love, comme, you will briller at de court.

Phil. Ah! madam, I see you laugh at me, I am not designed for such fine folks, I should be ashamed to shew my face at court.

Mad. Point du tout, der be no shame at the court, der be des plaisir, de balis, de conversation, de jetel badinage in de corner; you be drefs in fine silk, de gold, de silver, de flounces, de mignonettes, then, ah! madame; your toilette.

Phil. Toilette, what's that?

Mad. De treasure of de fine ladies, der they embellish their charms nature'lle.

A I R.

*Yes, that's a magazine of arms,
To triumph over time,
Whence beauty borrows half her charms,
And always keeps her prime;
At that, the prude, coquette and saint,
Industrious sets her face,
While powder, patch and wash and paint,
Repair or give a grace.
To arch the brow there lies the brush,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The spanish wool to give the blush
The pearl to die them fair.
Hence rise the wrinkled, old and grey,
In freshest beauty strong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.*

Phil. This is past my comprehension. — I don't understand it. — Shall I grow handsomer at court?

Mad. Aye, to be sure.

Phil. I should like it vastly ; I wish I was there, had I more charms, Colin, perhaps, might love me better.

Mad. Courage, try, Madame.

Phil. I have a good mind, and yet I am afraid ;—but see yonder comes the gentleman who belongs to the Duke.
[Exit Mademoiselle.]

SCENE V.

Duke. Good Morrow, fair maiden ; what, still at your rustic employments ; fie, fie, to bury such charms in the country is treason against beauty.—

Phil. Indeed, sir, your language is past my simple understanding, a fine outlandish gentlewoman was here but now, and she talked of riddles to me ; pray, sir, can you explain them ; she told me that there was a receipt at court to make beauty everlasting, and that somebody adores me ; for my part I can't find out what she means.

Duke. Oh ! Phillis.

Phil. Bless me, sir, you sigh, is there any thing gives you pain ; what's the matter with you ?

Duke. I love you, Phillis.

Phil. Is that all ?—and so you love me.

Duke. Most sincerely.

Phil. I am glad on't.

Duke. Indeed !—

Phil. Ay, indeed, sir, surely, sir, you will not deny the request of her you love.

Duke. No, Phillis, no, name it and be satisfied.

Phil. You know, sir, they are continually hunting here from morning to night, if you have any interest, good sir, speak to the Duke that we may be no more troubled with him, for my part I can't find out what has possessed them to run over our fields in such a manner ; for the pleasure of killing a little leverte, they'll destroy you forty acres of corn ; only see.

Duke. Be satisfied—your request is already granted.

Phil. I thank you, sir, with all my heart, and above all, I beg you will never come here, for I don't like to see you.

Duke. What ! how's that, Phillis ? I hoped—

Phil.

Phil. Hoped—pray what, sir?

Duke. You don't love me then.

Phil. I! not I, indeed, I love Collin.

Duke. Vexation! Who's Collin, who?

Phil. A young man in our parish who courts me, and has promis'd me marriage.

Duke. Consider, Phillis, do not throw away your affections, place them more properly, let me conjure you.
[*taking hold of her hand.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Colin.

Col. Softly, softly, master, you may not touch our Phillis.

Duke. So, here is my worthy rival.

Phil. I pray, sir, do not hurt him.

[*Putting herself before Colin.*]

Duke. Be not alarmed pretty maiden, I come not here to cause unhappiness, he rests secure for me. If Colin is indeed so dear to you, be assured I am his friend.—Oh, that I could renounce this weakness.

Col. Plague on the friendship of the fox, who comes in such a civil leering way to steal away the chickens,—if you must needs pamper yourself with a delicate morsel, e'en look for it elsewhere.

DUETTO.

Phil. Be calm, I pray, my true love, dear,
You know not what you're doing,
A lord is in our presence here,
Affront may prove our ruin.

Col. How can I e'er believe him such,
These crafty wiles pursuing,
My lord, you honour me too much.—(to Duke.
A plague on both your wooing.

Phil. Oh! prithee, cease your idle prate,
Your folly must undo us,
You know not, from a man so great,
What favour may come to us.

Phil.

Col. *Believe not what the courtiers swear,
They ruin whilst they're civil;
I thank you, sir, for all your care.—(to Duke.
Such kindness is the devil.*

Duke. I was in hopes my tenderness might have won upon you, the happy Colin, I perceive, interests you more: may he be the means of compleating your happiness, tho' I am rewarded with afflictions. But your will shall be my law. Adieu, remember, think upon my love, and be assured of every service in my power.

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Col. Thank heaven, the coast is clear, and all is calm again.

Phil. Indeed, Colin, you treated the gentleman much too roughly.—He is a lord, and he has promised to carry me to court.

Col. To court! and will you go?

Phil. To be sure, why not, they say it is a charming place, we'll go together, love.

Col. Hear me, Phillis, nothing that's handsome is safe at court; his design is to betray you, which you don't seem to suspect. He talked to you about love, why did you listen to him, Phillis?

Phil. What if he did talk about love, his love is hopeless; and your courtiers are too well bred to offend against good manners.

Col. Yes, yes, they are such sort of folks to be sure—you have found them so.

Phil. Why do you suspect me, I only give ear to such discourse to laugh at it, to laugh with you, my dear Colin, remain secure in that assurance.

Col. O, no doubt, that is charming and fine; but don't I see him at this very moment lurking about and staring upon you, as if he'd look you through and through; and he is not yet gone about his business, go home to your own cottage, to-morrow you are to be my wife, go along without any more to do, I tell you it must be so.

Phil. I can't.

Col.

Col. You must.

Phil. I won't.

Col. You shall.

Phil. Mighty well, Colin, I don't deserve this, at your hands; let me alone.

A I R.

*Be not so cross and rude,
You vex, you hurt me——oh——
My lord is much too good,
To see me treated so.
His lordship's tender care,
Shall keep me free from harm;
I'll tell him all, I swear——
O lud! you break my arm.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Duke and Frederick.

Duke. Insolent villain, release her this instant.

Col. Let us alone, sir, I beseech you, 'tis our own affair, and you have nothing to do with us.

Fred. Stand off fellow, it is the Duke.

Phil. The Duke; you the Duke!

Duke. Yes, I endeavoured to conceal my rank, that your love might be disinterested, but to preserve you I will now use my own authority——come hither.

Col. The Duke——the Devil! *[Aside.*

Duke. Come, Phillis, and adorn my court, there your beauty shall shine with all its advantages, and partake with the sovereign the homage of all hearts.

Phil. Yes, sir, I will go with you.

Duke. Then Frederick, to you I commit the charge of conducting my fair one to court. *[Exit.*

Phil. (to Colin) Henceforth you shall learn to prize me better.

Col. Was ever such perfidy!

A I R.

Phil. Go, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

*Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown;
Nor shall my faith reward a swain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.*

S C E N E IX.

Col. A plague take the whole sex, say I, they are as light as chaff and fickle as the wind.

Enter Mademoiselle and Hobbinol.

Fred. Well, madam, I congratulate you; you'll go with us to court; such charms were never designed for a country village.

Mad. Oui Madame, you come vid us to court; 'tis pity, en verite, that beauty comme la votre be bury dans grossierete de la campagne.

Phil. I scarce know what to resolve—I feel my heart flutter with eagerness, joy and fear.

Mad. Fear—what fear—you shall be adored, loved and admired by all—oui, madame, the sovereign of all de lord and de envy des toutes les dames.

Col. I burst with rage.

Aside.

Fred. Banish from your heart every doubt, and prepare yourself for unbounded happiness and good fortune.

Col. I can hold no longer—I have a mind to break his head.

Aside.

(goes for a cudgel.)

Mad. Allons, madame, courage, you go to pleasure, fortune, and grandeur.

Col. (discovering himself.) Stand off there, all of you: let the girl alone, or I'll let you feel the weight of this cudgel.

Hob. Hold, hold, are you mad? give me your stick.

Col. I won't.

Fred. My sword shall answer this insolence.

Phil. Mad. Part them for heaven's sake.

QUINTETTO.

Col. I fear not your sword,
Though you be a lord,
You may swagger and stare,
Come on if you dare.

Fred. *You unmannerly knave,
Do you know whom you brave?
You're saucy and rude,
How dare you intrude.*

Phi. *Ah! Colin, forbear,*
Mad. *Alas! sir, take care.*
Hob. *For heaven's sake be quiet
Don't raise such a riot.*

Col. *The time yet may come,*
Fred. *When I'll pay you home:*

Col. *My { cudgel } shall teach you.*
Fred. *{ rapier }
If e'er I can reach you.*

Phil. *I pray you have done,*
Mad. *For pity begone,*
Hob. *O fortune accurst!*

All. *With { vexation I } burst.
rage, I shall }*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Toilet, Phillis dressing.

Madamoiselle and Clara.

A I R.

Phil. **T**HANK you ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all o'er scratches,
That your curious hands must place,
Such odd spots upon my face,
With your pencils, paint and patches!
How I totter in my gait,
From a dress of so much weight,
With my robe too dangling after,
Could my Colin now but see,
What a thing they've made of me,
Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.

D

You

You have made a strange figure of me indeed at last, these things are wonderous aukward to me, pray let's have done.

Mad. A leetel more rogue for votre ladyship silvous plait.

Phil. Ladyship! don't laugh at me.

Mad. Von lettet bit more.

Phil. More daubing! have done. I'll no more on't.

Cla. Your diamonds, madam.

Phil. O how they sparkle—but there are some flowers—pho, they have no smell—every thing is unnatural here, beauty is but a painted sign, all is impostor even to the very flowers.

Cla. These flowers, ma'am, are made to please the sight, not the smell, and in this instance they excell those of nature.

Mad. Quelle amiable figure.

Cla. How immensely elegant——horrid creature!

Aside.

Phil. [*overhearing*] What did you say?

Cla. You'll be the object of general adoration, all the world will feel the force of your charms.

Phil. Charms! are these your charms? I hardly know myself; and yet after all, a peacock, a jay, or a butterfly is drest ten times finer. Here are gold, and silver, and jewels, and ribbands of all the colours in the rainbow—a great hoop that hides my real figure, washes that take away my natural complexion, shoes that will cripple me, and stays that make me crooked. I wish I was in my own cloaths again.

A I R.

*When late a simple rustic last,
I row'd without constraint;
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.*

*The charms I boast, (alas how few!)
I gave to nature's care:
As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.*

Mad. Pardonne moi, votre ladyship sing mighty vell, pon my vord, but you want de bon ton.

Cla.

Cla. Aye, there it is, your ladyship has no Italian expression, which is the life and soul of all musick, the very essence of harmony. Your fingers of taste will run up and down the ladder of sounds from the cellar up to the garret, now rumbling along till they make your ears crack again, and then in the piano they expire like a swan to their own melody. In our favourite composition we are not contented with making the sound an echo to the sense, but by a happy tumbling of both together, create the most agreeable confusion of harmony in the universe.

Phil. It may be very fine, but I don't like it; this taste, as you call it, seems to have declared war against nature, and turned all her works topsy-turvy; pray shall I meet with all these fopperies at court?

Cla. Court, madam, abounds with curiosities; there you will meet a thousand objects to entertain you; there are your pretty little creatures with high heels to their shoes, and solitaires round their necks, that look so lady-like you would think they were women with swords by their sides: then there are your precise puppets trotting along with formal bands under their chins, and plastered wigs upon their head, whispering strange nothings in your ear, and exhibiting at one view the most whimsical combination of pride and servility.

A I R.

Phil. *How strange the mode which truth neglects,
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in speech, are plain in thought.*

Phil. Come, then, I long to be there, let us to court.

Mad. I've de honour to present milady vid her fan.

Phil. Dear me, what use can I make of this?

Cia. This is a wonderful instrument, its exercise is various and elegant.

Mad. I vill tell you, I vil shew you de use, madame.

A I R.

*For various purpose serves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind;
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.*

Each

*Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap,
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent a gentle tap.*

*All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.*

*'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.*

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Frederick.

Duke. Yes, Frederick, I do observe, nay, pity her though from her delicacy she has not hitherto upbraided me, I perceive the princess entertains strong suspicions, which you know are but too well grounded.

Fred. Yet those, my lord, are easily removed.

Duke. And how?

Fred. Your highness's orders have already done it, for what you promised Phillis will be a proof, by which Emily cannot suspect that this amour has any thing real in it. When this same Colin, whom the young madam doats on, comes to court, his love will be a blind for your's.

Duke. True, I have sent for him, but what then?—pray explain.

Fred. The awkward simplicity of country lovers, must make an agreeable contrast with the elegance of court manners, an amusement only fit for laughter, as such only you designed it, for that purpose you brought them hither for entertainment and observation, the princess cannot suspect your designs upon Phillis when her own Collin is permitted to be with her, and you will easily find means to compass your intentions when all suspicions are quieted.

A I R.

A I R.

*The harsh resolve O yet with-hold,
Forbear her gentle heart to grieve,
If only painful truth is told,
'Tis mercy to deceive.
Our wishes aid each slight disguise,
And love the place of truth supplies.*

Duke. But see, the princess comes—I would avoid
her. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Emily and Clara.

Emi. He shuns me, Clara, alas! 'tis now beyond all
doubt.

Cl. Do not torment yourself, and create imaginary
affliction.

A I R.

*Our selves too often we deceive,
And wrong our judgment to believe,
When thinking harshly of the swain,
We cheat our hopes and brood on pain.*

Emi. With the generality of women, I confess, the
heart is not so much affected as their vanity is hurt by
the fickleness of their lovers. Self-love is too often the
link which unites their souls, but the only interest
which sways my bosom is the purest and tenderest af-
fection.

Cl. Believe me, madam, the Duke is no stranger to
your tenderness—he will return it.

Emi. You would comfort me, I see—perhaps I am
alarm'd, from too slight a cause, however, watch their
steps if you regard your mistress.

A I R.

*If tyrant love with cruel dart,
Transfix the maidens tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart and aids the thief.*

Till

*Till left her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving and forlorn,
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the god has wings.*

But who is this the Duke brings with him—oh, 'tis the village nymph, he so much doats on. I must observe them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Phillis and Duke.

Duke. Well, what think you of the court, does it delight you, Phillis?

Phil. It is the seat of wonders: every thing changes character here; the men are quite different; I met one who is the lord of the manor in our neighbourhood, a very proud gentleman amongst us, he carries his head so high and so fierce, and threatens folks with his cane in the country if they do but look upon him; here he was bowing and scraping and cringing like a spaniel. Why are they so complaisant here, these great folks who terrify and domineer over us in the country? Does the court make them so much better? No, I believe, if they do any good here, 'tis only to get a right to do something bad elsewhere.

Duke. I hear you with pleasure; did not the brilliancy and politeness of the court surprize you.

Phil. Oh! they were extravagantly polite, indeed, they paid their compliments with wonderful civility and ran over my person and features in a loud whisper with the most minute observation—upon my word she's a mighty pretty tight thing, quite an angel for the country, what a poor little innocent it is, what an air she has, what a walk, what a voice.—

Duke. Oh that is meer pleasantry—they'll be more careful by and by, and shew you infinitely more respect, they will be eager to invent new diversions for you, they will read your wishes in your eyes, and I my dear will serve them as a model.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Emily and Clara.

Emi. to Phil. So, madam, you have made a noble conquest. Suffer me I beseech you to pay my homage where the Duke pays his.

Duke. Nay, but Emily, you misunderstand——

Emi. Your superior charms—— *[to Phil.*

Phil. Pray, madam, do not mock me.

Emi. Don't disturb yourself, my lord, my presence interrupts, I see. I will retire. *[to the Duke.*

Phil. Stay, stay, we have no secret to talk of. The Duke and I——

Emi. I understand you, madam, it were wonderful, indeed, if charms like yours had not most terrible effects.

A I R.

*I must approve your highness flame,
Your passion for the fair;
And all the world must feel the same,
Who marks her shape and air.*

*A mein so rich in ev'ry grace,
Her manners so polite,
Such beauty beaming from her face,—
Was ever such a fright!*

Phil. So, then, the Duke is her lover, yes, yes, I plainly perceive it. Upon my word, this place abounds with very odd customs (*to the Duke*) can you divide your heart to two at a time (*to Emily*) the Duke loves me too, madam, he has sworn it.

Emi. (ironically to the Duke) Meer pleasantry, that's all.

Duke. Nay, but I assure you. *[to Emi.*

Phil. You need not be under any apprehensions on my account, for my part I love Colin. *[to Emi.*

Duke. Yes, yes, Colin is her love, and Colin shall come. I told you so (*to Emily*) don't give any credit.

Emi. I believe nothing.

Duke. 'Twas but a whim that caused all this; for I imagined the rustic simplicity of these peasants, might
make

make an agreeable contrast with the refined manners of our courtiers.

Phil. (smiling a laugh) A very ridiculous project, truly. Oh! we shall be charmingly amused, come, let us hear some of her prattle.—Well, my dear, and how do you like the court?

Phil. May I speak, my lord?

Duke. Oh, what you please.

Phil. Then, if I must fairly confess the truth, I am heartily tired of this horrid place; where every object I perceive seems a contradiction to common sense; their whole design is to reverse nature; where people are for ever busy in doing nothing; where they eat without appetite, and lie down without rest, where their mirth is all grimace, and their pleasure nothing but perpetual noise.

Clara. Her observation, madam, to me seems perfectly just; groves and retirements are your only places for innocence and simplicity.

A I R.

*Along your verdant lowly vale,
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling thro' the lofty trees,
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.*

*Thus free from envy's poison'd dart,
You boast a pure unruffled heart;
While jarring thoughts our peace deform,
And swell our passions to a storm.*

Emilia. And, pray, when is she to return to her village again, is she to go to-morrow?

Phil. No, sir, to night, to night, I beseech you, the sooner the better.

Emilia. Come, come, then, let us leave her to prepare for her journey, and indulge her meditation on her beloved Colin; your servant my dear.

Duke. Adieu, Phillis, don't be uneasy, your Colin will soon be here. *[Exeunt Duke and Emilia.]*

Phil. Your servant, my dear, a mighty pretty subject to laugh at, truly; e'en keep your Duke to yourself, I want none of him, I am sure, I did not come here to look for him. *(weeping)* I have nothing to reproach myself with, only let them suffer me to go, and I shall be

be happy. Is it my fault, what have I to do with it? If Colin was to treat me so, instead of making myself so pleasant with other folks; I should die for grief. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mademoiselle.

Mad. Votre servante, I have de message from the Duke pour vous maame.

Cla. Message to me! What does his highness command?

Mad. You know Colin, he be arrive at de court, le prince bid you and I to try vid our charms to engager his heart to make an impression.

Col. I understand it, to detach him from Phillis, and breed a quarrel between them; well, for my part, I shall enter into the scheme very sincerely; I know Colin, he is a smart lad, and I can never see any objection to a little amusement with a handsome young fellow—but sure, I see him yonder, coming this way—let us first stand aside, and observe him.—

S C E N E VI.

A I R.

Col. *Plague take such folks,
 Their whims, their jokes,
 With their nonsense, rant and riot
 This calls me clown,
 That shoves me down,
 Can a body ne'er be quiet.
 So push'd about,
 Thrust in, thrust out,
 In a tumult, noise and hurry,
 I'm squeez'd to death,
 I've lost my breath,
 And my wits run hurry, scurry.*

Here have they dragged me out of the country to make a fool and laughing stock of me; a parcel of servants, I think they called them, though I took them for lords, they were all so be-laced and be-ruffled, have put me into this dress farsooth, in spite of my teeth, and

E

what

what have I to do with these tawdry trappings; I want nothing in this world but mine own sweet-heart, Phillis; they came truly to fetch me hither, and yet I can't find her; a plague upon 'em, every thing distracts me: I know not whether I stand on my head or my legs.

Cla. I'll e'en go and accost him—fir, fir.

Col. Lud, lud, what can this fine lady want with me, how she surveys me; I believe she'll look me through and through.

Cla. Pray, fir, what occasion can have brought you to court?

Col. Me, I only come to look for our Phillis.

Cla. Who, fir, Phillis!

Col. Yes, a tight lass of our parish, who has promised to be my wife, but she has left me in the lurch.

Cla. You amaze me! That is scarce possible.

Col. Aye, forsooth, but it's true.

Cla. But after all, fir, why should that give you any manner of uneasiness: a person of your figure, I am sure, has it always in his power to make a better choice: you were never made to be treated with disdain. I tell you so, fir, as a friend.

Col. A friend to me madam: Lord I never saw you before in my life.

Cla. Upon my word, fir, I wish you well.

Mad. E moi aussi, ah Monsieur you be charmant, my heart vill not refuse to love you.

Col. You too madam! and without knowing me. Oh this is the fine French lady. [*Aside.*

Mad. (*Aside*) I have de seetle secret intention pour my self.) Oh, monsieur les gens de your condition be very vell known.

Cla. You have a certain air in your countenance, an appearance in your drefs.—

Col. Oh madam, upon my word.—

Cla. Which sufficiently explain themselves to my eyes.

Col. O, as to that, your ladyship.—

Mad. Ah der be gran de politesse, you be so polite, morbleu.

Col. Politeness! I polite! indeed, madam, I don't pretend to know any thing of the matter. To be sure I was

was always counted a civil body, and I know how to keep my distance, and doff my hat, for I know that's good manners for certain, when one talks to a great lady.

Mad. But you be un gentil homme.

Col. A gentleman, I a gentleman ! O lud, O lud.

Mad. But you be too modeſte ; dat be of no ſervice at court.

Col. Yes, yes, forſooth I am a country gentleman.

Cl. And that, fir, is all in all, that is a ſufficient recommendation, and a peculiar protection.

Col. (*Aſide*) Ods bud, but I believe theſe ladies ſure have taken a fancy to me, they had good reaſon indeed who told me, one need but ſhew ones face at court to make ones fortune.

Cl. Bleſs me, what a charming figure, what eaſe, what elegance ; Oh, fir, if you come hither to make your fortune, you cannot fail of ſucceſs ; come, come, you ſhall be my ſervant.

Mad. Non, non, don't mind vat ſhe ſay, Monſieur, if you vill marry me, I have de l'argent, I vill give you de money, de lace coat, de coach.

Col. Why, to be ſure, madam, to a poor fellow like me.—

Cl. O heavens ! what ails me, I am ſo dizzy I can hardly ſtand, lord how my heart flutters.

Col. O madam, madam, ſhall I aſſiſt you.

Cl. No fir, I thank you, not at all ; I begin to recover, I feel myſelf grow better apace.

Col. Indeed, madam, you frighten me, what would you have me do, pray ſpake, madam.

Cl. You muſt—O, fir, ſpare my bluſhes, lord how I tremble—you muſt—love me a little—can you, will you.

Col. This can be no trick, It grieves me to ſee her in ſuch a taking, I'll e'en pretend to fall in love with her.

Mad. Stay, fir, come vid me, I vill make your fortune.

Col. Adad, I muſt have ſomething about me, more than I dreamt of, to make ſuch quick impreſſions on ladies of ſuch high faſhion. I don't know what to reſolve—I have a great mind to.—

Phyllis enters behind.

Phil. O heavens what do I ſee.

Cl. Will you agree to my propoſal.

Mad.

Mad. Will you give me your hand; do you doubt, am I so disagreeable.

Cla. Am I so frightful?

Col. Why, ladies, sure you make a jest of a country lad here.—Is it possible—can I believe my senses.

Phil. (*behind*) Grant me patience!

Mad. I protest sur mon honour.

Cla. I swear.—

Col. Why then—I never was hard hearted in my days.

Phil. (*Discovering herself*) Oh, villain, have I caught you—now look upon me, is it thus you reward your Phillis?

Col. Phillis, what do I see, Phillis.

Phil. You false man, it is Phillis, I have found you now.

QUARTETTO.

Phil. *Ab, traitor! vain, I see
Your boast of love sincere,
But vengeance soon shall free
This bosom from its care.*

Col. *From blame this bosom's free,
Reproaches then forbear,
My heart is fixt on thee,
And boasts of love sincere.*

Mad. *You pouting creature never mind.*

Cla. *If she upbraids you I'll be kind.*

Mad. } *No longer shy, no longer cloy,*

Cla. } *Come dwell with us, with love and joy.*

Col. *Was mortal ever so distress'd?
But three to one are odds too great.*

Phil. *Go, savage wretch, that faithless breast
Is now the object of my hate.*

Mad. *Those wanton curls, those meaning eyes,*

Cla. *That graceful shape, that roguish air!*

Mad. } *Bids every soft emotion rise,*

Cla. } *And something stirs,—I don't know where.*

Col. *By turns to each inclin'd,
Suspense distracts my mind:
'Tis torment too severe,
For flesh and blood to bear:
To end the strife, 'twixt you and me,
I wish the devil had the three.*

Cla. *Well, is it not provoking,
I'm vex'd with all my joking,
And ev'ry art in vain I try:*

(*aside.*)

Phil.

Phil. *Was ever maid so spighted?
To see myself thus slighted,
And such fine ladies by.*

Mad. *Fine sport to destroy my own ease,
By striving my neighbour to tease:
Well, sure, here's a comical set,
Of impertinents very well met.*

Chorus. *From tyrant love proceeds our care,
Love's cruel empire who can bear!
Begone then love, fly far away,
No more thy dictates we obey:
A poor reward thy votaries gain,
A moment's bliss, and age of pain.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street.

Hobbinol and Damond.

Dam. **A**YE, aye, neighbour, your fine folk, for all their vapouring and bouncing, are no honester than they should be. Who would have thought that our Phillis would have been sent for to court!

Hob. Sent for, quoth a; no Damon, trapped, drawn in by artifice.—Lord! what a parcel of nonsense of teeth, and lips, and ivory, and coral, and diamonds did some of these puppets pour out before the wenches in our village, till the maids grew so fantastic that they did not know their heads from their tails.

Dam. Fair words cover foul dealings; give me plain speech, and plain manners, I say.

Hob. By my troth, Gaffer, I never could abide these leg making gentry, who bow, and scrape, and palaver, with their hats stuck like gizzards, under their arms; and all the while they mean no more by their civility than to cuckold the husband, or debauch the daughter.

Dam. Thank heaven, Hobbinol, we have none of those vices; we are not so polite, and in good truth, I envy none of those sort of folk.

A I R.

*Tho my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those that have thousands a year.*

*Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
 I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And my boys think my life not a moment too long.
 Let the courtiers, these dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.*

Hob. But sure they cannot mean mischief to our young couple, since my boy Colin has been sent for to court with all haste, and to meet your Phillis, they said. Body o'me, how their eyes will sparkle when they meet each other! I'll warrant you now she is as melancholy as a turtle that has lost its mate.

Dam. But for my part, Hobbinol, I cannot abide the thoughts of her being at court; why the place is for all the world like a fair, full of nonsense, noise and shew.

Hob. Aye, neighbour, they keep fair here all the year round, and a plentiful market too, only the goods now and then are a little stale.

Dam. A plague take their town manners, I say, though I doff my hat never so low, and bespeak them never so civilly, they do but laugh in my face; adod, I think we have been as proper folks as the best of them in our time. They mun keep their flaunts and fleers to themselves. It is a wonderment to me, neighbour, how we found our way hither.

Hob. Or how we escaped whole from so many dangers. I thought I should have had my body squeezed to death by one of those fidgetting fellows, with poles in his hands, and a chair at his backside, who thrust me into the kennel almost under the wheel of a coach, and then furlily cried out—"by your leave"—Had I known that had been the way of asking, civil question, ecod! but I would have had my crutch ready to have given him an answer.

Dam. Well, well, these disasters are at an end now.

Hob. True, Gaffer, true, we mun not bide here, we must try what we can to recover our children; and for my part, I do think Colin will be perfect mad if he misses his dear Phillis.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

SCENE II.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter Frederick, Phillis, and Madamoiselle.

Fred. I am sorry Colin's inconstancy should give you so much distress; accidents of that sort, are so common here, nobody regards them; a little farther acquaintance with court, will convince you the failing is too general to deserve much blame.

A I R.

*From flower to flower the Butterfly,
O'er fields, or gardens ranging:
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.
Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted:
Whilst she who pleases most to-day,
To-morrow shall be flighted.*

Phi. Faithless, faithless Colin! and pray Madamoiselle, does Colin know the duke designs to visit me?

Mad. Oui, oui, he be informed long since, poor soul.

Phi. The news of it has affected him, no doubt.

Mad. Certainement madame, pour a little quarter of an hour or so.

Fred. I beheld him run up and down, stamping and tearing, and raving and rending like a madman, then he'd stop short of a sudden, and folding his arms like a lover despairing beside a clear stream, heave a desperate sigh, with the most rueful length of face mortal ever beheld.

Mad. Vraiment it was pitoyable case.

A I R.

*Oh! 'twould pierce a heart of stone,
To hear him roar and blubber:
So great a lover ne'er was known,
—Nor e'er so great a lubber.
Like little master left alone,
By gay mamma forsaken:
With hiccup, sob, and sigh and groan,
His heart is almost breaking.*

Fred. But like the rest of his sex, sorrow took no fast hold of him, 'twas but an April shower, and all was fair again.

Phil. Indeed, were it not for his treachery, I could almost find in my heart to pity him—But I find myself strangely fatigued; your pleasures here pall the mind, without entertaining it, my spirits are quite overpowered.

Fred. I am glad of it, now, now you begin to have the bon ton—I was sure your ladyship could not be so long amongst the polite world without catching the manners of it. 'Tis nothing but nerves, and fashionable vapours. A thing of course.

Phil. Vapours and weak nerves, why can it be a fashion to be sick!

Fred. O lord! its downright ungentle to be otherwise, your ruddy complexion, and active limbs, may do very well for a dairy maid in the country; but here they are perfectly unnecessary, nay, absolutely improper. Lord ma'm it is as unfashionable for a fine lady to be without a complaint, as to be out of debt.

Phil. The more I observe your manners here, the more they surprize me.—But there is a scheme come into my head: were it not possible Mademoiselle that Colin might be conceal'd somewhere hereabouts, that he may overhear our intercourse?

Mad. Sans doute, madame, but pourquoi for what purpose?

Phil. The dearest in the world, revenge,

Mad. Ah, dat be the most delicious morsel.

Fred. And the injustice he has done you by his suspicions, deserves the worst of mortifications from your hands.

Phil. Well, then, sir, to you and Mademoiselle I leave the management of this affair. The Duke will be delighted with it. Adieu, I shall attend his highness's pleasure.

Exeunt Fred. and Mad

If Colin blames me now, 'tis not without reason, but I will still surprize him more, he shall be satisfied as to the interview between the Duke and me, and if my contrivance succeeds, the princess too shall be served—Alas! why came I hither? Is it the air I breathe which poisons all my peace? At home my only thought was mirth; there all was tranquillity, pleasure and happiness.

A I R.

When far from fashion's gilded scene,

I breath'd my native air;

My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,

No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,

Distraction rends my breast;

Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,

And banish all my rest.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Emily and Clara.

Emi. So, Clara, I still find her here, you see. The so much boasted charms of the country, will I fear lose all their relish after the splendour of a court.

Cl. Love, madam, is undoubtedly very intoxicating, and it is no wonder if the addresses of a duke turn the brain of an ignorant village lass.

A I R.

*Flatt'ring hopes the mind deceiving
Easy faith too often cheat,
Women fond and all believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.*

*Noisy shows of pomp and riches,
Cupid's tricks to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches
Flatt'ry is the beauty's snare.*

Emi. So, then, you will not leave us yet. The court has stronger attractions than you were aware of Phillis.

Phi. Alas! madam, did it depend upon my choice, I would be far off. The pleasures of this place are lost upon me, they are too artificial for us simple folks, who are the servants of nature.

Emi. Quit then, as fast as you can, a place so contrary to your matters: I would not delay a moment. Alas! why cannot I shake off this troublesome pomp and pageantry of courts?

A I R.

*Return, sweet last, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns,
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.*

*The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise,
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.*

F

Phil

Phil. Upon my word, ladies, you reason excellently well in your turn. I perceive the advice of every body flows from self-interested motives. You would most obligingly inform me that my presence displeases you, madam; I heartily believe it—But, now I think on it, I can't go yet, 'tis absolutely impossible. I have a particular engagement with the Duke.

Emi. With the Duke!

Phil. Yes, with the Duke; oh, you will laugh exceedingly.—

Emi. Laugh! I laugh! how?

Phil. The Duke you know is in love with you.

Emi. (*sighs*) And what, then?

Phil. Then! why he desires an interview with me.

Emi. Which you have granted, I suppose.

Phil. Oh, doubtless. It is not for folks in such an humble situation as mine to refuse so great an honour, and, indeed, after so many instances of friendship and protection, it were a sin to deny so small a request. But, I see, Madam, you are discompos'd.

Emi. Who I! not I, not in the least.

Phil. I can't abide to be thought ungrateful.

Emi. So then, Phillis, after all this parade of honour, and virtue, and love, you can make an assignation.

Phil. Come, come, don't be suspicious; where you dread a rival, you may find a friend. I pity your uneasiness, madam, nor will I ever be the cause of adding to it. Come, then with me, and, if possible, endeavour to forget your jealous resentment. I warrant you all will be well yet.

SCENE IV.

An apartment with a couch and table.

Colin solus.

Col. I am ruined, undone. They have bewitch'd her, they have given her something to steal away her heart, and yet I can scarce believe it—It is impossible—What Phillis meet the Duke alone! alas! it is but too true,—here behold me in the very chamber—can I yet doubt? Ah! that couch, that tell-tale couch suggests enough to make me shudder;—what an object for a faithful sweet heart, such

as I am! What alarms! what violent emotions it raises! —My folly has aggravated her to an entire neglect of me—Well, heaven be thank'd, I am not quite friendless yet.—The good natur'd gentlewoman who was so civil to me before, has sent me hither whether I may over-hear all;—let me see, I'll conceal myself under this table, and from thence observe what passes, and if I find my suspicions true, I know how to be reveng'd for the trick she has play'd me. Yes, thou cruel hard-hearted Phillis, I'll suddenly break out and shame you—in midst of your joys I'll tell you to your face that you are a false ungrateful hussy, and then—I'll go hang myself, and then—you shall never see me more.—

A I R.

*My tender heart now bleeds in vain,
My tears she sees with cold disdain,
Ah! spare me cruel fair!
Give one kind look, I ask no more,
My lost repose again restore,
Nor leave me to despair.*

[After the song Colin hides himself under the table.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Phillis.

Phil. Well, my lord, you find me your obedient servant down to the ground; what would your highness have with me?

Duke. Can that be a question now—ah, Phillis, does not the tenor of my whole behaviour explain itself to you? Come, come, you know I love you.

[*Colin peeping from under the table speaks in a low voice.*]

Col. I can scarce contain.

Phil. Alas! my lord, I was born to humbler hopes, and your highness can never be at a loss for a more worthy subject.

Duke. More worthy—surely, Phillis, you take a pleasure in creating my misery.

Phi. No, I would rather wish to make you happy.

Col. (Very well!)

Duke. Alas! I have wish'd, I have sigh'd a long time for a heart without guile, a heart that was simple and ingenious, a happiness not to be met with at court.

Phi. Oh, my lord, that happiness you have always in your own power.

Col. (Oh! he'll take the hint I'll warrant).

Duke. My power; do you approve my passion then? am I so blest.

Phi. Indeed I will not hesitate one moment to make you so.

Col. (Oh! she will not hesitate.)

Duke. Why then my charmer, should we linger? My spirits are all in arms, and my heart flutters with expectation.

Col. (So things are in a very ticklish way I perceive.)

Phi. Pray, my lord—make allowances for a young country maid, I am so ashamed, so confounded at seeing myself alone with you, I can never stand it;—you must permit me to snuff the candles out.

[*The stage darken'd.*]

Col. (Oh, very modest indeed.)

Duke. (*aside.*) So, so, my country girl is not altogether unexperienced.—Well, my love,—whither are you going?

Phi. Only to be satisfied that the doors are fasten'd, I so dread the princess, she is continually on the watch.

[*She steals out, and pushes the princess in.*]

Emi. (*aside.*) How my heart beats,—I shall never have courage to approach him.—

Duke. Come, my charmer, share the transports of my passion.

Col. (Hark.—What are they about?—I am terrified—) all silence—nay then my rival triumphs.)

[*The princess breaks from the duke.*]

Emi. Pray my lord—(*aside*) what a situation am I brought into?—

[*The duke catches her again.*]

Emi. Oh!

Col. (A sigh, monstrous! I can hold no longer.)

[*He comes from under the table.*]

Col. Torture, fury, rage, despair,
This much injur'd bosom tear,
Go, perjur'd treach'rous maid,
Why am I thus betray'd?

Duke. Prevented—O confusion!
Such insolent intrusion,

Swift vengeance shall attend.

Emi. *Was ever such disgrace!*

In pity to my case,

Ye powers assistance lend.

Duke. *Wretch begone, from anger fly,*

Col. *Your threats I scorn, your rage defy.*

Phi. *Good folk—be calm I pray,*

[*Phillis enters with lights, followed by Clara and Mademoiselle, they all stare at seeing each other.*

Why all this mighty fray?

Must you look big and bluff, sir?

[*To Col.*

Col. *Forbear, my dear, that fault to blame,*

Which rose from love to you,

Duke. *Amaz'd, expos'd, I blush for shame,*

What shall I say? what shall I do?

Mad. } *This is pastime more rare!*

Clara. } *It delights me I swear.*

Emi. *Hopes and fears my soul involve,*

Duke. *Which way turn? on what resolve?*

Mad. *Well here's some plot,*

Clara.

Sure some mistake,

Duke. *I hardly breathe,*

Emi.

I scarce can speak.

Mad. *How will this end!*

Clara.

What can it mean?

Col. *Here's something strange,*

Phi. ———

I can't explain.

A L L.

Oh! how tormenting! how severe!

The plagues that love is doom'd to bear.

Phi. (*to Duke.*) Now, Sir, you are master of that treasure you so long desired; be happy in the possession of it.—And now, Colin, what is become of your jealousy? Take care how you harbour again a fiend which destroys all peace,

Col. *I begin to revive again.*

Emi. Assured as I am of your inconstancy, I might perhaps break out into reproaches, but your conduct afflicts me more than it offends, and makes me happy without being violent. I see, Sir, I have lost your heart. (*going*)

Duke. (*stopping her.*) Stay, stay, my princess, our hearts were not design'd for such separation; Phillis, it is true, by thus enlightening my bewildered senses, has humbled

humbled me sufficiently; and I should blush indeed, if I did not endeavour to imitate her; her example shall excite me, and if my revived affections are worthy of a return, Hymen shall unite us on this day.

Emi. Love surely may excuse its own frailties—oh! Phillis, let me embrace thee, how much do I owe to your friendship! ———how shall I reward you?

Phil. Leave that to Colin, madam, for from him alone I expect it. Come, Colin endeavour to mend your errors; here take my hand, now you know all my vengeance.

A I R.

*Again in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wide their merry notes,
Whilst we converse beneath the shade.
A happy Swain, and happy maid.*

Col. Nor shall thou be deceived—let us away with haste. We will be married straight, this is true joy indeed; what need of so much mystery to be happy; but however, Sir, I pray you leave off your hunting on our grounds. Peace and quietness are better than all the honours in the world.

Duke. May heaven protect you both, live long in peace and happiness, and share my bounties as you please.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Here are two old men come after Colin, and Phillis, they make such a bustle and clamour one would think they were stark staring mad.

Duke. Oh! Bring them in. The happiness will now be general, indeed. (*To Emily*) what uneasiness has my folly produced! But——

Dam. (without) I tell you, I will have my daughter.

Hob. (without) Give me my son, I say, body o' me, you smock fac'd chitterling. Oh, that I was but three score for your sake.

Dam. Don't talk to me, my own's my own, and I will come in.

Phil. Good heaven! my father.

Enter

Enter Hobbinol and Damon.

Dam. So, so, we have found you now.——Adod, but we have not. They do nothing but make fools of us, I think.

Hob. For my part, I believe, it is the land of lies; I did not want such fine folks, our search is after a couple of stray'd children, and they told us they were here (*going up to Colin.*) I pray you, sir, can you tell me anytidings? (*discovering him.*) Ods my life, its my own boy Colin; I am transported, I am overjoyed,——and why did not you answer your father, you dog?——only see, Damon, how they have bedizen'd him, a—looks for all the world like the king in the puppet-shew.

Phi. (to Dam.) And here, too, is your Phillis, sir, it is no wonder you should not discover me through this disguise.

Dam. Have I recovered thee at last, my child! my neighbour, and I have had a wearisome pursuit after thee.

Col. All is well that ends well, father; we shall now be as happy as the day is long, thanks to the duke there; in truth we are much obliged to him.

Hob. Oblig'd! quoth-a; yes, yes, I suppose you are oblig'd.

A I R.

*No doubt but your fool's-cap has known,
His highness obligingly kind.*

*—Odzooks, I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy hind?*

*To be sure, like a good-natur'd spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed,
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them sprout out of your head.*

*To keep your wife virtuous and chaste,
The court is a wonderful school,—
My lord you've an excellent taste,—
And son you're a cuckoldy fool.*

*If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
You dog I could knock out your brains.*

Col. I scorn to be any man's slave,
I know what is proper and right.

Hob. You talk, sir, exceedingly brave—
You puppy get out of my sight.

Col.

Col. *Dear father, ne'er trust to report,
My Phillis is true to her swain,*

Hob. *Then why this fine jaunt up to court?
You dupe, you're a cuckold in grain.*

Duke. Be not so distrustful, old friend; I have seen my error, and repent it. The temporary uneasiness you have found, in the loss of your children, will be amply compensated in the happiness of to day. Here (*taking Emily by the hand*) my affections are settled. Phillis merits no suspicions; and, if mutual love happily rewarded, can ensure a blessing upon earth, her union to day with Colin shall effect it. Come, come, we shall all be happy.

Emi. You may be perfectly satisfied, sir, your fears are all groundless. It is from the conviction of her innocence, and by her interposition, that all parties are reconciled. Surely you ought to be satisfied on this point, when you see, I am. [to Hob.

Hob. Say you so? why then, come hither, children, heaven bless you—body o'me, but I cry for joy.

Dam. Let me join my blessing too. And now, adod, I'm as gay as a lark, and as light as a cork.

Duke. From this hour my bliss commences. How sweet it is to gain the affection of a heart which owes all its charms to innocence and simplicity! but to find one without guile in the midst of courts, whose honesty of nature is not corrupted, though it is cultivated by art, makes up my peculiar felicity.

CHORUS.

*Let care no more my peace annoy,
Nor jealous fears, our bliss destroy,
While constancy and love sincere,
Rewards each blest, each happy pair.*

Col. *For thee my love shall ever burn,
Thou art my fondest aim.*

Phil. *My love shall yield thee sweet return,
I burn with equal flame.*

Emi. *No care shall e'er my soul annoy,
No fears my bliss destroy.*

Col. *For thee my love shall burn.*

Phil. *My love shall yield return.*

Emi. *My love shall yield return.*

All. *Oh, this is perfect joy.*

A L M E N .

AN

ENGLISH OPERA.

As it is performed

At the THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

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Author of E L I Z A.

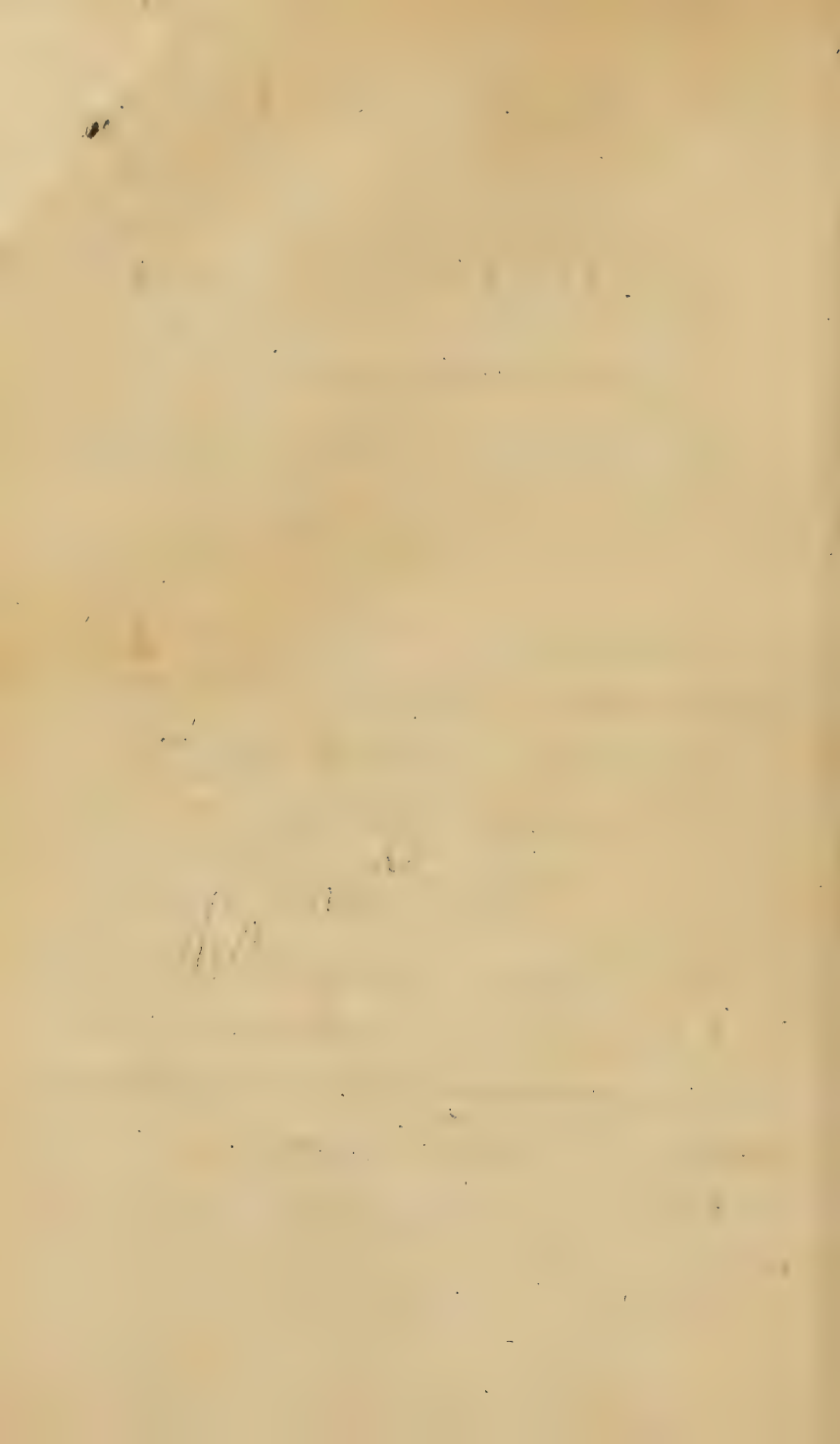
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M D C C L X I V .



ARGUMENT.

Ismael, in 1499, founded the Race of the *Seffies*, or Prophets, which continued Kings of *Persia* 'till 1722, when *Mohammed*, or *Maghmud*, the Son of *Mir-Vais*, and Chief of the *Afghans*, who inhabited the Province of *Kandahar*, shook off his Allegiance to *Shah Sultan Hussein*, the last King of the *Seffie* Line, invested *Persia*, defeated *Hussein's* Army at *Gulnabad*, took him Prisoner, and dethroned him ; after which *Mohammed* ordered most of the *Persian* Nobility to be murdered, and with his own Hands massacred above one Hundred of *Hussein's* Children, in the Palace-yard : but *ALMENA*, one of his Daughters, is supposed to have been spared, and *Mirza*, his Nephew, to have escaped, who afterwards raised an Army, and defeated *Mohammed* ; whereby the Royal Line of *Persia* was restored.

CHARACTERS.

M E N.

MOHAMMED, Usurper of the
Persian Throne : in love } Mr. *Vernon*,
with ASPATIA,

MIRZA, A young Prince, Ne-
phew of the deposed Sultan
HUSSEIN ; in love with AL-
MENA, } Mr. *Giustinelli*.

ABUDAH, A PERSIAN Noble-
man, formerly banished by
HUSSEIN for his Love to As-
PATIA, and afterwards Vi-
zir to MOHAMMED, } Mr. *Champness*.

W O M E N.

ASPATIA, Widow of Hus-
SEIN, } Mrs. *Cremonini*.

ALMENA, a young Princess,
Daughter of ASPATIA ; in } Miss. *Wright*.
love with MIRZA,

ZARA, Sister to MOHAMMED ; } Mrs. *Vincent*.
in love with MIRZA,

SELIMA, Attendant on ALME-
NA, } Miss *Williams*.

Priests of the Sun, Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

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21. L'Anglois a Bourdeaux, Comedie.

A L M E N A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Garden of the Haram, or Seraglio.

ALMENA, SELIMA.

SELIMA.

SIGH not, *Almena* ; why this deep Despair ?
Mirza, thy gallant Lover, is in Safety.
The holy Priests, who now invoke the Sun
To beam propitious Rays on *Persia's* Clime,
Yield him Protection.

Alm. - - - - There survives my Hope.

A I R.

*The golden Radiance of the Sun,
Mild glancing thro' the Cedar Bow'rs,
Renews the Glories of the Day :
The beauteous Work's again begun,
Which Nature freshens, and impow'rs,
And every Bird exalts its Lay.*

B

Sweet

*Sweet is the Prime of florid June ;
 Sweet are the Meadows as they smile ;
 And sweet the rural Minstrel's Song :
 But sweeter is the Mind in Tune ;
 Sweeter the Heart unknown to Guile ;
 And sweeter where the Virtues throng.*

Alm. But should *Aspatia* feel the Tyrant's Rage,
 Who still insults her with his hateful Passion—

Sel. See where she comes; her Morning Slumbers
 broke

By anxious Care.

Alm. She's thoughtful ; soft, retire. [Exit *Sel.*

SCENE II.

ASPATIA, ALMENA.

Asp. My Husband's Murd'rer court me to his
 Arms!

Nature recoils, and shudders at the Thought.—
 But, my *Almena*, what may prove thy Fate,
 Should I the Tyrant's Hatred once provoke ?

Almena advancing.

Alm. Ah ! why this sad Solitude for me ?

Asp. For thee alone, my Daughter, would I live
 A widow'd Mother, and a captive Queen.

Alm. Yet cherish still the Hope of better Days.

Asp. For thee I will. Our injur'd Friend, *Abudab*,
 In secret wishes to avenge our Wrongs.

SCENE IV. *The Palace at Ispahan.*

MOHAMMED, ZARA, ABUDAH, Guards
and Attendants.

Moham. Ambition knows her Sons, and crowns
their Toils.

The Race of *Seffie* to our Arms submit,
And Conquest's crown'd with Glory.

Zara. Say with Peace.

Ab. For Peace alone the Sword of War is drawn.

A I R.

*Rough and tedious is the Way
Leading to imperial Sway,
And ever full of anxious Toil.*

*Nothing can resist the Brave;
But the Conqu'ror's bound to save
The conquer'd from the Sword and Spoil.*

Mo. I fought not Plunder.—Soldier, as I am,
My Soul is full of Conquest, not of Rapine.

Ab. Yet Conquest goes with Rapine hand in hand.
Persia severely bleeds beneath your Arms;
Her Monarch, Princes, Nobles are destroy'd.

Mo. Can'st thou, amid the Fury of the Battle,
Presume to stop the raging Tide of War,
Or bid stern Havoc hold its slaughter'ring Hand?

A I R.

A I R.

*The martial Host, and tented Plain,
May fright the poor and timid Swain,
Who never felt Ambition's Fire :*

*But nothing awes, or should controul,
The truly great undaunted Soul,
That dares to Empire's Height aspire.*

What News, *Abudab*, of that chosen Band,
We sent in Search of enterprizing *Mirza*,
That stubborn Scyon of the *Seffie's* Race ;
Who, like a Leopard, issues from his Covert,
And ravages the Fold ?——My Diadem
Is not secure, while he remains untam'd.

Ab. They have, we learn, invested his Retreat
Among the *Gawrs*.—But here brave *Osman* comes.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Health to the Race of *Ali*.—*Mirza's* taken.

Mo. We thank thee, *Mahomet* !—Go, haste thee,
Soldier,

And instantly conduct him to our Presence. [*Exe.*

S C E N E V.

MOHAMMED, *seated on a Throne, ornamented with
the Royal Arms of Persia* : ZARA, and Attendants.

Enter MIRZA guarded, and in Chains.

Zara. Is this the Prince ?

Mir.

Mir. A Prince of *Seffie's* Race.

Mo. But now a Slave.

Mir. The vilest Slave that lives,
Because he wears thy Chains. Yet, vain Usurper!
Know thou, that I can wear them and be free.

Za. Amazing Fortitude! unhappy Prince!

Mo. Thou would'st provoke my Rage to end
thee.—No!

Live to enjoy the Freedom of thy Chains.

Mir. I scorn thy Mercy, and defy thy Pow'r.
Lost, as I am, Life has no Charms for me.

Mo. Yes, while *Almena* lives.

Mir. *Almena!* say'st thou?
Hast thou in Cruelty then spar'd my Love?
Spar'd her to wreak thy Vengeance upon me!—
Then hast thou found indeed the Way of Torture.

Za. Such Softness too!

Mo. Guards, lead him to his Dungeon.
By *Mahomet* I swear—

Mir. Thy Threats are vain.
I can endure, and smile upon thy Tortures.

Mo. Then thou shalt try them. Be his Guard
secure.—

[*Exeunt Mob. and Mirza guarded.*]

SCENE VI.

Za. If gen'rous Pity be ally'd to Love,
Sweet Prince! already hast thou won a Heart.

Zara (dismissing her Attendants)

Go hence, and leave me to my troubled Thoughts.

A I R.

A I R.

*Sure, I feel the Dart of Love
 Deep within my Bosom move :
 Passion may perplex the Heart ;
 Reason then should heal the Smart.*

*But if Reason quits the Rein,
 Love usurping wide Domain ;
 Mirza soon shall Freedom find,
 If he proves to Zara kind.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

ASPATIA, ALMENA, and SELIMA.

Asp. I must again attend this Tyrant's Pleasure,
 And be tormented with his odious Vows.

Alm. How much I fear and tremble for your
 Safety ?

Asp. My Child be comforted : Place Confidence
 In Heav'n, from whence looks down the Cherub
 Hope.

A I R.

*In Hope to recompense his Toil,
 The lab'ring Peasant tills the Soil :
 In Hope the Mariner will brave
 The Dangers of the Caspian Wave.*

Hope

*Hope cheers the Slave that digs the Mine,
And makes him sigh for Freedom's Shrine :
For Hope, when Justice left Mankind,
Soothing our Cares, remain'd behind.*

[Exit *Asp.*

Alm. So strong is Grief, involuntary Tears
Steal down my Cheeks.—Ah! my foreboding Heart!

Sel. Another Captive!—

Alm. Yes;—it is—'tis he.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter M I R Z A guarded.

Mir. *Almena!*

Alm. *Mirza!*

Mir. Yes; *Almena* lives.

I thought thee clasp'd in the cold Arms of Death,
And never hop'd this sweet Embrace again.

Alm. To meet thee here, and in a Tyrant's Pow'r,
Is still much worse than Death.

Sel. 'Tis most unhappy.

Alm. Ah! where is now our fond delusive Hope?

A I R.

*As Pilgrims stray through Sorrow's Vale,
The chearful Flow'ret Hope may rise :
But bending down before the Gale,
Stript of its Bloom, it fades and dies.*

Mir. *Almena!* must we part no more to meet?

C

Sel.

Sel. Despair not, Prince.—There still is Hope in Store

For thee and for *Almena*.

Alm. Flatt'rer, cease ;
I know of none.—No, *Mirza!* we must part ;
Thou to thy Dungeon, Tortures, Racks and Death :
I to behold a widow'd Queen and Mother,
Dragg'd by my Father's Murd'rer to his Bed.

Officer. Guards, force him hence.

Mir. A Moment's Patience, Soldier.
One more Embrace, *Almena*, and adieu.

A I R. D U E T.

Alm. Adieu, most gallant Youth, adieu !
And met we thus to part ?
This last, this longing, ling'ring View,
Will break Almena's Heart.

Mir. The Calm of Patience fill thy Breast :
This Storm may soon be o'er.
A brighter Day may make us blest,
To meet and part no more. [Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Prison.

MIRZA.

AIR.

*U*Ntimely setting at the Dawn,
 My Sun of Glory thus withdrawn,
 No friendly Beam supplies its Ray;
 Save what this Glow-worm Light around,
 Sheds, dimly scatter'd o'er the Ground,
 In Absence of excluded Day.

Sad Change of Fortune!—Still must *Persia* bleed?
 While I am torn from Empire and from Love.—

SCENE II.

MIRZA, ABUDAH.

Mir. Abudah!

Ab. Mirza, know me for thy Friend.

Mir. No Friend to Tyranny can e'er be mine.

Ab. I hate the Tyrant. His inhuman Deeds,
 Join'd to the Love I bear the House of *Seffie*,
 Confirm me yours, *Almena's*, and *Aspatia's*.

Mir. If thou deceive not, all may not be lost.

Ab. All may be won, if *Mirza's* bold and prudent.

C 2

Mir.

Mir. Advise, and thou shalt see.

Ab. Thy scatter'd Troops,
 Increas'd by num'rous Bands of desp'rate Peasants,
 Again have rallied in the Plains of *Kasjan*.

Mir. Brave Men!—Oh, were I free from these
 vile Chains,
 To lead them on to Glory, Fame, and Conquest.

Ab. I mean thou shalt; but by another Hand.
 Fair *Zara* loves thee; whose unguarded Passion
 May point a safer Road to gain thy Freedom.—
 See where she comes —— Farewel! thou hast my
 Purpose. [Exit.

Mir. And will complete it.—Banish'd for thy Love
 Of fair *Aspatia*, do'st thou now intend,
 By grateful Service, to acquire her Favor?

S C E N E III.

Z A R A, M I R Z 'A.

Za. This melancholy Cell but ill accords
 With the soft Passion struggling in my Breast.—
 Sweet Youth, be not alarm'd; I seek thy Safety.

A I R.

*Would you taste of Freedom's Charms,
 Zara courts thee to her Arms:
 Distress like thine should Pity move,
 And Pity's Ray may kindle Love.*

For

*For my Heart adopts thy Woes,
Melting, thrilling, as it glows:
Leave thy Cell, and follow me;
Love and Zara set thee free.*

Mir. Can Beauty triumph over Misery?

Za. Oh, rather think I pity thy Distress.

—Thou art a Prince; and Royalty, that wears
Affliction's Garb, claims Pity for its Friend.
Be mine that Office. I've seduc'd thy Guards.
Beneath a Slave's Disguise I can protect thee
Among my Train. Such Freedom I can give.

Mir. Thus Angels make the wretched happy.

—Ah!

Such Kindness how have I deserv'd, or how
Shall I return?

Za. A grateful Heart may feel
A soft Alarm.

Mir. My Heart is all *Almena's*.

A I R.

*How can I my Heart surrender,
And not most unfaithful prove?
Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
When from Pity rises Love.*

*But can Honor prove ingrateful,
And the Vows of Love suppress?
'Tis unmanly, if deceitful,
When we're blest'd, we cease to bless.*

Za. Be happy—Gratitude may warm thy Breast.
I save thy Life, then follow me to Freedom.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

MOHAMMED, ASPATIA.

Moham. Nay, my *Aspatia*, share my Heart and
Throne :
Let one consenting Smile confirm them thine.

A I R.

*When Beauty on the Lover's Soul
Imprints its first and fairest Charms ;
It soon does Reason's Force controul,
And ev'ry Passion quite disarms.*

*'Tis Beauty triumphs o'er the Brave,
As ev'ry Feature blooms divine ;
'Tis Beauty makes the King a Slave,
When in an Angel's Form like thine.*

Asp. Insolent Tyrant ! Nam'st thou Love to me,
With Hands still reeking in my Husband's Blood,
And *Persia* all enslav'd !

Mo. Ingrateful Fair !
It was for Love of thee I conquer'd *Persia*.
—Why this Reluctance to my tender Wishes ?
I court,

I court, yet could command.---Then cease, my Fair,
When Love entreats, to turn away with Scorn.

A I R.

Asp. *'Till thou see'st the timid Fawn
With the rampant Lion play;
Wolves and Tygers crop the Lawn,
Led by sportive Lambs astray:*

*'Till the Falcon wooes the Dove,
And the Vulture quits its Prey;
From a Tyrant's hated Love
Shall I turn with Scorn away.* [Exit.

Mo. Imperious Woman! this thou shalt repent.—
Vengeance shall follow disappointed Love. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The Palace.

Z A R A, and an Attendant.

Za. Tell me no more—Ungrateful *Mirza* fled!
And flying boast his Passion for *Almena*!
Am I then slighted for a childish Captive?
And shall the Sorc'ers triumph over *Zara*?
No—my Revenge shall nip her budding Charms,
Deform and make her odious to his Sight.

A I R.

A I R.

*Though soft as Down the female Breast,
 When sway'd by Love alone;
 By Jealousy if once possess'd,
 The Heart is turn'd to Stone.*

S C E N E VI.

M O H A M M E D, Z A R A.

Mo. I am the Slave of a capricious Woman,
 Who scorns my Passion, and defies my Pow'r.—
 I will alarm her Fears, or fate my Vengeance.—
 The last of *Seffie's* Race shall feel my Rage.

Za. That will confirm thy Pow'r, which is not
 safe

While *Mirza* can behold *Almena's* Eyes.
 Pluck out the Basilisks that nestle there,
 And *Mirza* and *Aspatia* both despair.

[*Exit.*

Mo. 'Tis well—it shall be done; to fate Revenge,
 And sting the proud *Aspatia* to the Heart.

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

MOHAMMED.

A I R.

*Revenge can feed the famish'd Soul,
And nothing can its Rage controul,
When Love is fled, and leaves Despair :
If Beauty wounds when it may save,
It nobly then becomes the Brave
To scorn the Triumph of the Fair.*

*So roll'd up in its thorny Brake,
With Poison swell'd, the turgid Snake,
Elate a browsing Fawn espies :
He sudden darts along the Plain
His golden Crest, and baleful Train,
Till in his Grasp the Victim dies.*

[Exit;

D

SCENE

S C E N E VIII. *The Palace Garden.*

ALMENA.

The Dew-drop glitt'ring on the Myrtle-leaf
Is my poor Emblem ; bright and short it shines,
'Till dash'd to Earth.—But see, with Brow severe,
And deep in Thought, the good *Abudab* comes.

S C E N E IX.

ABUDAH, ALMENA.

Ab. I tremble, Princess, to pronounce thy Fate.—

Alm. Alas ! thou know'st that Misery has long
Play'd the Usurper o'er my tender Heart.

Ab. I would speak Music to thy gentle Soul,
As tuneful as the plaintive Bird of Night
Sweet warbling in the Grove. — But the hoarse
Scream

Of hungry Vultures suits my horrid Tale.

Alm. Grant me Protection, Heav'n !

Ab. It is decreed
To close thine Eyes in everlasting Night.

Alm. Oh, Horror ! what is my Offence ?——

Abudab,

Thou

Thou hast been ever kind and gracious to me :
 And wilt thou now retract the heav'nly Balm
 Of sweet Humanity ?—Here let me kneel—
 Be thou my Friend and Guardian : —— be my
 Father !

Ab. I am thy Guardian.——Rise : Suppress thy
 Grief ;

But wear its Habit, to deceive the Tyrant.
 I will direct thee how to act.—Let none,
 Not ev'n *Aspatia*, know of this Deceit.—
 Yet know thyself, that *Mirza* is escap'd ;
 And, by my Aid, shall soon dethrone the Tyrant.
Alm. Then Heav'n has heard my Pray'r !

A I R.

*Now Peace shall claim its soft Dominion,
 And gentle Love shall sway the Heart :
 Ambition sinks on weary'd Pinion,
 And Tyranny has lost its Dart.*

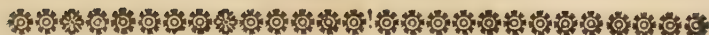
*Again shall smiling Joy and Pleasure,
 Advance together Hand in Hand :
 And Plenty spread its golden Treasure,
 To brighten the deliver'd Land !*

Ab. Thy Innocence will be the Care of Heav'n ;
 While *Mirza* shall unsheathe the Sword of Justice.

A I R.

*Poiz'd in Heav'n's eternal Scale,
Virtue must o'er Vice prevail:
Tho' Right to Pow'r awhile may bend,
Justice will triumph in the End.*

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Palace, with a View of the Garden.

M O H A M M E D, A B U D A H.

M O H A M M E D.

'T I S well—if *Mirza's* fled, *Almena's* safe.
Ab. Amid yon Cypress Grove she sits forlorn,
 Without an Eye to stream the Tear of Woe.
 —*Aspatia* comes at thy command.
Mo. Withdraw.

*Exit Abudah ; and Mohammed
 retires to the Back of the Stage.]*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter ASPATIA.

Asp. This unexpected Summons much alarms
me.—

Abudab may be false; and, Oh, I fear
For my *Almena*, whom I've sought in vain.

AIR:

*With Doubts and Fears for her I love,
My Heart is still distress'd;
Afflicted as the plaintive Dove,
When plunder'd of her Nest;
Where sad, and moaning all the Day,
She pines in Solitude away.*

MOHAMMED advances to ASPATIA.

Asp. Where is *Almena*?—Give me back my
Child.—

Mo. She is *Abudab's* Charge.—

Alm. (*At a Distance*) Ah me!—

Moham.

What mournful Strain

Salutes the Ear?

Asp.

It is *Almena's* Voice!

AL-

ALMENA *sings behind the Scenes.*

A I R.

Omitted.

*Where is Pity's melting Eye,
Beaming like the widow'd Dove,
As she heaves the tender Sigh,
Pining in the shady Grove?*

Asp. Ah! what portend these melancholy
Notes!

They seem the Depth of Sorrow.

Moham.

Hark! again.

ALMENA *sings again.*

A I R.

*Where is Nature's glorious Robe,
Fair and splendid to the Sight?
Lost the Beauties of the Globe,
Lost to me in endless Night.*

Asp. Inhuman Monster! has thy savage Hand
Welter'd again in royal Blood!—*Almena,*
Shall I no more behold thy beauteous Eyes?—
Hast thou, Barbarian! robb'd my Child of Sight!

A I R.

A I R.

*Oh, Tyrant ! horrible, accurs'd !
 May in Vengeance from on high
 The swiftest Light'nings fly,
 On thy devoted Head to burst !* [Exit.

S C E N E III.

M O H A M M E D.

Scatter such Imprecations to the Winds—
 —What gloomy Thought sudden comes o'er my
 Soul !
 My Heart is chill'd with Horror !—Down Remorse :
 Ambition, keep thy Helm ; nor bustling Conscience
 Obstruct my Course before the swelling Gale.

A I R.

*Why should Pride, a Woman's Shield,
 Humble my ambitious Soul ?
 If to Love she will not yield,
 Cannot I by Force controul ?*

*No—reluctant Beauty chills ;
 Coldly if my Arms she fills,
 'Tis in vain I rage, I burn,
 While my Love meets no Return.*

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

MOHAMMED, ABUDAH.

Ab. Sultan, prepare!—*Mirza* collects his Force,
And moves with hasty March towards *Ispahan*.

Moham. Where then is *Osman* with our choicest
Troops?

Ab. Defeated, fled, and scatter'd.

Moham. How! defeated!

By *Mahomet*! there's Treach'ry in the Field.—
Guard thou the City—I will to the Camp,
And soon recover all that *Osman* lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Palace Garden.

ALMENA, SELIMA.

Alm. Amaz'd, *Aspatia* heard my plaintive Song,
Which has deceiv'd the Tyrant.

Sel. Thy Distress,
Though feign'd, seems great.—How did the Queen
support it?

E

A I R.

A I R.

Alm. *As the fierce Lioness surrounds
Her helpless Young beset with Hounds
And Hunters on the Plain :
Elate, she rouses all her Pow'rs ;
And dark her angry Eye-ball lours
On all the hostile Train.*

*With deadly Rage and Anguish stung,
Aloud she roars to guard her Young ;
While all the Forest rings :
Aspatia's Grief doth thus resound ;
The Mother feels the Daughter's Wound,
As sharp Affliction stings.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The Palace.

ASPATIA, ABUDAH.

Ab. Aspatia !

Asp. Oh, thou false and timid Man,
Why didst thou flatter me with Hope! — Why
grant
Protection but to aggravate Distress !
Thou hast deceiv'd me.—

Ab. True ; thou art deceiv'd.—
I have preserv'd the Princess, and beguil'd
The Tyrant.

Asp. Then thou art *Abudab* still ;
The Guardian Angel of the House of *Seffie*.

Ab. My Friends will lead their Bands on *Mirza's*
Side,
Nor shall the Tyrant enter here again,
But as a Captive.—

Asp. Heav'n reward thy Goodness.

Ab. Thyself be my Reward : The greatest Blessing
Abudab can receive.—

Asp. This is no Time
For me to hear what I have long surmis'd.

Ab. Justly dost thou reproach me.—Let the
Strife
Of War be ended ; then let Love commence.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.

ASPATIA.

A I R.

*The fearful Hind deserts her Train,
And seeks the Covert of the Wood ;
While the rude Panther scours the Plain,
To feast his Hunger deep in Blood.*

E 2

But

*But often does some friendly Brake
Securely guard the panting Hind ;
And when Death's Horrors are awake,
The Innocent Protection find.*

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

The Palace Garden.

ALMENA, SELIMA.

Sel. The War is o'er, and *Persia* now is free.
The Tyrant is in Chains ; and gallant *Mirza*
Leads his victorious Troops within our Gates.

Alm. The Prophet blest thee for this joyful
News.

A I R.

Sel. The Sweets of Peace shall be our own,
And smiling Plenty crown the Plain :
'Tis Peace adorns the Monarch's Throne,
And cheers the Cottage of the Swain.

*The rising Sun shall bless the Mead,
And fair the Mountain Olive spring :
The Vine its richest Clusters spread,
When Glory crowns a Patriot King.*

Alm. See where *Aspatia* comes to share our Joy.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

ASPATIA, ALMENA, SELIMA.

Asp. Oh, my *Almena*! with a Mother's Fondness
Let me embrace thee on this happy Day.—

DUET.

Both. *As flows the cool and purling Rill,
 In silver Mazes down the Hill;*

Alm. *It chears the Myrtle and the Vine,
 That in each others Foliage twine.*

Aspatia. *So Streams from the maternal Heart
 What tender Nature can impart:*

Both. *Thus happy in my Arms to fold,
 And to my Heart Almena hold.
 And to my Heart Aspatia hold.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE X.

A View of the Royal Meidan.

*The triumphal Entry of MIRZA into Ispahan,
accompanied by the Gawrs, ABUDAH, Officers,
Guards, and other Attendants.*

Chorus of GAWRS.

*Hail, Victor, hail! with choral Lay,
We celebrate this glorious Day.
Persia again shall nobly shine;
Freedom is ours, and Glory thine.*

*Mirza. Ye holy Men, 'tis now my Turn to grant
Protection; amply then receive it all.*

A I R.

Omitted. { *Ab. Thus when young Ammon march'd along,
Returning from his Indian War;
Through Nyfa's Plain, the gazing Throng
Attended his triumphal Car.*

*With curling Vines and Ivy crown'd,
He mov'd victorious like a God;
The Lyrists hymn'd their Songs around,
And Love and Joy before them trod.*

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Enter ALMENA, ASPASIA, and SELIMA.

Mir. My Love!

Alm. My Prince!

Mir. Thus welcome to my Heart!
To share my Triumph, and adorn the Throne.

Alm. Oh sweet Reward for all my Sorrows past.

Ab. Now *Persia* shall enjoy the Fruits of Peace,
As *Mirza* wears the Crown.—

Asp. A Mother's Blessing
Fall on your Heads, as Dew-drops on the Palms.

Ab. Let grateful Honor kindle gentle Love
In my *Aspatia's* Bosom.

Asp. Gratitude
Reigns o'er my Heart, and Honor merits Love.

Ab. Thus Virtue's Balm extracts Affliction's
Thorn,
And Justice proves its Origin divine.

A I R.

Mirza. Fortune with a wanton Joy,
Does her fleeting Pow'r employ:
But firm enthron'd will Virtue reign,
Though giddy Fortune shifts the Scene.

Nobly

A L M E N A.

*Nobly have we fought the Foe;
 Glory does its Wreathes bestow:
 Now the Victory is won,
 Freedom shall our Labors crown;*

Grand CHORUS.

*Bright as the Sun shall Virtue shine;
 And, like a Meteor, Vice decline.
 In flow'ry Paths may Fortune stray;
 But Justice keeps unerring Sway:
 While Mortals bear Affliction's Frown,
 Angels descend with Glory's Crown.*

The E N D.

He Wou'd if He Cou'd;

O R,

An Old Fool worse than Any:

A

B U R L E T T A.

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

The Music by Mr. D. I B D I N.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, in Catharine-street, Strand.

M D C C L X X I

P E R S O N S.

Goosecap, § § § Mr. Bannister.

Simon, § § § Mr. Vernon.

Betty, § § § Mrs. Baddely.

Old Lady, § § § Mr. Dibdin.

SCENE, A VILLAGE.

HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D;

O R,

An Old Fool worse than Any.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber: GOOSECAP is discover'd, seated at a Table, leaning upon his Arm, in a pensive Manner.

SURE never mortal, at my age,
Was such a buzzard, such a calf:
A man whom years should render sage!
I know not which, to cry or laugh.
In love at sixty-six!
Oons! infamy should fix
A brand on the crime:
Is threescore a time,
For beginning boyish tricks?
Betty!—This is wond'rous civil.
Betty!—How now! What the devil!
Will she come, or will she not?
No; she never heeds a jot,
When I call, how long I wait:
Well, I must submit to fate:
I took her for my maid, but she
Resolves she will my mistress be.

B

SCENE

SCENE II.

GOOSECAP, BETTY.

Betty. Mercy upon us, here's a stir;
Sure you have lost your senses, Sir.

Goose. My breakfast, hussy.

Betty. Time enough.

Goose. You've let me bawl.—

Betty. 'Twill cure your cough.

Goose. You might have said you did not hear me.

Betty. Why, was I deaf?

Goose. Then don't you fear me?

Betty. For what! to fear me you were made.

Goose. Plague, fury, 'sdeath, you slut! you jade!

Betty. Nay, hush, good master, hush;
I vow and swear, I blush
To hear you make this riot:
Be quiet, Sir, be quiet;
Submit, obey;
'Tis the wisest way;
My word is your law,
And should you with awe,
Like Jove's imperial fiat:
You surely grow forgetful;
You're ugly, old, and fretful;
And for what should I catch
Such a fright, such a wretch,
When of young, gay, and brave,
If I would, I might have,
With half a look, my net full?

SCENE

S C E N E III.

GOOSECAP, BETTY, SIMON.

Goose. Here, Simon, fetch my hat and cane.

Betty. What now, Sir?

Goose. Simon!

Betty. 'Tis in vain;

You must not go abroad to day;

You are not well, Sir.

Goose. Give me way.

Betty. I will not let you budge from hence.

Goose. Must I then bear this insolence?

Tell me, thou devil, whence it springs.

Betty. Simon, take back your master's things.

Simon. He bid me fetch them.

Betty. That may be.

But now he stays at home with me:

He thought to go abroad.

Goose. And will;

I'm your, and my own master still.

Simon, my hat, my cane, my clock.

Betty. Well, come, dear Sir, I did but joke;

Since you're resolv'd, you shall go out;

But must not leave me in a pout.

Goose. I'll leave you in what way I please;

And to do that your heart shall tease;

For, mistress vixen, hear but this;

I'll marry.

Betty. No.

Goose. I will.

Betty. No.

Goose. Yes.

4 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,

Betty. If proper for the married life,
I would myself become your wife.

Goose. You !

Betty. Yes, I.

Goose. Dare you further urge
Your boldness ?

Betty. Yes.

Goose. I vow to George,
She has a most alluring eye.

Yet I will marry.

Betty. Fye, fye, fye.

Goose. I will, I will, by all that's bad ;
If there's a female to be had :
Though her face be like a vizard,
And she's crooked as an izard ;
Curs'd as curs, and old as Poles,
I will marry her, by goles.

There's my neighbour, Lady Blinker,
Some a homely woman think her ;
She, 'tis true, has but one eye,
And's a little thought awry,
Yet with her I'll make a shift,
To turn you, impudence, adrift.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

B E T T Y, S I M O N.

Betty. Well, Simon, what's the best with you?

Simon. Sir's in a passion.

Betty. That's not new;

I think he's in one ev'ry day:

Come, have you nothing else to say?

Simon. What should I say?

Betty. Nothing to me.

Simon. What!

Betty. Nay, you best know that.

Simon. (*Laughing.*) He, he!

Betty. You might have wanted to unfold
Your heart.

Simon. I dare not be so bold.

Betty. You love me, Simon, no disguise.

Simon. Lord, who could tell you that?

Betty. Your eyes.

Simon. Well, since they've told you so, I do.

Betty. You would be glad to kiss me too:

Say, am I right or am I wrong?

Come, kiss me, Simon.

Simon. Get along:

You're making game of me, I know.

Betty. Not I; come, kiss.

Simon. But may I tho'?

Betty. Try.

Simon. That I will; she breathes, I vow,
For all the world like any cow.

6 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,

I'll try again, if you desire.

Betty. And welcome.

Simon. Lord, I'm all on fire!

Betty. Now, Simon, these delights are sweet;
But let's be cautious and discreet:

Th' old gentleman you know loves me;

However, I love you, d'ye see,

And mean to leave him in the lurch.

Simon. And when shall us be ax'd in church?

Betty. Next week, perhaps.

Simon. And not before?

Betty. Have patience; what would you have more!
I say I'll marry you.

Simon. Good Lord!

One kiss.——

Betty. But mum now.

Simon. Not a word.

I am, 'tis true, but a servant boy,

And small the wages I get;

But more than riches she shall enjoy,

If I can prevail upon Bet:

I'll make up for wealth,

With youth and with health,

And love a precious store;

Despise then the life,

Of a gentleman's wife,

And chuse to be happy and poor.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

B E T T Y.

To marry master are you bent,
You first shall stay for my consent :
I have not taken all this pains,
To let another count my gains :
But, how to frustrate the old fool !
I'll make this bumpkin here my tool,
Pretend with him to drive a match ;
My master will, like wild-fire, catch
The tidings, and be strait in flame ;
And then leave me to play my game.

Men are wily, men are cunning,
Still in wait our sex to catch ;
But, their subtle mazes running,
Now and then they meet their match.

Shame, dear girls, those vile undoers,
Schemes with deeper schemes o'er-reach ;
Boldly turn on your pursuers,
And foil them with the arts they teach.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Street; on one Side, the OLD LADY'S House; on the other Side, GOOSECAP'S. GOOSECAP enters with the OLD LADY.

Goose. In short, this, madam, is my plan;
Would you a husband, I'm your man:
You are not handsome, nor yet young,
But 'on that theme I hold my tongue;
And, if you take me, you shall find
I'll prove a help-mate true and kind.

O. Lady. Are you in earnest, Sir?

Goose. In troth.

O. Lady. Nay, I'll believe, without your oath;
And, since you make so fair an offer,
I will not vainly slight the proffer:
I am not over young, 'tis true;
And, let me say, no more are you;
And, if I have no charms to spare,
Your beauty, Sir, is nothing rare.

Goose. Men's years and features are no matter;
And mine may pass, or some folks flatter.
Say, will you have me, ay or no?

O. Lady. I will, Sir; I have told you so.

Goose. Then, madam, yield to my request;
Yonder's my house; few words are best,
When folks are fix'd in their design.
Come with me there to-day, and dine;
A bit of mutton, en famille,
And afterwards we'll sign and seal.

O. Lady.

O. Lady. But, are you not too much in haste ?

Goose. Why should we time in courtship waste ?

O. Lady. Nay, as you please ; but then, I must
Step in, my head-dress to adjust.

Goose. I'll wait your coming, madam, here ;
But let me lead you, pray.

O. Lady. O dear !

You gentlemen are so polite !

But, pray, no farther stir ;

You shan't, I vow ; you shame me quite ;

Your humble servant, Sir.

But, Mister Goosicap, hark'e ;

Pray, did I rightly mark you ?

To-morrow did you say,

Should be your wedding-day ?

Well, let it if you will ;

In all that's just and right,

You'll find me day and night,

Your most obedient still.

S C E N E VII.

GOOSECAP; BETTY *and* SIMON *enter behind; and afterwards the OLD LADY.*

Goose. Well, after all, now, by this light,
That which my neighbour says is right:
Gad, she's a woman of good sense;
Virtuous, and not without the pence;
And as for beauty, 'tis a dream;
All women soon become the same.

Betty. Here, Simon, we must both stand ready;
I saw him talking with my lady;
But he's as cunning as old nick,
And I suspect some mummer's trick.

Simon. Let us go nearer.

Betty. Hold! take heed!

Goose. Beauty is but a dream, indeed!
And youth a flow'r that soon decays.

Betty. He's talking.

Simon. Hark!

Betty. What is't he says?

Simon. Something, I could not hear, could you?

Betty. No; listen, and observe your cue.

Goose. I never was half so well pleas'd in my life.
How came I before not to think of a wife?
Odds rabbits and niggers, the more I reflect,
It is the best measure,
For profit and pleasure,
I could have adopted, in every respect.

Betty. And so you shall find in effect.

Goose.

Goose. Mistress Betty shall see,
And that to her sorrow,
By this time to-morrow,
I can be as headstrong as she.

Simon. Odds my life this is no mumming,
Here's the gentlewoman coming,
Dress'd as fine as fine can be.

Betty. All bedizened,
Perfum'd, poison'd !

A. 2. O, she is a fine lady.

O. Lady. My confusion is so great, Sir ;
I'm afraid I've made you wait, Sir.

Goose. Not at all, ma'am ;
Take the wall, ma'am,
And oblige me with your hand.

O. Lady. Sir, I'm all at your command.

Betty. Hold, Sir, if you please, permit me,
In my office, to acquit me.
Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal, loo.
By your leave and stand aside there ;
Room for Mister Goosecap's bride there.

O. Lady. Who are these ? Do you know who ?

Goose. Betty, I've a mind to beat you.

A. 2. Both your servants come to meet you.

Betty. With low curtsies, ma'am, I greet you.

Goose. Get you gone, you devils, do.

O. Lady. Mister Goosecap, maid or wife,
Never was I, in my life,
Treated with so much ill manners.

A. 2. Cupid, Hymen, spread your banners.
March before this happy pair.
Love and beauty,
'Tis our duty.

12 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,

Goose. Slut! Dog! Tell me how you dare—

O. Lady. Use this freedom.

Goose. Never heed them;

I'll chastise them, you may swear.

A. 2. Husband rare!

Charming fair.

Betty. Fa, ra, la, ra, la, ra, la.

Simon. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O. Lady. Don't you see me made their scorn?

Were your offers t' amuse me?

Did you bring me to abuse me?

Had I thought

I was brought—

Goose. Oh, that ever I was born!

Stay, my lady,

I am ready.

O. Lady. Laugh'd at, banter'd!

Goose. Is't my fault?

Simon. Master yonder's quite astonish'd.

O. Lady. For that slut I'll have her punish'd;

Laid in Bridewell as she ought.

Betty. Fa, ral, la, ra, la, ra, la.

Simon. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

A. 4. Such a scene,

As this has been,

Sure no mortal ever saw,

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in GOOSECAP's House.

GOOSECAP enters, driving SIMON in before him, with
his Cane.

Simon. **H**ELP! help! here, hold, Sir, go no further;
Icod you'll make me cry out murder;
And if I do——

Goose. What then?

Simon. Why, then,
You may repent.

Goose. Take that again;
A stroke or two will never kill you.

Simon. Once more, I say, be easy, will you?
What have I done?

Goose. You dog, you knave,
What have you done! you ought to have
Your ears cut off for your assurance;
And then at least a twelve-months durance.

Simon. Why so?

Goose. To laugh, and make your sport
Of your superiors in such fort;
A lady too of wealth and fashion;
But let me not give way to passion;
Come, firrah, strip yourself with speed,
And quit my house.

Simon. I shan't, indeed.

Goose. No, instantly, I say, depart.

Simon. Well, then, I will, with all my heart.
But is not Betty to go too?

Goose. You jackanapes, what's that to you?

14 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,

However, let her too be gone;
Two plagues I'm rid of, 'stead of one.
Dost hear; tell Betty she may go:
It will be ten times better so.
But one thing still is to be settled:
I know my lady is high mettled;
And her resentment, I'm afraid,
Will not be easily allayed:
But what of that, though hard the task,
When I forgiveness humbly ask?
Yes, yes, success my mind presages;
Call Betty down, to take her wages.

A bear that has been long confin'd,
And hamper'd in a chain,
If freedom he should gain,
From his den comes out,
Unmuzzles his snout,
Ope's wide his jaws,
Extends his paws,
With pleasure growls,
And jumps and rolls,
In ecstacy about.

I am myself the bear;
Odds bobs I could tread in air;
Since liberty I've got,
I could dance a rigadon,
Leap over the moon,
And do, I know not what,

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

SIMON, BETTY.

Betty. Is that my master there gone out ?

Simon. Your master ! here has been a rout.

Betty. Pooh, blockhead, never mind what he says.

Simon. Cod, I've been almost lick'd to pieces,
For what we said to that old cat ;
And there's still worser news than that ;
He has turn'd off both you and I :
Fore George it aint a word o' lie ;
He bid me tell you to get ready ;
And now he's gone to seek my lady,
To try to make it up with her ;
I'm sad and serious, never stir.

Betty. Simon, come hither.

Simon. Here am I.

Betty. Some other method I must try :
Storming, I find, will fruitless be.

Simon. Did mistress Betty speak to me ?

Betty. I did.

Simon. I thought so ; pray what is it ?

Betty. Master is gone again to visit
The wither'd beldame, o'er the way.

Simon. To kifs and friends, I heard him say :
I warrant they'll be here anon.

Betty. Then, Simon, you and I'll be gone.

Simon. Gone ! Where ?

Betty. From hence.

Simon. Together, eh !

Betty. Just as you please.

Simon. As I please ?

Betty. Nay,

When folks are married there's no harm.

Simon. No, to be sure.

Betty. Well, don't alarm

The family about it now.

Simon. But tell me where, and when, and how.

Betty. Within this hour we'll settle all;

Only be ready, at my call,

To come and claim your better half.

Simon. Icod, I cannot chuse but laugh,

To think how mad old Sir will be,

To see us wed, as well as he.

At the same church too, the same day,

Shan't us?

Betty. Why, ay; perhaps we may.

Simon. In the morning, what a dinging;

With the parish bells a ringing,

And the rattling of the drums:

Then before the music comes;

Fiddles, bass, and sweet hautboy,

All to wish the bride-folks joy.

But plague o' your horn,

'Tis not not to be borne;

Oh, silence that ominous sound:

Play, instruments play;

Drums rattle away,

And let it for ever be drown'd.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

BETTY, GOOSECAP.

Goose. So, mistress Betty, are you there?

I really wonder how you dare

Look in my face; have you forgot?

Say, were you mad, bewitch'd, or what,

That you behav'd so ill just now?

Answer me.

Betty. Sir, I don't know how;

My silence may explain my terror;

I can but blush, and own my error.

Goose. It really was a horrid shame.

Betty. No doubt, Sir, I was much to blame;

But cannot you the cause unriddle?

Goose. What cause?

Betty. Love, jealousy.

Goose. A fiddle!

Betty. My conduct might be out of season;

But passion quite o'erpower'd my reason.

Goose. You should have kept it more confin'd;

Howe'er, her ladyship's so kind,

She pard'ns the slights were thrown upon her;

And, shortly, I expect the honour,

To have her company within;

We quickly too shall be ~~a~~ kin;

The happy words, to have and hold,

One flesh will make us.

Betty. Sir, I'm told,

You're pleas'd that I should go away.

Goose. No, Betty, you are free to stay

D

Till

18 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,
Till we are married.

Betty. That's enough.

Goose. She faints! here, take a pinch of snuff:
A glafs of water!

Betty. There's no need.
Your hand, Sir, pray.

Goose. She's ill, indeed;
But, if she sees I'm touch'd, she'll make
Advantage of it.

Betty. Thus, I take
My last farewell; a tear, a sigh,
You must permit.

Goose. (*Half crying.*) Betty, good bye.

Betty. I go to die, with grief o'erladen;
If you my grave should chance to see,
Look on't, and say, here lies a maiden,
Who died, alas! for love of me.

Tears force their way; forgive my sobbing;
I scarce have power my words to speak;
If I stay longer, sure, with throbbing,
My heart will here before you break.

Aha! old codger, is it so?
He squeez'd my hand, the sign I know;
He still is fast within my pen.
What silly animals are men!

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

GOOSECAP, BETTY, OLD LADY.

O. Lady. Bless me, what's this ! upon my word,
 Here are delightful doings t'ward !
 Lock'd hand in hand, and both in tears,
 A pair of tender parting dears :
 You said you had discharg'd that minx ;
 You might have done so, Sir, methinks,
 Before you had persuaded me.——

Goose. Madam, the goes, as you shall see :
 Betty, about your business strait.
 Leave me, do'st hear ?

O. Lady. You need not wait .
 For packing up your trinkums, child :
 We'll send them after you. .

Betty. (*Aside.*) All's spoil'd ;
 My hopeful scheme's at once destroyed
 By her intrusion.

O. Lady. Wench, avoid
 Our presence quickly.

Goose. Betty, do.

Betty. Yes, Sir ; but first a word with you.

Goose. With me !

O. Lady. Speak out then.

Betty. So I meant :
 I only would ask your consent,
 In duty bound.——

O. Lady. For what ?

Goose. Nay, tarry.

Have patience ; my consent !

Betty. To marry !

20 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,

Goose. Marry! it must not be.

O. Lady. Why not?

Goose. Nay, not that I'm concern'd a jot:
But who is the deluding cur?

Betty. A footman, at your service, Sir.
He's in the kitchen; shall I call him?

Goose. Do, instantly, that I may maul him;
But, Betty, I'm agham'd to think
You so below yourself should sink.

Betty. Alas! in vain I try'd, Sir,
To quench a flame so tender;
So artfully he ply'd, Sir,
I only blush'd and sigh'd, Sir,
And languish'd to surrender.

A thousand matchless graces,
His person are adorning,
More beautiful his face is,
Than dawn of summer's morning.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

GOOSECAP, OLD LADY, and afterwards BETTY,
introducing SIMON.

Goose. Who can this be she means to wed ?

I think she loves him too she said :

The false ungrateful——

O. Lady. Tell me, Sir,

What do you mean by all this stir ?

Indeed, so mov'd !

Goose. I will, I swear,

Come to the bottom of th' affair.

O. Lady. You think me then not worth an answer ?

You are a very ill-bred man, Sir.

Goose. Madam, excuse me, pray ; I find

Myself, just now, disturb'd in mind.

Hey-day ! What's here ? Who's this I see ?

Betty. My husband, Sir, that is to be.

How do you like him ?

Simon. Sir, I'm yours.

Goose. Mine, dog ! This instant out of doors !

Betty, is he your choice ?

Betty. I hope,

You find him worthy——

Goose. Of a rope !

Rascal, I say, let go her hand !

Simon. For what ?

O. Lady. I am able to command

My rage no longer.

Goose. Let her go.

O. Lady. Sir, Mr. Goosecap, do you know

How

22 HE WOU'D IF HE COU'D; OR,

How you're behaving to me here?

Goose. Betty! my life! my soul! my dear!

Turn that young jackanapes away:

I'll marry you.

O. Lady. Hum!

Betty. When?

Goose. To-day.

Try, madam, to prevail upon her.

O. Lady. I!

Betty. Will you tho'?

Goose. Upon my honour.

Betty. Then, Simon, by your leave.

Simon. Hey! how!

Are you false-hearted? Where's your vow?

Betty. Gone.

Simon. Then, by Jove, I've well got shut.

Betty. But, here's a wife.

O. Lady. You faucy slut!

Pray, Mr. Gooscap, tell me this;

Are you resolv'd to wed her?

Goose. Yes——

O. Lady. And is't behaving as you ought?

Goose. 'Tis my misfortune, not my fault;

I cannot help it.

Betty. Will you stay,

And be a bride-maid?

Goose. Do, ma'am, pray.

O. Lady.

AN OLD FOOL WORSE THAN ANY.

O. Lady. You numpscul, you ideot, you grey-headed afs,
Who is she? who are you? who am I? do you know?
At this time of day, men are come to that pass,
They're vainer and fillier the older they grow.

At your time of life,

Is this a fit wife?

To a dark room and straw, thou poor lunatic go.

A word too in your ear,

She'll horn her dearest dear;

She will, Sir, indeed,

Believ't as your creed:

I can your fortune tell;

And to-morrow you'll see

A lawyer from me;

And so, Sir, fare-you-well.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

GOOSECAP, SIMON, BETTY.

Simon. And, Mistress Betty, now we're cool,
Is't thus you serve me——

Goose. Out you fool.

Simon. I'll be reveng'd for't, never stir.

Betty. Come, you must raise his wages, Sir.—
A better mistress than a wife
You'll find me, Simon.

Goose. Here, my life,
Receive my hand.

Betty. And take you mine.

A. 2. Darts, flames, joy, ecstasy divine!

Goose. My heart's a forge where Beauty's son,
Young Cupid and his mam are;
There his darts she moulds,
And the anvil holds;
The little urchin beats them on,
Ton, ton, ton, ton.

Hark! don't you hear his hammer?

Betty. We always find our parish clock
To the same motion sticking.

So my heart's to you

In its motion true:

First at my breast you made it knock,
Toc, toc, toc, toc:

Hark! don't you hear it clicking?

Goose. My love!

Betty. My dove!

Goose. My chicken.

AN OLD FOOL WORSE THAN ANY. 25

Do you love me now?

Betty. So well, I vow,

Words are to weak to tell you how.

Goose. Good lack!

Betty. I'fack!

A. 2. What is it ails me?

Somewhat affails me,

That thrills and disorders;

'Tis pleasure that borders

On pain.

Yet I swear by this kiss,

And by this, and by this,

I'd rather endure it,

Than soften or cure it,

And cherish it while I complain.

Goose. Now I'll go buy the wedding-ring.

A. 2. And then we'll love, and dance and sing,

And frisk and play,

Both night and day,

Like any thing.

E

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

GOOSECAP, BETTY, SIMON, OLD LADY

Betty. Bless me, her ladyship comes back.

Goose. No matter, 'tis some new attack.

Well, madam, your commands speak out.

O. Lady. I hope I'm welcome.

Betty. Without doubt.

O. Lady. I'm reconcil'd to our miscarriage,
And came to laugh, Sir, at marriage.

Goose. Laugh, ma'am!

Betty. 'Tis neither shame nor sin.

O. Lady. No, no; and when you please begin.

Goose. O mighty love, who can controul
Thy influence o'er the human soul;
Thy power is felt from pole to pole,
By victims great and many.
You turn at will all people's wits,
And make them mad and fools by fits;
But still where'er thy arrow hits,
The old fool's worse than any.

O. Lady. Love is, in youth, a pleasing fruit,
Does with the season aptly suit;
And where its fertile branches shoot,
With health and joy we're feasted:
But love with age will never chime,
'Tis a tree bearing out of time,
The fruit nor wholesome is nor prime,
But sickens where 'tis tasted.

Simon.

Simon. In ancient fable we are told,
 Alcides of immortal mould,
 Did for a wench a distaff hold,
 And gravely sit to spinning.
 Think when the fool a master plays,
 And weds his maid, although he strays,
 He is no worse than Hercules;
 And pray, Sirs, spare your grinning.

Betty. Folks may find fault with this and that,
 Say love with youth comes only pat,
 That youthful pairs give tit for tat,
 And all goes fine and clever.
 That age should prudent be and cold;
 But if men love not e'er they are old,
 Thus much to say, I will be bold,
 'Tis better late than never.

END OF THE OPERA.



T H E
C A P T I V E,
A
C O M I C O P E R A ;

As it is Perform'd at the
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L
I N T H E
H A Y - M A R K E T.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at GARRICK'S HEAD, in
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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. FOOTE's Situation rendering it impossible for him to perform the smaller Pieces of his own Writing as often as the PUBLIC would desire them, thought that a SINGING FARCE, though pretending to no other Merit than that of good MUSIC, would be more acceptable to his AUDITORS than others destitute of that ORNAMENT, which had been often performed at the Winter THEATRES.

The

The DIALOGUE of this Trifle is taken, with some Alterations, from a PLAY of DRYDEN's: In that Part it is inoffensive; and the SONGS, which have been selected with great Care, will, it is hoped, afford Entertainment.

TABLE of the SONGS, with the COM- POSERS NAMES.

Those marked thus * are composed on purpose for this

O P E R A.

A C T I.

- | | | |
|---|---|-----------------|
| 1 | * Ah, how sweet the rural scene ! | <i>Dibdin.</i> |
| 2 | Lord, my dear, why such ill nature ? | <i>Gallupi.</i> |
| 3 | Cease ye fountains, cease to murmur, | <i>Cocchi.</i> |
| 4 | * Poor panting heart, ah ! wilt thou ever | <i>Dibdin.</i> |
| 5 | For vengeance dire thou wretch prepare, | <i>Vinci.</i> |
| 6 | For all her art, | <i>Dibdin.</i> |
| 7 | Thus low for all yo ur favours, | <i>Giampi.</i> |
| 8 | The wretch condemn'd with life to part, | <i>Perez.</i> |

A C T II.

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| 9 | Alas ! 'tis in vain, | <i>Vento.</i> |
| 10 | * In emblem I am like a cat, | <i>Dibdin.</i> |
| 11 | * But pr'ythee spare me, | <i>Dibdin.</i> |
| 12 | * Now, now, my fairest, let us go, | <i>Dibdin.</i> |
| 13 | Hence with anger, hence with chiding, | <i>Cocchi.</i> |
| | Chorus, | <i>Duny.</i> |

P E R S O N S.

M E N.

The Cadi, - - Mr. BANNISTER.

Ferdinand, - - Mr. DU-BELLAMY.

W O M E N.

Fatima, - - - Mrs. ARTHUR.

Zorayda, - - - Mrs. JEWEL.

SCENE, *a Garden belonging to the CADI, near*
ALGIERS.



THE CAPTIVE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to the CADI's house. On the curtain's rising the CADI appears, seated cross-legg'd, in a sort of pavilion. He is smoking a long pipe. On either side of him sit his wife FATIMA and his daughter ZORAYDA. Some men and women slaves appear at work in the garden. After the chorus the CADI and FATIMA rise, and are met by FERDINAND, who presents a letter.

CHORUS.

AH, how sweet the rural scene !
Circled by those charming groves,
Slavery its labour loves,
And the captive hugs his chain.

Cadi. Come, Fatima, we'll rise and take a walk towards the house, honey-bird. You, daughter Zorayda, may stay in the garden longer if you like it.

Ferd. Now love and fortune assist me ! (*kneeling*) Most noble Cadi, your friend Uchali, admiral of the Dey's gallies at Algiers, commands me thus to prostrate myself—

Cadi. What are you, Christian ?

Ferd. That letter will inform you.

Fat. A good personable fellow.

Cadi. (*reading*) " The bearer, a Spaniard by birth,
" has been a slave of mine upwards of a year, during
" which time he has behaved himself well ; yesterday

B

" he

“ he received money for his ransom ; and being now
 “ free, only waits for a ship to carry him to his own
 “ country : ’till an opportunity offers he desires to re-
 “ main among your slaves, many of whom are his
 “ countrymen. You may venture to trust him ; and
 “ he will repay your kindness by discharging any office
 “ in your family you think proper to appoint him.”

Fat. I like him prodigiouſly.

Cadi. This letter is, indeed, from my friend Uchali. Well, Christian, I have no objection to your ſtaying awhile among my ſlaves, if you will conduct yourſelf quietly, and be of uſe in my garden here.

Ferd. I have been bred to gardening from my youth.

Fat. I’ll bring him into that arbour, where a roſe-tree and a myrtle are juſt falling for want of a prop ; if they were bound together they would help to keep one another up.

Cadi. Come into the houſe, I ſay ; he does not want your help. To work, ſirrah, if you’d ſtay with me—

Fat. Take this little alms to buy you tobacco.

Lord, my dear, why ſuch ill-nature ?
 Heaven and earth at once demand
 Pity for a wretched creature,
 Captive in a foreign land.

Shall our mein of harſhneſs favour ?
 No, ’twas never your intent :
 Yet I hope my kind behaviour
 Will be conſtrued as ’twas meant.

SCENE

SCENE, II.

During the former Scene a black slave brings a basket of flowers to ZORAYDA, from which she culls a nosegay. When the CADI and FATIMA go off, FERDINAND advances, but retires again, upon a motion from ZORAYDA, who rises afterwards, and comes forward.

Ferd. They're gone. Now might I venture to speak to my dear Zorayda!—She makes signs to me with her hand to keep back. I must do so for a while, till her father has got at a greater distance.

Zor. Cease, ye fountains, cease to murmur;
Leave, ye gentle gales, to blow;
Softly flowing,
Gently blowing,
Ye but wake my tender woe.

Ferd. They are quite out of sight.

Zor. Come near then.

Ferd. My life! my angel!

Zor. Have a care. My father has been but three days here in the country. I perceive you have disposed of the money I conveyed to you, in the manner I desired, to procure your ransom.

Fer. It is true. Owing to your bounty, I am at length a free man, and procured that letter from my former master, to be received among your father's slaves; which has answered to my wish, and I now only wait for your farther commands.

Zor. Tho' this is the first time of our speaking together, my letters have sufficiently informed you who and what I am. You have not forgot the purport of my last?

Ferd. No, sweet creature.

Zor. You know my desire is to become of your religion, and to go with you from hence to Spain. What have you done about the directions I gave you with regard to that ?

Ferd. I have spoken to a fast friend of mine, a renegade, who has taken care to prepare a vessel for our departure. To-morrow night the galley will come to the point, west of your garden here, with a dozen Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and of approved fidelity.

Zor. To-morrow night ?

Ferd. The sooner we can put our design in execution the better, lest some adverse accident should prevent us.

Zor. 'Tis true :—stay hereabouts, and presently I will come down into the garden again and let you know whether I can be prepared against to-morrow night, or not.

Poor panting heart, ah ! wilt thou ever
Throb within my troubled breast ?
Shall I see the moment never
That is doom'd to give thee rest ?

Cruel stars, that thus torment me !
Fortune smooths her front in vain ;
Pleasure's self cannot content me,
But is turn'd with me to pain,

SCENE

SCENE III.

FERDINAND, and then FATIMA in a veil.

Ferd. If this be captivity, who would not be a captive? What a lucky day was it for me when I was set to work upon my master's terras in Algiers, where I was seen from the windows of her father's house by this charming infidel, who singled me from the rest of my companions!

Fat. Thus far my love has carried me almost without my knowledge—Yonder he is—Shall I proceed—Shall I discover myself?

Ferd. (*not seeing her*) Oh, sweet Zorayda!

Fat. What's that he says?

Ferd. Where is my flute? I will sit down upon this stump of a tree, and whistle away the minutes till she comes back.

Fat. Zorayda!

Ferd. What melancholy love-tune shall I play now?
(*sits down and plays*)

Fat. I can hold no longer. (*slaps him upon the shoulder*)

Ferd. My dear Zorayda!—so soon returned!

Fat. Again!—What's the meaning of this? Do you take me for the Cadi's daughter? (*unveiling*)

Ferd. By all that's good, the nauscou's wife!

Fat. You are confounded.

Ferd. Somewhat nonplust, I confess, to hear you deny your name so positively. Why, are you not Zorayda, the Cadi's daughter? Did not I see you with him but just now? Nay, were you not so charitable as to give me money?

Fat. But I am neither Zorayda, nor the Cadi's daughter.

Ferd. I know not that; but I am sure he is old enough to be your father.

Fat. But once again—How came you to name Zorayda?

Ferd.

Ferd. Another mistake of mine ; for asking one of your slaves, when I came into the garden, who were the chief ladies about the house, he answered me Zorayda and Fatima ; but she, it seems, is his daughter, (with a plague to her) and you are his beloved wife.

Fat. Say your beloved mistress, if you please, for that's the title I desire.

Ferd. Ay, but I have a qualm of conscience.

Fat. Your conscience was very quiet when you took me for Zorayda.

Ferd. I must be plain with you — You are married to a reverend man, the head of your law. Go back to your chamber, madam ; go back.

Fat. No, firrah ; but I'll teach you, to your cost, what vengeance is in store for refusing a lady who has offered you her love.

For vengeance dire, thou wretch ! prepare,
Nought shall my resentment stay ;
To a lion, to a bear,
My nature turns,
While my bosom burns
To seize my destin'd prey.

Oh, object to my soul how sweet !
To see you grovling at my feet,
While I no pity shew ;
To spurn your tears,
To mock your fears,
And tread you to the shades below.

SCENE

THE CAPTIVE.

7

SCENE IV.

FERDINAND, FATIMA, and afterwards the CADI.

Ferd. What do you mean, madam? For Heaven's sake, peace.

Fat. Ungrateful wretch! What do I mean! Help, help, husband! my lord Cadi! I shall be undone; the villain will be too strong for me. Help, for pity of a poor distress'd creature.

Ferd. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me. I must drown the clamour, whate'er comes on it. *(he takes out his flute and plays as loud as he possibly can, and she continues crying out)*

Cadi. What's here! What's here!

Fat. Oh, sweetest! I'm glad you're come; this Christian slave was going to be rude with me.

Cadi. Oh, horrid! abominable! the villain—the monster—take him away, slay and impale him, rid the world of such a viper.

Ferd. First hear me, worthy sir. What have you seen to provoke you?

Cadi. I have heard the outcries of my wife, the bleatings of the poor innocent lamb. What have I seen, quotha! If I see the lamb lie expiring, and the wolf by her, is not that evidence sufficient of the murder?

Ferd. Pray think in reason, Sir. Is a man to be put to death for a similitude? No violence has been committed; none intended. The lamb's alive; and, if I durst tell you so, no more a lamb than I am a wolf.

Fat. How's that, villain!

Ferd. Be patient, madam, and speak but truth, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Fat. Well.—Hear him speak, husband; perhaps he may say something for himself I know not.

Cadi. But did he mean no mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Fat. In my conscience I begin to doubt he did no t.

Cadi. Then what meant all those outcries?

Fat.

Fat. I heard music in the garden, and I stole softly down, imagining it might be he.

Cadi. How's that! Imagining it might be he?

Fat. Yes, to be sure, my lord. Am not I the mistress of the family; and is it not my place to see good order kept in it? I thought he might have allured some of the she slaves to him, and was resolved to prevent what might have been betwixt them; when on a sudden he rush'd out upon me, and caught me in his arms with such a fury——

Cadi. I have heard enough,——away with him.

Fat. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of the slaves that work in the garden. With that, affrighted as I was, I discovered myself, and cry'd aloud; but as soon as ever he knew me, the villain let me go; and, I must needs say, he started back as if I were a serpent, and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Cadi. O, thou ungrateful villain! Did'st thou come to get footing in my family in order to corrupt it? That's cause enough of death. Once more, again, away with him.

Fat. Well, but, love——

Cadi. Speak not for him.

Fat. I must speak, and you hear me.

Cadi. Away with him, I say.

Fat. What! for an intended trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. Then consider he does not belong to you, and is recommended by a friend you would not chuse to disoblige.

Cadi. Why that's true.

Ferd. I see she'll bring me off if she can.

Cadi. And are you sure, rascal, you meant no harm?

Ferd. No harm, upon my reputation,——no more than the child unborn. I was playing here by myself, (such is my foolish custom) and took madam, as she says, for one of the female slaves employ'd in your garden.

Cadi. Well, sirrah, to your kennel; mortify your flesh, and consider in whose family you are.

Ferd. Yes, sir, I'll consider.

Fat.

Fat. And learn another time to treat the Cadi's wife
as she would have you.

Cadi. What do you mean by that?

Fat. What do I mean!—I'll shew you what I mean
—give the puppy a remembrancer.——

Cadi. Come, come,—enough.

Fat. Do let me beat him a little, husband.

Cadi. No wife—no :—Get in before me—

Fat. Why sure!

Cadi. Get in I say.

Fat. I wont.

Cadi. March.——

Fat. Well, I will march ;—but if I am not revenged
on you for this, you old tyrant, the Devil take me.

Cadi. For all her art,
I see her heart ;
She counterfeits too grossly :
And, Lady fair,
I shall take care
To watch your waters closely.

I'm us'd to keep
A rod in sleep ;
For long I've had suspicion :
And if I find
She's ill inclin'd,
I'll bring her to contrition.

C

SCENE

S C E N E V.

FERDINAND *and then ZORAYDA behind him.*

Zor. Christian where are you?

Ferd. 'Tis her voice—I can't be mistaken again.

Zor. Ferdinand!—

Ferd. Zorayda!—

Zor. Yes 'tis I.

Ferd. Come nearer that I may be sure.

Zor. There, there.—

Ferd. Do you know what has happened to me since you went away?

Zor. Yes, yes, I know it all.—“Any thing to serve you, Madam.”—Whose words were these, Gentleman?

Ferd. Come don't make yourself worse natur'd than you are.—To save my life you would be content I should promise any thing.

Zor. Yes, if I was sure you would perform nothing.

Ferd. But is your mother-in-law such a virago?

Zor. What do you think of her?

Ferd. Hang me if I know what to think of her! but this I'm sure of, she had like to play the Devil with me.

Zor. Well, I assure you these freaks are nothing with her.—I perceiv'd she took a fancy for you the moment she saw you:—However, beware of her.—You think that's her face you see; but 'tis only a dawb'd vizard: And for constancy. I can tell you for your comfort, she would love till death—I mean till yours;—for when she was tir'd of you, she would certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales.

Ferd. But why all this?—What's Fatima to me?—You cannot imagine I would exchange a diamond for a pebble stone.

Zor. No;—But I think you might like to have the diamond and the pebble stone too by way of variety.

Ferd.

Ferd. By this fair hand I swear——

Zor. Well, come—What do you swear?

Ferd. To resist temptation.

Zor. To avoid it is better. And since you say your friends and your ship will be ready to-morrow night, to-morrow night I am determined to go off with you.——Meet me here about ten o'clock.—I'll slip down from my chamber, and bring my father in my hand.

Ferd. Your father!

Zor. I mean what he considers as the better part of him,—his pearls and jewels,—his whole contents,—his heart and soul—as much as ever I can carry.

Ferd. I shall be gone this moment and inform my companions.

Thus low for all your favours,
Behold your servant bends;
Through life my best endeavours
Shall be to make amends.
Though life's too short to prove
My truth, my gratitude and love.

Dear liberty possessing,
Can man more happy be?
But what endears the blessing,
Is that it comes from thee.

SCENE VII.

ZORAYDA.

Let me consider a little.—Am not I a mad wicked girl, going to forsake my father, and leave my country, to run into a strange one with a slave whose freedom I purchase, and I first saw, by accident, thro' a window in my father's house that look'd into the place where he work'd?—Why, on maturely weighing the matter, not so mad and wicked as I at first appear. I have long hated both our Mahometan laws and religion in my heart, and I have no means to get rid of them both but by putting myself in the hands of a Christian.—This is a handsome man I am sure, and I will believe him an honest one.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Yet, yet on hope relies ;
And the last sigh that rends his heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper light,
Adorns and cheers our way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE CAPTIVE.



ACT. II. SCENE I.

Scene changes to another View of the Garden by Moonlight, with a Balcony and Portico belonging to the CADI's Hause.

FERDINAND' *enters leading ZORAYDA.*

Ferd. I have been waiting here I know not how long!—Why, thou sweet delicious creature, why torture me with thy delay?—And art thou come at last!—But where hast thou been?—I was almost in despair.

Zor. Don't be angry; it was well I could come at all. There has been a strange bustle this evening within.

Ferd. As how! What has been the matter?

Zor. Some cause which my father has lately decided, and, to tell you the truth, I believe not with the strictest attention to justice; however, the party has carried his complaint to the Dey, and he has been obliged to go to court about it; but he's come back again, and I fancy the storm is pretty well blown over.

Ferd. And what are we to do now?

Zor. Why, what we have already schemed; but, as I had outstay'd the time appointed, I just slipped down to see if you had patience to keep to your post.

Ferd. Could you doubt it?

Zor. Is the galley ready?

Ferd. I'm but this moment come from it. It lies within a pistol shot of us, just without the little gate of your garden which leads to the sea.

Zor. Well, I'll run up again and bring down what I told you; in the mean time, do you take another look towards the galley, and prepare the men for our reception.

Ferd. I have entrusted a countryman of mine, one of your father's slaves, with our design. I left him on the watch; but I'll go myself.

Zor. Heigho!

Ferd. What's the matter!

Zor. Something—I don't know what.

Ferd. Nay my love——

Zor. Let me lean upon your arm—It will away again—My courage is good for all this.

Ferd. Zorayda!——

Zor. Feel my heart.

Ferd. Poor little thing how it throbs!

Zor. Oh me!

Alas! 'tis in vain my distress to dissemble.

I wish, yet, with fear, I my wishes pursue;

I fain would be gone, yet in going I tremble;

No stay to support me, no pilot but you.

At once, friends, and father, and country, forsaking,

New faith, new companions, new climates to try;

Each step that I tread tender thoughts are awaking,

And still I look back, and withdraw with a sigh.

SCENE.

S C E N E II.

The CADI alone in a Slave's Habit like that of FERDINAND'S.

This it is to have a sound head-piece.—I have mewed up my suspected spouse in her chamber.—No more embassies to that lusty young Christian. Next, by this habit of a slave, I have made myself as like him as I can. Now walking under the windows of my Seraglio, if Fatima should look out, she will certainly take me for Ferdinand, and call to me, and by that I shall know what concupiscence is working in her. She cannot come down to commit iniquity, there's my safety; but if she peep, if she put her nose abroad, there's demonstration of her pious will, and let me alone to work her for it.

In emblem I am like a cat
That's watching for a mouse.
Close by his hole behold her squat,
While her heart goes pit-a-pat.

If a squeaking she hears,
She pricks up her ears,
And when he appears,
Leaps on him fouse.

And so will I do with my wife.
Just so will I watch her,
And so if I catch her,
I'll worry her out of her life.

SCENE

S C E N E. III.

The CADI, ZORAYDA running to him with the Casket in her Hand.

Zor. Now I can embrace you with a good conscience.—Here are the pearls and jewels—here's my father.

Cadi. I am indeed thy father; but how the Devil didst thou know me in this disguise!—and what pearls and jewels dost thou mean?

Zor. What have I done! and what will now become of me!

Cadi. Ar't thou mad, Zorayda?

Zor. I think you will make me so.

Cadi. Why?—What have I done to you?—Recollect thyself, and speak sense to me.

Zor. Then give me leave to tell you, that you are the worst of fathers.

Cadi. Did I think I had got such a monster!—Proceed, my dutiful child, proceed, proceed.

Zor. You have been raking together a mass of wealth, by indirect and wicked means. The spoils of orphans are in these jewels, and the tears of widows are in these pearls.

Cadi. You amaze me!

Zor. I would do so.—This casket is loaded with your sins. 'Tis the cargo of rapine and extortion, the iniquity of thirty years cadishship converted into diamonds.

Cadi. Would some rich railing rogue dare say as much to me, that I might squeeze his purse for scandal.

Zor. Here, Sir, don't think I'll be the receiver of your thefts.—I discharge my conscience of them.—Here, take again your filthy mammon, and restore it, you had best, to the true owners.

Cadi.

Cadi. I am finely documented by my own daughter.

Zor. And a great credit to me to be so. — Do but think how decent a habit you have on, and how becoming your function to be disguised like a slave, and eyes-dropping under the womens windows.

Cadi. Pr'ythee, child, reproach me no more of human failings. — I am better at bottom than thou thinkest. — I am not the man you take me for.

Zor. No, to my sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Cadi. It was a very bad beginning; tho' methought to see you come running upon me with such a warm embrace — Pr'ythee, what was meaning of that violent hot hug?

Zor. I'm sure I meant nothing but the zeal and affection which I bear to the man in the world whom I love best.

Cadi. Why this is as it should be. — Take the treasure again — It will never be put into better hands.

But, pr'ythee, spare me, dearest daughter,
If ought that's past my conscience stings;
Down my old cheeks it forces water,
To hear your cruel taunts and flings.

You should consider, child, if I
Have in my office grip'd too nigh,
'Twas to the end that you might have
My wealth when I was in the grave.
My failings then no longer press;
We all have errors, more or less.

S C E N E. IV.

The CADI, ZORAYDA, FERDINAND in a rich habit.

Ferd. What do you mean, my dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just under Fatima's window?—You are well met, comrade; I know you are the friend of our flight.

Cadi. Ferdinand in disguise!—Now I begin to smell a rat.

Ferd. And I another that outstinks it.—False Zorayda! thus to betray me to your father.

Zor. Alas! I was betrayed myself.—He was here in disguise like you; and I, poor innocent, ran into his hands.

Cadi. In good time you did so.—I laid a trap for a she fox, and worse vermin has caught himself in it. You would fain break loose now, tho' you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my territories, and in call of company, that's my comfort.

Ferd. Know I have a trick yet to put you past your squeaking.

Zor. What do you mean?—You will not throttle him!—Consider he's my father.

Ferd. Pr'ythee let us provide first for our own safety.—If I do not consider him, he will consider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Zor. You may threaten him from crying out; but, for my sake, give him back a little cranny of his wind-pipe, and some part of speech.

Ferd. Not so much as one single interjection.—Come away, father-in-law; this is no place for dialogues.—When you are upon the bench you talk by hours, and there no man must interrupt you.—This is but like for like, good father-in-law.—Now I am on the bench, 'tis your turn to hold your tongue. (*He struggles.*) Nay, if you will be hanging back, I shall take care
you

you shall hang forwards. (*Pulls him along the stage with a sword at his reins.*)

Zor. T'other way to the harbour with him, and make haste before we are discovered.

Ferd. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour for any action of his life.

Zor. Yes pray bate him one for begetting your mistress.

Ferd. Once more, come along in silence my Pythagorian father-in-law.

Zor. Oh! dear me!—dear me!—I wish it was well over——All I'm afraid of is that my courage or strength will fail me.——Well, is he safe?

Ferd. Yes, yes——I have lodg'd him.—He won't trouble us within this half hour, I warrant you.

Now, now, my fairest, let us go;
Fortune, Fate can frown no more:
A gentle gale begins to blow
To waft us to a safer shore.

Let us the fav'ring minute seize,
Give all our canvas to the wind,
Take with us freedom, love and ease,
And leave remorse and pain behind.

S C E N E V.

ZORAYDA, FERDINAND, FATIMA *in the Balcony, who afterwards comes down.*

Fat. Oh! Heavens! what will become of us all!—Who's in the garden?—Ferdinand I say!—Ferdinand!—Help—assistance—the Dey's officers are in the house breaking open the doors of the womens apartments.

Ferd. Oh! that screech-owl in the balcony!—We shall be pursued immediately!—Which way shall we take?

Zor. She talks of the Emperor's officers!—It will be impossible to escape them, at least for me.—Here take these jewels—You may get off.

Ferd. And what will become of thee then, poor kind soul?

Zor. I must take my fortune.—When you have got safe into your own country, I hope you will sometime bestow a sigh to the memory of her who lov'd you.

Ferd. No, take back your jewels.—It's an empty casket without thee.—Thou and it had been a bargain.

Zor. I hear them coming!—Shift for yourself at least.

Ferd. No, confound me if I budge from you now.

Fat. Who's there?—Zorayda!—Ferdinand!

Ferd. O are you there, Madam!—You have frightened me out.

Fat. Come, come, this is no time for follies of any kind. The Cadi, her father, my husband, is undone, and we shall all be involved in his ruin. The court have had new informations of his extortion, and the work he has amassed by it. The last circumstance is enough to condemn him, and an order is issued to strangle him, and seize upon his effects. It is not a
moment

moment since the guards, thinking he was hid in my room, broke open the door where he had lock'd me up.

Ferd. And where are they now?

Fat. I had the presence of mind to tell them that the Cadi was at a house he has twelve miles off, where they are gone to look for him, by which means we have an hour or two's respite to look about us.

Zor. Alas ! what good can we derive from that ?

Ferd. Hold ! stay here—By Heaven I have a thought.

Fat. Dear Zorayda give me your hand ; if there was ever any jealousies between us, I hope they are now at an end.

Fat. Hence with anger, hence with chiding ;
From my breast the cause is gone.

Zor. Ev'ry harsher thought subsiding,
Henceforth shall our souls be one.

Fat. Females, mean and envious creatures,
Seldom love for gen'rous ends :

Zor. But let us, of nobler natures,
Shew that women can be friends.

A. 2. Come then, friendship, here unite us
In thy soft, thy sacred bands ;
At thy shrine, behold we offer
Hearts conjoin'd as well as hands.
Envy, vanity and malice
Plague the bosoms where they reign :
She, who would herself be happy,
Ne'er will seek a sister's pain.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

ZORAYDA, FATIMA, FERDINAND, *the Cadi.*

Ferd. Come, Sir, come out.—I have told you your condition, and, if there is any thing to be done for you, you see there's no time to be lost.

Cadi. O dear!—O dear!—O dear!—

Fat. Well, you know I always told you what would be the consequence of your bribery and corruption. I said it would bring you to the mutes and the bow-string at last.

Cadi. What will become of me!

Fat. Why you'll be strangled as soon as the officers come back.

Cadi. Oh! that cursed strangling.—I can't bear the thoughts of it.—No, good bye to you all.—I'll go and drown myself.

Ferd. Stop: since you're for taking to the water, I have a proposal to make to you. The galley is now waiting in which your daughter and I designed to make our escape; what say you, will you accompany us?—We have already got the chief part of your effects, which I promise to share with you when we get to Spain.

Zor. Do, dear father.

Fat. Indeed, husband, 'tis the only thing left for us.

Cadi. Well, dear wife, give me a kiss then.

With pleasure I this land forego:

My fame will sure be mangled;

But what care I, let it be so

If I escape being strangled.

Nay, pr'ythee, let's make haste away;

I really tremble while I stay.

Oh! dreadful thing!

In a bow string

To have one's neck intangled.

Cho. Nay, pr'ythee, &c.

Fat.

Fat. Here, Sir, receive your willing wife;
 Aboard you need but hand me :
 From henceforth I am your's for life,
 Confide in and command me.
 To ancient husbands girls be good ;
 Remember jointer'd widowhood.
 That time may come,
 And then——but mum !
 He—hem—You understand me.

Cho. To ancient husbands, &c.

Zor. I have been naughty, I confess ;
 But now, you need not doubt it,
 I mean my conduct to redress,
 And straight will set about it.
 Forgive me only, dear papa,
 I'll be obedient as mama,
 Contented still,
 When I've my will,
 And who is pleas'd without it?

Cho. Forgive me only, dear papa, &c.

Ferd. And now our scenic task is done,
 This comes of course, you know, Sirs,
 We drop the mask of every one,
 And stand in *statu quo*, Sirs ;
 Your ancient friends and servants we,
 Who humbly wait for your decree,
 One gracious smile,
 To crown our toil,
 And happy let us go, Sirs.

Cho. Your ancient friends, &c.

THE END OF the OPERA.

